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THE LIFE OF TENNYSON.

"If I may venture to speak of his special influence on the world," writes Lord Hallam Tennyson in the preface to his biography of his father, "my conviction is that its main and enduring factors are his power of expression, the perfection of his workmanship, his strong common sense, the high purport of his life and work, his humility, and his open-hearted and helpful sympathy, —

'*Fortezza, ed umilitade, e largo core.*'"

Filial piety has not often been more reverent of a great fame, and at the same time more self-restrained and tactful, than in the biography of the poet whom all men are practically agreed in regarding as the central figure of the Victorian age. It would have been easy to blur the outlines of the portrait by too free and intimate a touch; it would have been easy to give the figure academic accuracy and remoteness by too great a formality of manner. The perils which beset the biographer, and so often mar the beauty and endanger the fidelity of his work, have been skillfully avoided. Hallam Tennyson has written of his father wisely, generously, frankly; he has neither ignored nor exploited the kinship which fitted him more than any other man of his time to perform this delicate task, and at the same time made the task far more difficult than it would have been in the hands of another. He has escaped the danger of feeling that he was discharging a great literary function in writing the biography of the foremost man in English literature in the last half-century; he has done his work modestly, simply, and with a reverence which is the more effective in awakening a kindred feeling in the mind of the reader because it is unstudied, genuine, and restrained.

It has fallen to the lot of few biographers to deal with a richer nature, a finer genius, a life more harmoniously adjusted to the higher claims of art, a nobler group of friends, or a more interesting period. Alfred Tennyson was not only a child, but a favorite, of the Muses, if these conditions are taken into account; and the more sensitive the gift, the more important the conditions under which it is tempered, tested, and used. In one sense the man of genius is more independent of his surroundings than the man of lesser endowment, but in another sense he is far more dependent upon them. The light will shine, no matter how opaque the medium through which it sends its rays; but its clarity, its steadiness, its power of illumination, are dependent upon what may be called the accidents of its place, its time, and the circumstance in which it is set.

In these respects Tennyson was fortunate beyond most men of his quality. He was well-born in the truest sense of the word. The rectory at Somersby, on the slope of a Lincolnshire wold, was a nest of singing birds; for of the twelve children born to the Rev. Dr. George Clayton Tennyson, nearly all were poets by instinct, and at least three by practice. The woodbine climbed to the nursery

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lattice; the stained-glass windows made what Charles Tennyson called "butterfly souls" on the walls; the stone chimney-piece had been carved by the father; the drawing-room was lined with books; larch, sycamore, and wych-elms overshadowed the lawn. Here the future Laureate made one of his earliest songs; and at the foot of the garden which sloped to the field ran the brook whose music never ceased to haunt him. To this stream, Hallam Tennyson tells us, the poem beginning, "Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea," was specially dedicated. On the right of the lawn was the orchard, a place fragrant in the memory of the poet, as the orchard has always been fragrant in the poetry of the world. "How often," he said, "have I risen in the early dawn to see the golden globes lying in the dewy grass among those apple-trees!" A little further from the rectory were shaded lanes, such as make England a bower of delight when the hedges are in bloom. Close at hand were the little church, the quiet churchyard with its ancient Norman cross, the wooded hollows, the hidden springs, the ferns and flowers and mosses. It is a fair picture as one looks at it through the haze of years, — a rich and wholesome background for a poet's childhood. The father was a man of striking presence, a scholar by instinct and habit; spirited, sensitive, with a genius for conversation. The mother has had loving portraiture in the poem entitled Isabel. "A remarkable and saintly woman," her son said of her; and Edward Fitzgerald described her as "one of the most innocent and tender-hearted ladies I ever saw."

The children were high-spirited, imaginative, and merry. They matched the world about them with another world of their own making, and they were equally at home in both worlds. The touch of fancy was in their games: they were knights and ladies, whose perils and adventures were as frequent and varied as those recorded by Sir Thomas Malory. They were story-tellers of high degree; and Alfred was their master craftsman in this charming art. Sometimes an old English play was acted; sometimes, as Cecilia Tennyson, afterwards Mrs. Lushington, narrates, Alfred would take her on his knee in the winter firelight, with the younger children grouped about him, beguiling and bewitching them with stories of heroes performing feats of valor in behalf of distressed ladies, fighting dragons, and doing all manner of brave and noble deeds.

Behind all this play of the imagination, however, there was a solid ground of reality in the life at the rectory. With all his exquisite taste and refinement, Tennyson had, in later life, a notable faculty of putting strong things in a strong way; his talk had quite as much picturesque directness and force as Carlyle's. The boy learned plain speech in his own home and among the blunt Lincolnshire folk of the neighborhood. They were a sturdy, frank people, who did not hesitate to speak their minds. The Somersby cook, Lord Tennyson tells us, in a rage against her master and mistress, was once heard to say, "If you raäked out hell with a smaäl tooth coämb you weänt find their likes." There was no lack of humor in the household, although it was sometimes unconscious. The poet's aunt, Mrs. Bourne, who was a rigid and "consistent Calvinist," — to quote an old-time Andover phrase, — once said to him, "Alfred, Alfred, when I look at you, I think of the words of Holy Scripture, — Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." There were books of the right sort within reach of these children: books with the stuff of life in them, books full of reality and vitality, the books which liberate the imagination and give the growing mind its proper food and direction. Shakespeare, Milton, Goldsmith, Burke, Addison, Swift, Cervantes, and Bunyan were

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the natural companions and guides of boys and girls who were awake in body and soul to the wonder and romance and tragedy of life.

Of the grammar school at Louth, with its "tempestuous, flogging master," to which the poet was sent when he was seven years old, his chief recollections seem to have preserved merely exterior circumstances: such as being cuffed for the crime of being a new boy, taking part in a procession in honor of George IV., standing on a wall to make a political speech to his fellows, and being called down by an usher, who brutally asked him whether he wished to be the parish beadle. "How I did hate that school! The only good I ever got from it was the memory of the words *sonus desilientis aquæ*, and of an old wall covered with wild weeds opposite the school windows," were the words in which the man recorded the boy's impressions. His real educational opportunity was his father's companionship and teaching.

It is interesting to find him, in his twelfth year, writing a letter of formal literary comment and criticism on Samson Agonistes to his aunt Marianne Fytche. "To an English reader," he says gravely, "the metre of the Chorus may seem unusual, but the difficulty will vanish when I tell him that it is taken from the Greek." His earliest attempt at poetry antedated this epistle by four years. "According to the best of my recollection, when I was about eight years old I covered two sides of a slate with Thomsonian verse in praise of flowers for my brother Charles, who was a year older than I was; Thomson then being the only poet I knew. Before I could read, I was in the habit, on a stormy day, of spreading my arms to the wind and crying out, 'I hear a voice that 's speaking in the wind!' and the words 'far, far away' had always a strange charm for me. About ten or twelve Pope's Homer's Iliad became a favorite of mine, and I wrote hundreds and hundreds of lines in the regular Popeian metre, — nay, even could improvise them; so could my two elder brothers, for my father was a poet and could write regular metre very skillfully." Four years later the future Laureate was writing a long epic, full of battles, adventure, and sea and mountain scenery. The lines were often shouted in the fields at night; for the boy was already showing that sensitiveness to sound which went so far toward making him the consummate artist he became. The earliest published verse from his hand showed, indeed, a training of the ear in advance of that of the imagination. The belief that the boy had the stuff of real poetry in him took root in the minds of the family at an early day. After reading one of these youthful productions, Dr. Tennyson declared that if Alfred died, "one of our greatest poets will have gone." On another occasion he was heard to say that he "should not wonder if Alfred were to revive the greatness of his relative William Pitt." But this faith was not unchallenged; there were doubters in the home, as there always are. "Here is half a guinea for you," said Alfred's grandfather, on reading a poem which the boy had written on his grandmother's death: "the first you have ever earned by poetry, and, take my word for it, the last." It ought to be added that two lines of verse by this critic are still extant, describing a goat drinking out of a stream on a crest:—

> "On yonder bank a goat I spy;
> To sip the flood he seems to try."

It was due to a caprice of this unpoetic grandfather that Dr. Tennyson, who was his oldest son, was disinherited in favor of his brother Charles, who subsequently took the name of d'Eyncourt.

The boy was constantly improvising, and acquired great dexterity in metre and rhyme. He was given to roaming through the woods, to watching the stars, to keen observation of plants and trees

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and flowers. He was training his eye to that marvelous accuracy which his descriptive verse shows in every detail. There were those stirrings of the imagination, too, which announce the unfolding of a poet's mind. On a certain occasion when his brother Frederick was expressing a great shyness with regard to a dinner-party to which he had been bidden, Alfred said, "Fred, think of Herschel's great star-patches, and you will get over all that." Not a bad philosophy of life, and one which Emerson has expounded with great beauty and persuasiveness. It was at this time that the boy formed that acquaintance with the sea which ripened into a lifelong intimacy. The passion for the sea was in his blood, and he delighted in its wildest tumult. For this reason he found special satisfaction in the North Sea, whose waves are tremendous in stormy weather; the breakers on the Lincolnshire coast sending their thunderous roar far inland.

In March, 1827, the slender volume of Poems by Two Brothers appeared, the authors being promised the goodly sum of twenty pounds; with the proviso, however, that they were to take half of this amount in books from the publisher's shop. It was a youthful venture, for Charles was between sixteen and eighteen, and Alfred between fifteen and seventeen. The poets were not unmindful of the gravity of their enterprise, and their preface says, "We have passed the Rubicon, and we leave the rest to fate, though its edict may create a fruitless regret that we ever emerged 'from the shade' and courted notoriety." It was characteristic of the authors that on the afternoon of the day of publication they spent some of the money thus earned on carriage hire, drove fourteen miles to the seashore, and "shared their triumph with the winds and waves."

At this point in his biography Lord Tennyson begins the introduction of a large number of unpublished poems left in manuscript by his father. The difficult question of dealing with work which, although falling below the highest standards, often has great interest of another kind is thus very wisely settled. By this use of unprinted work Lord Tennyson has set an example which literary editors and biographers will do well to follow. The greatest injustice has been done more than one writer of the keenest critical discernment by including in later editions of his work prose or verse which, after careful deliberation, had been rejected. If a man's decision on matters which are in the deepest sense within the scope of his judgment is to be respected at all, it ought to be accepted as final when it relates to the work by which he wishes to be known and judged. In instances too recent to need more than allusion, such decisions have been set aside when the victim could no longer protect himself. Work of this kind often has very great psychological interest; in many instances, indeed, it has very great literary interest. In the case of so fastidious an artist as Tennyson, it was to be expected that much would be withheld which the world would be glad to possess. This is abundantly illustrated in many of the verses which are given to the world for the first time in these volumes. In point of artistic workmanship and of human interest they are on the level of much of the best work from the same hand. Lines and verses which will seem to the reader integral parts of well-known poems were omitted from these poems because, in the opinion of the poet, they were redundant, or made the pieces from which they were detached too long. These selections form, therefore, a very considerable and important addition to the poet's work, — an addition so valuable and interesting that Lord Tennyson's loyal obedience to his father's decisions must have been adhered to in the face of temptations to which many editors and biographers would have

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fallen victims. It would have been easy to put these pieces into a separate volume, and to give them a place in the complete works of the Poet Laureate; there would have been some criticism from a few fastidious people — but there would have been a great sale of the volume.

Lord Tennyson has introduced these unpublished pieces where they belong, in his father's biography. Here they are shown in their natural order: they mark, in the earlier years, the growth of his mind and art; and in the later years they bring out very instructively the searching application of his artistic conscience to his work. The earlier verse, standing by itself, would not mean much or promise much; but in its time and place one finds it suggestive of the intellectual experience through which the boy was passing, while at intervals there are lines which seem to foreshadow the style which was later to captivate two generations. In a fragment of a long poem entitled The Coach of Death, full of all kinds of immaturity, the eye is arrested by such lines as these: —

> "When the shadow of night's eternal wings
> Envelops the gloomy whole,
> And the mutter of deep-mouth'd thunderings
> Shakes all the starless pole."

In the main, this boyish verse, like all boyish verse, is merely a record of exercise and discipline, and is interesting, as the earlier studies of a great painter are interesting, because it indicates the path by which apprenticeship was slowly but surely merged into mastery of the materials and tools of art.

When Tennyson went to Cambridge with his brother Charles and matriculated at Trinity College, in 1828, he was a shy and reserved youth, but he soon made the acquaintance of a group of young men who were later to become distinguished for many kinds of ability. He was strikingly handsome. Edward Fitzgerald described him as "a sort of Hyperion." Another friend drew this sketch of him: "Six feet high, broad-chested, strong-limbed; his face Shakespearean, with deep eyelids; his forehead ample, crowned with dark wavy hair; his head finely poised; his hand the admiration of sculptors, long fingers with square tips, — soft as a child's, but of great size and strength. What struck me most about him was the union of strength with refinement." He impressed every one who came in contact with him as a man of singular attractiveness and promise. Lord Tennyson reports that on seeing his father first come into the hall at Trinity, Thompson, who afterwards became the Master of the college, exclaimed, "That man must be a poet!" In that hall now hangs the noble portrait by Mr. Watts, and in the library of the college is the bust by Woolner, — studies made at different periods, but both giving the most authoritative report of the poet's impressive face and head. When one remembers that among the men with whom the Tennysons soon became intimate were Spedding, Milnes, Trench, Alford, Merivale, Charles Butler, Tennant, and Arthur Hallam, Lord Houghton appears to have spoken with moderation when he said, many years later, "I am inclined to believe that the members of that generation were, for the wealth of their promise, a rare body of men such as this university has seldom contained."

They had the high spirits, the large hopes, and the generous enthusiasms of young men of original force. They hated rhetoric and sentimentalism, Lord Tennyson tells us, and they were full of enthusiasm for literature. Tennyson had these qualities in ample measure; but he had a cool, clear judgment as well, and was already a prime judge of character, his criticism going to the very heart in a few trenchant phrases. He took a deep interest in the tempestuous politics of the time, and his sympathies were with the party of progress, but he hated violence; he read the classics, natural science, and history, and he wrote Latin and

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Greek odes and English verse. When asked what his politics were, he replied, "I am of the same politics as Shakespeare, Bacon, and every sane man." Of those days of young hope and exalted ideals he has left an imperishable impression in more than one beautiful section of In Memoriam. After the announcement that his poem in blank verse had won the prize medal, Arthur Hallam wrote to Mr. Gladstone, "I consider Tennyson as promising fair to be the greatest poet of our generation, perhaps of our century."

When the volume of Poems, Chiefly Lyrical, appeared, in 1830, faith in the poet's genius was as firmly established in the minds of his friends as in those of his family. The serious temper with which he regarded poetry at this time, and the spiritual outlook which opened before him, are clearly disclosed in the verse which Lord Tennyson now prints for the first time. These lines have the vision of a true poet in them: —

"Methinks I see the world's renewed youth
A long day's dawn, when Poesy shall bind
Falsehood beneath the altar of great Truth:
The clouds are sundered towards the morning-rise;
Slumber not now, gird up thy loins for fight,
And get thee forth to conquer. I, even I,
Am large in hope that these expectant eyes
Shall drink the fullness of thy victory,
Tho' thou art all unconscious of thy might."

The friendship with Arthur Hallam, already deep and intimate, was strengthened, after Tennyson left the university, by Hallam's engagement to his sister Emily; and his "bright, angelic spirit and his gentle, chivalrous manner" appreciably enriched the life of the circle at Somersby, from which death had removed Dr. Tennyson. The young men took long walks and had longer talks together. Hallam was reading law; Tennyson was reading, meditating, writing, and smoking in his attic in the rectory. There were walking-tours later, meetings in London, a trip in the Rhine provinces. The year 1832 came, and with it the second volume of the poems. Many who were still doubtful of the young poet's genius surrendered to the charm of The Lady of Shalott, Œnone, The Miller's Daughter, and The Palace of Art. The question was asked at the Cambridge Union, "Tennyson or Milton, which is the greater poet?"

The Quarterly Review was characteristically insolent and brutal; for those were the days when, in the minds of many Englishmen, criticism was still identified with slashing condemnation, and violence and bitterness were mistaken for vigor and authority. Tennyson was always supersensitive to criticism which seemed to him ignorant or unjust, and the sneers of the Quarterly cut him to the quick. It must not be forgotten that the Quarterly was still a great force; Tennyson was once assured by a Lincolnshire squire that "the Quarterly was the next book to God's Bible." He could not conceal his sensitiveness, and neither then nor later did he make the attempt. "I could not recognize one spark of genius or a single touch of true humor or good feeling," he said of the truculent criticism. He thought of going abroad to live and work, for he fancied that he should never find appreciation in England. While this mood of depression was on him came the news of Hallam's sudden death at Vienna. It was a crushing blow to many hopes, for Hallam had awakened in the minds of all his friends not only the deepest affection, but the most brilliant expectations. Dean Alford said of him, "I long ago set him down for the most wonderful person I ever knew," and Mr. Gladstone has expressed substantially the same feeling. In the hour when the poet most sorely needed the swift comprehension, the delicate sympathy and sustaining faith of this rare nature, his friend vanished from his side and left him desolate. In those melancholy days of the early winter of 1834, he wrote

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in his scrap-book the fragmentary lines which, his biographer tells us, proved to be the germ of In Memoriam: —

"Where is the voice I loved? Ah, where
Is that dear hand that I would press?
Lo! the broad heavens cold and bare,
The stars that know not my distress!"

"The vapor labors up the sky,
Uncertain forms are darkly moved!
Larger than human passes by
The shadow of the man I loved,
And clasps his hands, as one that prays."

Out of this deep grief came The Two Voices and the earliest sections of In Memoriam. To this period belongs the first draft of Morte d'Arthur, and an unpublished poem of great interest entitled The Statesman. A verse from this characteristic work will not only indicate its quality, but will also bring out the Tennysonian conception of progress:

"Not he that breaks the dams, but he
That thro' the channels of the state
Conveys the people's wish is great;
His name is pure, his fame is free."

Tennyson's nature was too virile to remain long under the shadow of deep depression, and he was gradually brought back to his normal mood by work. He was not only keenly sensitive to criticism, but he was also keenly critical of himself. It is doubtful if any poet of the time has had a sounder judgment of the quality of his own verse. His ear had acquired extraordinary sensitiveness; his feeling for words was quite as delicate as his sense of sound; and this instinctive perception of the musical qualities in sounds and words had been trained with the highest intelligence and the utmost patience. If to natural aptitude and trained skill there are added great power of expression and depth and volume of thought, it is evident that all the elements of the true poet were present. Poe had a magical command of sounds; Tennyson had the same magic with a far wider knowledge of the potencies and mysteries of words. No detail escaped him; nothing was insignificant in that perfection of expression toward which he consciously and unweariedly pressed. His artistic instinct is seen in nothing more clearly than in his passion to match his thought with the words which were elected from all eternity to express it. If he did not always feel the inevitableness of every word in a perfect style, as Flaubert felt it and worked for it with a kind of heart-breaking passion, he was alive to that subtle adjustment of sound to sense which makes a true style in its entirety as resonant of the deepest thought of a writer as Westminster is resonant of every note of its organ.

Out of this mastery of sound and speech, with that deep and prolonged brooding on his own thought which made it bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, came that rich and musical style which has been the joy and refreshment of two generations, and is likely to be heard in times more sympathetic with art than ours. The perfection of form which is characteristic of Tennyson at his best did not come at once. There was a slow ripening not only of the poet's mind, but of his art; and on this development this admirable biography sheds abundant light, both by the publication of early verse, and by the preservation of the various readings of many later poems which, for one reason or another, the poet rejected. The changes made in the volume which was issued in 1832 show how exacting his taste had already become, and with what conscience his work was done.

The partial neglect of the two volumes which had now appeared, and the distinct note of depreciation heard among certain people who were supposed to have the making of literary opinion in their keeping, drove the poet back upon himself at a fortunate moment. If the later success had come at the beginning, there would have been no compromise with the artist's conscience, no concession to the taste of the moment, but

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some deeper notes might not have been sounded, some greater chords might not have been swept. For Tennyson had now entered into the communion of human sorrow, and had become partaker of the heritage of human experience. He was beginning to touch humanity through kinship of suffering, and to know his time in its doubts and uncertainties and questionings. He was living for the most part at Somersby, studying German, Italian, Greek, theology, the sciences; he was writing and smoking, blowing hundreds of lines "up the chimney with his pipe-smoke," or throwing them into the fire because they were not perfect enough. He was drawing near to his age and his race through the broadening of his vision and the deepening of his nature. The years of silence which intervened between the publication of the volume of 1832 and that of 1842 were years of intense activity. The poet was not only entering through sympathy and imagination into the life of his time in such a way as to become its interpreter, but he was also testing and studying his own resources and powers. Sensitive as he had shown himself to unsympathetic criticism, he was much more concerned with the quality of his work than with the impression it made upon readers at large. "I do not wish to be dragged forward again in any shape before the reading public at present," he wrote to Spedding in 1835, "particularly on the score of my old poems, most of which I have so corrected as to make them much less imperfect."

In 1830, on a path in a wood at Somersby, Tennyson came unexpectedly upon a slender, beautiful girl of seventeen, and impulsively said to her, "Are you a dryad or an oread wandering here?" Six years later he met Emily Sellwood again, on the occasion of the marriage of his brother Charles to her youngest sister. The friendship ripened into love, but for lack of means the marriage did not take place until June, 1850, the month in which In Memoriam was published. The cake and dresses came too late, and the wedding was so quiet that Tennyson declared it was the nicest wedding he had ever attended. Many years later he said of his wife, "The peace of God came into my life before the altar when I wedded her." Of this marriage the son writes: "It was she who became my father's adviser in literary matters. 'I am proud of her intellect,' he wrote. With her he always discussed what he was working at; she transcribed his poems; to her, and to no one else, he referred for a final criticism before publishing. She, with her 'tender, spiritual nature' and instinctive nobility of thought, was always by his side, a ready, cheerful, courageous, wise, and sympathetic counselor. It was she who shielded his sensitive spirit from the annoyances and trials of life, answering (for example) the innumerable letters addressed to him from all parts of the world. By her quiet sense of humor, by her selfless devotion, by 'her faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,' she helped him also to the utmost in the hours of his depression and his sorrow; and to her he wrote two of the most beautiful of his shorter lyrics, 'Dear, near and true,' and the dedicatory lines which prefaced his last volume, The Death of Œnone."

The years of waiting were rich not only in study and work, but in friendships of the kind which stimulate and enrich as well as console and refresh him to whom they are given. The letters of this period are full of vivacity, warm feeling, and keen criticism. The bits of talk with which the biography is generously furnished show the quickest humor and the surest discernment in literary matters. It is a pleasure to know that the young poet not only felt to the full the wonderful beauty of Keats's poetry, but also discerned in him that spiritual quality which so many critics have failed to discover. His son reports

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him as saying that "Keats, with his high spiritual vision, would have been, if he had lived, the greatest of us all (though his blank verse was poor), and there is something magic and of the innermost soul of poetry in almost everything he wrote."

He was often in London, finding endless delight in the stir and roar of the Strand and Fleet Street, in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, in the glimpses of the city from the bridges. Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens, Forster, Landor, Rogers, Leigh Hunt, and Campbell had been added to the earlier group of friends. Tennyson's interests were wide, and he touched many men on many sides; his talk and reading ranged over the fields of modern theology, scientific discovery, politics, economics, and the questions of the day. Chartism and socialism were moving England widely, if not deeply, and there was great alarm in conservative circles. Tennyson took the larger view of the situation, and believed that the difficulties should be met, not by repression, but by universal education, by freedom of trade, and by a more sympathetic attitude among those who called themselves Christians. His chief concern, however, was his art, and much of his most characteristic work belongs to this period. His imagination was stirred by incidents and happenings which would have been passed unnoted by a nature less responsive and an ear less sensitive. When he went from Liverpool to Manchester, the steady running of the wheels, becoming a kind of tune, suggested that line in Locksley Hall, —

> "Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change."

His mind was full of rhymes; verses making themselves, as it were. Then, as later, he composed before he put pen to paper, and was always reciting the lines upon which he was brooding. It was this habit of constant composition and revision, of testing accent and rhythm by vocal repetition, which gave the impression that he was wholly absorbed in his own work. The same charge, it will be remembered, was brought against Wordsworth, nine tenths of whose verse was probably composed out of doors, much of it on the old road which ran across the hills from Dove Cottage to Rydal. "This is my master's library where he keeps his books," said the servant to the visitor whom he was showing through Rydal Mount; "his study is outdoors." Both men were self-contained; both gave themselves completely to their art; but both were men of profound humility.

When the volumes of 1842 were published, and the world read for the first time Ulysses, Locksley Hall, The Day-Dream, The Two Voices, The Gardener's Daughter, Sir Galahad, The Vision of Sin, and "Break, break, break," — which Lord Tennyson tells us was made "between blossoming hedges in a Lincolnshire lane, at five o'olock in the morning," — it was at once seen that a new poet had appeared. It is true Carlyle told him that he was "a life-guardsman spoiled by making poetry;" but Carlyle can be forgiven much, for he has given us a portrait of the poet at this period which deserves to rank with the representations of Watts and Woolner: "One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough dusky dark hair; bright, laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive, yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy, smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical, metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous. I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe! We shall see what he will grow to." And Mrs. Carlyle, who was as keen a judge of men as her tempestuous husband, said of him that he was not only "a very handsome man," but "a very noble-hearted one, with something of the

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gypsy in his appearance, which for me is perfectly charming."

The tide of thought and feeling was running deep in those days, and melodies were rising like a mist out of the invisible stream of his meditation. "Tears, idle tears," which the world has known by heart these many years, was composed in the mellow autumn at Tintern Abbey, a place which has evoked two imperishable poems. "Come down, O maid," was called out by the heights about Lauterbrunnen; "Blow, bugle, blow," by the echoes at Killarney.

The Princess, which appeared in 1847, had been long in the making, but not so long as In Memoriam, which was published three years later, and upon which the poet had been at work, consciously or unconsciously, since the death of Hallam in 1833. It must be remembered, he wrote, "that this is a poem, *not an actual biography. . . . It was* meant to be a kind of Divina Commedia ending with happiness. The sections were written at many different places, and as the phases of our intercourse came to my memory and suggested them. I did not write them with any view of weaving them into a whole, or for publication, until I found that I had written so many. The different moods of sorrow, as in a drama, are dramatically given, and my conviction that fear, doubts, and suffering will find answer and relief only through faith in a God of love." He believed himself to be the originator of the metre, until after the publication of the poem, when his attention was called to the fact that Ben Jonson and Sir Philip Sidney had used it.

It was fortunate that Tennyson's biography was not prepared by a biographer who was anxious to minimize the religious element in his life; on the contrary, it is thrown into the boldest relief, and the reader is let into those profound convictions which gave the Laureate's poetry such depth and spiritual splendor. The whole subject is dealt with, in connection with In Memoriam, with the most satisfying fullness. "In this vale of Time, the hills of Time often shut out the mountains of Eternity," Tennyson once said. The nobility of his verse had its springs in those mountains, and they inclosed and glorified the landscape of life as he looked over it. He refused to formulate his faith, but he has given it an expression which is at once definite and poetic, illuminating and enduring. "I hardly dare name His Name," he writes; "but take away belief in the self-conscious personality of God, and you take away the backbone of the world." And again, "On God and God-like men we build our trust." A week before his death, his son tells us, he talked long of the personality and love of God, — "that God Whose eyes consider the poor," "Who catereth even for the sparrow." "For myself," he said on another occasion, "the world is the shadow of God." In his case, as in Wordsworth's and Browning's, poetry issued out of the deepest springs of being; and he made it great by committing to it the expression of the highest truth.

To a young man going to a university he said, "The love of God is the true basis of duty, truth, reverence, loyalty, love, virtue, and work;" and he added characteristically, "But don't be a prig." Through his verse, as through his life, there ran this deep current of faith; but the expression of it was free from the taint and distortion of dogmatic or ecclesiastical phrase. In the whole of it there is not a single phrase which reminds one of what the French call the *patois de Canaan*. In his imagination, religious truth was as clearly and naturally reflected as the truth of nature, of experience, of observation. It was not a phase of being distinct from other aspects of life; it was the fundamental conception which included all phenomena, and gave them

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coherence, order, and significance. And this conception was expressed in terms, not of philosophy or theology, but of art. The broad treatment of the great theme of immortality in In Memoriam, based as it was on profound knowledge and insight, has made the poem one of the most significant utterances of the century, while its deep and searching beauty has given it place among those few and famous poems of philosophic quality which are not only admired as classics, but loved as intimate confessions of the spirit. Both qualities are present in these unpublished verses: —

"Another whispers sick with loss:
'Oh, let the simple slab remain!
The "Mercy Jesu" in the rain!
The "Miserere" in the moss!'"

"'I love the daisy weeping dew,
I hate the trim-set plots of art!'
My friend, thou speakest from the heart,
But look, for these are nature too."

The idea of immortality was rooted so deep in all his thinking that he refused to qualify or limit it in any way. Lord Tennyson tells us that when his father spoke of "faintly trusting the larger hope," he meant by the phrase "larger hope" the final purification and salvation of the whole human race. He would not believe that Christ preached everlasting punishment. On an October day, in his eighty-first year, he wrote Crossing the Bar, explaining to his son that the Pilot is "that Divine and Unseen Who is always guiding us;" and a few days before his death he enjoined his son to print the poem at the end of all editions of his works. It will stand, therefore, in its beautiful simplicity and trustfulness, as the final confession of his faith.

When the monodramatic lyric Maud, which Lowell called "the antiphonal voice to In Memoriam," was published in 1855, it was widely misunderstood and sharply criticised. Many readers, including some who, like Mr. Gladstone, were in deep sympathy with Tennyson's genius and work, failed to perceive that it was in no sense autobiographical, but entirely objective and dramatic. The tone of much of this criticism irritated the poet, and drew from him some vigorous expressions of opinion with regard to the insight and discernment of contemporary critical opinion. He said that while, in a certain way, "poets and novelists, however dramatic they are, give themselves in their works, the mistake that people make is that they think the poet's poems are a kind of *catalogue raisonné* of his very own self, and of all the facts of his life; not seeing that they often only express a poetic instinct, or judgment on character real or imagined, and on the facts of lives real or imagined." It was, no doubt, the objective, dramatic quality in Maud which gave it such a great place in Tennyson's affection, — an affection fanned by the hostile criticism which met it at every turn. He took the keenest delight in reading or reciting it to the very close of his life, and to hear his rendering was to receive an entirely new conception of the poem. Dr. Jowett, who contributes many characteristic passages to this biography in the form of selections from his letters, wrote Lady Tennyson: "And as to the critics, their power is not really great. Wagon-loads of them are lighting fires every week on their way to the grocers."

When The Idylls of the King appeared, four years later, they were more generally understood; the reviewers were appreciative, and the public interest, as evidenced by the sales of the volume, was widespread. The Duke of Argyle wrote: "The applause of the Idylls goes on crescendo, and so far as I can hear without exception. Detractors are silenced." Even Macaulay was moved to admiration by the reading of Guinevere. The poet was gratified, and did not conceal his pleasure: "Doubtless Macaulay's good opinion is worth having, and I am grateful to you for letting me know it, but this time I intend to be thick-

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skinned; nay, I scarcely believe that I should ever feel very deeply the pen-punctures of those parasitic animalcules of the press, if they kept themselves to what I write, and did not glance spitefully and personally at myself:" which shows plainly enough that he did care, in spite of his contempt. Such sensitiveness often goes with the delicacy of taste which was so marked in Tennyson; and the fact that much of the criticism to which he was subjected was unintelligent, and therefore of no possible significance to anybody, did not lessen the sting.

The Holy Grail had long been germinating; at twenty-four Tennyson had determined to write an epic or drama about King Arthur. When the poem appeared, he declared it to be one of the most imaginative of his works. "I have expressed there my strong feeling as to the reality of the Unseen. The end, when the King speaks of his work and of his visions, is intended to be the summing up of all in the highest note by the highest of human men." "Of all the Idylls of the King," writes Lord Tennyson, "The Holy Grail seems to me to express the most of my father's highest self. Perhaps this is because I saw him, in the writing of this poem more than in the writing of any other, with that far-away rapt look on his face, which he had whenever he worked at a story that touched him greatly, or because I vividly recall the inspired way in which he chanted to us the different parts of the poem as they were composed."

In answer to the criticism which was offended by the moral significance of the Idylls, and became somewhat hysterical in its urgence of "art for art's sake," the poet quoted those fine words of George Sand: "L'art pour art est un vain mot: l'art pour le vrai, l'art pour le beau et le bon, voilà la religion que je cherche;" and composed these vigorous and plain-spoken lines: —

"Art for Art's sake! Hail, truest Lord of Hell!
Hail, Genius, master of the Moral Will!
'The filthiest of all paintings painted well
Is mightier than the purest painted ill!'
Yes, mightier than the purest painted well,
So prone are we toward the broad way to Hell."

Tennyson's interest in the drama had been keen from boyhood, — at fourteen he had written plays; he knew dramatic literature; he believed in the humanizing influence of the drama, and he felt deeply that the great English historical plays should form part of the education of the English people. He was not blind to his own lack of knowledge of the technique of play-writing, and he wrote with the intention that his dramas should be edited for the stage by actors who could understand and preserve their poetic quality. It is interesting to note the breadth of view with which, at the very summit of his success and fame, he undertook to create in a field that was both untried and full of difficulties. Of Harold, Becket, and Queen Mary he wrote, "This trilogy portrays the making of England." In Harold he strove to represent dramatically the struggle between the Danes, Saxons, and Normans for mastery in England, and the awakening of the English people; in Becket, the conflict between Church and Crown; in Queen Mary, the downfall of Romanism and the dawning of the age of free individuality; and in The Foresters, the transition period when the barons and the people stood together for English liberty.

Three times the baronetcy was offered to Tennyson, and as many times he refused it. When, therefore, one day in 1883, Mr. Gladstone said to the Laureate's son that, for the sake of literature, he wished to offer his father the higher distinction of a barony, there was grave doubt about its acceptance. The only difficulty which the Prime Minister thought insurmountable was the possible insistence by Tennyson on his right to

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wear his wide-awake in the House of Lords! Tennyson was so well beyond the mere flattery of an offer of the peerage that he took the friendly urgence of Mr. Gladstone with great calmness, and at first was not to be moved from his determination to remain plain Mr. Tennyson to the end of his days. He was finally persuaded, however, that, as the foremost representative of literature in England, he ought not to put aside a distinction which would mark the formal recognition of the place and function of literature in the life of a great people. "I cannot but be touched," he wrote to Mr. Gladstone, "by the friendliness of your desire that this mark of distinction should be conferred on myself, and I rejoice that you, who have shown such true devotion to literature, by pursuing it in the midst of what seems to most of us overwhelming and all-absorbing business, should be the first thus publicly to proclaim the position which literature ought to hold in the world's work."

In the long history of English literature there is no picture of old age more beautiful and satisfying than that which appears in this biography, — an old age rich in fame and honor, but richer still in the fulfillments and fruition of a life-long devotion to the highest ends of art; an age free from envy, generous in appreciation, fresh in feeling, and moving steadily forward into larger and clearer vision of truth. Tennyson was no more free from the imperfections of a strong nature than are men of smaller grasp and gift; but his life was stamped by a genuine nobility of spirit. He put aside all the subtle temptations which popularity brings to the artist by artistic instinct, and by the force and steadfastness of his character. He valued fame, and knew how to separate it from its counterfeit popularity. Matthew Arnold once said to Hallam Tennyson with characteristic humor, "Your father has been our most popular poet for over forty years, and I am of opinion that he fully deserves his reputation." In Tennyson's case, as in that of Arnold himself in lesser degree, popularity rested upon a sound instinct, if not upon clear intelligence; and neither poet was indifferent to an applause which was both heartfelt and respectful. In his friendships, especially, the largeness of Tennyson's nature revealed itself in the most unconscious and beautiful way, and the story of his intimacy with Browning and of the noble generosity of admiration which knit them together will be remembered as long as the famous friendship between Goethe and Schiller, and with kindred reverence. Such passages illuminate the painful history of the race with a splendor not born of these lower skies.

When all has been said about the beauty and significance of Tennyson's work, it may be seen that his finest contribution to civilization was, not his poetry, but his life. In his case there was no schism between the art and the artist; the work disclosed the man, and the man lives imperishable in the work. In these days of confused and conflicting ideals of the artist's place and function among men, this biography becomes something more than the record of an illustrious career; it is an authoritative revelation of the aims, the method, and the development of a great creative spirit.

Hamilton Wright Mabie.

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THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.

DURING the past twenty-five years there have been centennial celebrations of many battles, and of other events connected with the foundation of the republic; but none has greater significance for us as a nation capable of defending our rights and of resisting pressure from without, than the centenary of the launching of the Constitution in Boston on October 21, 1797. She marks the beginning of our navy. Two other ships were launched a few days earlier than she, but neither has won such a place in our affections or in our history.

Up to 1798, the navy, which had no ships, was supposed to be a branch of the War Department, and on May 21 of that year the first Secretary of the Navy was appointed, in accordance with a recent law of Congress establishing a separate department. As the Constitution went into commission about that time, the naval service may be said to have come into existence with her. Her exploits have been the chief addition to its fame. During the earlier years of the frigate our foreign relations became more and more unsatisfactory, and some of our ablest statesmen were abroad, unsuccessfully endeavoring to make treaties acceptable to the nation's self-respect. We were paying tribute in the shape of men to England, of ships and their cargoes to France, and of money to the Barbary powers. While France and England were at war, each strove to outdo the other in its restrictions upon our commerce. The system of impressment begun by England could not be endured by an independent nation, but France would have followed even in that imposition, had it not been impossible to prove an American sailor to be a Frenchman. As it was, her minister to the United States attempted to ride roughshod over our laws, and our ministers to France were insulted and browbeaten. The treatment accorded to one of our ships which grounded on the French coast, and was stripped of her cargo by direction of the government, was enough to make us forget the friendship of France during the Revolutionary War. It was such a world as this into which the Constitution was born. The child of our country in its weakness and poverty, she has survived to a destiny unrivaled in all the annals of naval warfare. She has accomplished without a single failure every task assigned to her, and in a long life has never brought discredit to an officer or a man serving on board of her. Most of our great commanders in the first half of the century began or found their careers upon her decks. Preble, Rodgers, Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, and Stewart in turn commanded her during the first twenty years of her existence. It was a happy coincidence that she received the name of the great bulwark of our republic.

The frigate was authorized by act of Congress on March 27, 1794, together with five other frigates, to be used against the Barbary States in the protection of our merchant shipping, and in the deliverance of American captives held for ransom; but in consequence of a treaty purchased by the payment of tribute to the dey of Algiers, the work on these ships was stopped. After some consideration of the subject, Congress directed the completion of the three most advanced, one of them being the Constitution. By this delay the timbers were allowed two years for seasoning, and became so hard as to earn for her, fifteen years later, the name "Old Ironsides." Her completion was hurried forward by the expected war with France. The two main arguments for the new navy were, therefore, the suppression of piracy and

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the maintenance of our rights as neutrals. The impressment of seamen on the high seas did not become a burning question until later.

The design and model of the Constitution were made by Joshua Humphreys, of Philadelphia, and sent to Boston for use in the construction of the ship. The materials were carefully selected wherever they could be found, and all the best features of the English and French ships were adopted, without regard to expense. Her builder, Colonel George Claghorn, kept her fully three years in the shipyard near what is now Constitution Wharf in Boston, from the time of laying the keel to the final equipment. It is interesting to note that Paul Revere supplied all the copper fastenings. The first day set for the launch was September 20, and the President, John Adams, and the governor of the State were present to see her off; but the settling of the ways under the moving load checked her twenty-seven feet from the start. It was not deemed prudent to use rams or tackles on her, and the builder spent one month shoring up the ways. She finally slid into the water on October 21, 1797. The United States had been launched on July 10 of the same year, at Philadelphia, and the Constellation on September 7, at Baltimore. Admiral Preble in his History of the Flag says, however, that "the Constitution was the first of the new frigates to carry the fifteen stars and fifteen stripes upon the deep blue sea." This flag was hoisted just before the launch by a workman named Samuel Bentley. Captain Nicholson, the inspecting officer, had reserved that honor for himself; but Bentley, with the assistance of a man named Harris, took advantage of his absence at breakfast to work off an old grudge by quietly running up the flag.

The ship cost, ready for sea, about three hundred thousand dollars. She was one hundred and seventy-five feet long, forty-three and a half feet in beam, and fourteen and a half feet deep, with a tonnage of 1576 by measurement. Her power and classification were distinctly below those of a line-of-battle ship, but she had greater speed under sail, and was thus better fitted to escape from a too powerful antagonist. In relation to modern navies, the armored cruiser New York probably comes nearest to a similar position among the ships of her time. She had less than one half the length of the New York, only two thirds the beam, and about three fourths the draught, — making her not far from one of our gunboats in size. It is said that many of her first guns were purchased in England. She was called a forty-four gun frigate in accordance with the common practice of that day, though the batteries actually consisted of thirty long 24-pounders on the main deck, and twenty-two 32-pound carronades on the spar-deck. Two 24-pounders were at times carried on the forecastle as bow-chasers. These guns were heavier than those usually carried on frigates of her own class in foreign navies, and she had only one gun-deck instead of two. In connection with the interminable controversy which subsequently arose over the superiority of the Constitution and her class to the English frigates captured during the war of 1812, it is well to remember that Mr. Humphreys intended his three larger frigates to be a little better in every respect than English or French ships of the same rating. He aimed at advantages similar to those we are now seeking in our new battle-ships and cruisers: better guns, greater speed, and greater cruising capacity. His reasons, stated in a letter to Robert Morris, still apply. He says: "The situation of our coast and depth of water in our harbors are different in some degree from those of Europe, and as our navy must be for a considerable time inferior in the number of vessels to theirs, we are to consider what size ships will be most formidable, and be an overmatch

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for those of an enemy. If we build our ships of the same size as the Europeans, they having so great a number of them, we shall always be behind them. I would build them of a larger size than theirs, and take the lead of them, which is the only safe method of commencing a navy."

Herein lies the secret of our success. It belongs as much to our fame as does the splendid discipline of our men. The humane principle in war is never to fight on equal terms; otherwise two armies or two ships will be exterminated instead of one. There are always causes behind the results in war, and valuable lessons to be learned. The Constitution received only the reward given to those who have the foresight to provide a better ship, better guns, and a better crew than their opponents. Her victories cannot be explained as accidents. In the fight with the Guerriere she fired a broadside weighing 684 against the Guerriere's 556 pounds. Two guns were removed before the engagement with the Java, and her broadside was 654 against 576 pounds. Her crew was larger in both instances.

The first duty of the Constitution, as was anticipated, proved to be in the war of reprisal against the French, whose depredations on our commerce had become unendurable. Overrating their influence in America, they had begun by seizing English ships in our waters, and had ended by capturing our own ships as well, — so determined were they to force us into an alliance. Our government had no alternative but a return in kind, and in August, 1798, Captain Nicholson, sailed from Newport with the Constitution and four revenue cutters for a cruise along the coast south of Cape Henry, to pick up French cruisers, privateers, and merchantmen. Towards the end of the year she was assigned to a squadron in the West Indies, where she remained until near the close of the war with France, serving part of the time as Captain Talbot's flag-ship. Her career during this period does not present much that is exciting, as she captured only a few insignificant prizes. The Constellation had the fortune to be the only frigate which saw really serious service against ships of her own class.

Two events, however, were full of promise for the future. The first was a friendly race with an English frigate. The two ships happened to meet at sea not far from San Domingo, and the English captain went on board the Constitution to see Captain Talbot. He looked over the ship and expressed great admiration for her, but declared that his own ship could outsail her on the wind. As he had come out by way of the Madeiras, he offered to bet a cask of wine against an equivalent in money on the result, if Captain Talbot would meet him thereabouts some weeks later. He was going into port to clean bottom and refit. The agreement was made. When the Englishman came out and closed with the Constitution, the two captains dined together, and arranged all the conditions of the next day's race. They kept near each other during the night, and at dawn made sail upon the firing of a gun. All day long the race continued in short tacks to windward. Isaac Hull sailed the American frigate, watching for every possible opportunity and advantage. His skill in handling the ship under sail gained him a lasting reputation. The men were kept on deck all day, moving from side to side to bring the ship to an even keel on the different tacks. As Cooper says, "the manner in which the Constitution eat her competitor out of the wind was not the least striking feature of the trial." When the gun was fired at sunset, the Englishman was hull down to leeward. The Constitution, accordingly, squared away before the wind, and joined him just after dark. A boat was waiting, and the English captain came on board like a true sportsman, with his cask of

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Madeira. It is a pleasant picture to see the two captains meeting over a social glass of wine in celebration of the event; especially since English ships did not at all mind impressing an occasional American as a recruit.

The next and not very creditable exploit of the Constitution was unfortunate in its ultimate effects. In May, 1800, a party of sailors and marines, under the leadership of Hull, was sent into a Spanish port to cut out a French letter of marque, Sandwich. The party numbered about ninety, all of whom, with the exception of six or seven, were hidden in the hold of the sloop Sally, armed for the purpose by the Constitution. They ran alongside the Sandwich in broad daylight, and in two minutes had captured her. The marines were sent on shore to spike the guns of the Spanish fort, while sails were bent and she was made ready to leave the harbor. Although this part of the undertaking consumed several hours, she escaped without the loss of a single man. No expedition was ever better planned and carried out, but in the end it cost the crew dear; for they lost all their prize-money in paying damages for the illegal capture in a neutral port; besides, the Sandwich was returned to her original owners.

From March, 1801, to May, 1803, the Constitution lay at Boston, dismantled, but in September of the latter year we find her in Gibraltar, on the way to Tripoli, as Commodore Preble's flag-ship. The war with Tripoli would make a long story, and since it was principally carried on with the smaller ships, only an outline will be given here; but the courage and daring of the American sailors stand out in two or three incidents which cannot be passed over in silence. The details of every expedition were planned on the Constitution, and the young commanding officers who came over her side to see Preble ("boys" he called them) must have gathered courage and inspiration from the great commander. The flag-ship was too large for effective service against fortifications protected by shoals and uncertain winds, and the blockade was conducted by small ships from America and gunboats procured in Messina from the Sicilian government. From time to time Tripolitan ketches were captured, and fitted out to aid in the service.

Just before Preble's arrival off Tripoli, while in chase of a small vessel at the mouth of the harbor, the Philadelphia had run on the rocks; and as she could not be got off, Captain Bainbridge and his whole crew surrendered. They were prisoners in the castle during the two years of the war, and were in as much danger from their countrymen's guns as was the Turk. The Philadelphia had been floated off and brought into the harbor, where she was being fitted up. All the guns were in place and ready for use, when Captain Bainbridge managed in some way to communicate with Preble, giving information about her, and suggesting that she be destroyed, as she was undoubtedly intended for service against her old flag. The subject was broached to Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, who at once volunteered to go in with his own ship, the Enterprise, and capture her by boarding. The plan was so far modified by Commodore Preble as to substitute for the Enterprise, in this hazardous service, a Tripolitan ketch that Decatur had captured a few days before. The ketch, rechristened the Intrepid, and fitted out specially for the undertaking, was manned by volunteers from Decatur's ship, with some additions from the Constitution. In this wretched boat, rigged for sixteen oars, and hardly larger than a fair-sized sailing yacht, seventy-four men left the fleet, accompanied by the brig Siren under Lieutenant Commandant Stewart, and headed for a passage through the rocks to the inner harbor.

She arrived in sight of the town in the afternoon, and anchored off the entrance

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at nightfall; but a sudden and violent gale swept her to the eastward, and both she and the Siren had to ride out at sea the terrific storm that lasted six days and nights. At times it was feared that the Intrepid could not last through it; but the seventh day found both vessels near the harbor, once more in favorable weather. The Siren, well disguised, did not approach within sight of the coast during daylight, but the Intrepid sailed calmly for the port as if on an ordinary trading voyage. Decatur had made all his arrangements to burn the Philadelphia, and then to escape by towing or rowing the Intrepid out of the harbor under cover of the darkness. Every man had his allotted station and task, and as soon as the frigate was taken each was to rush with combustibles to a specified place. The greater part of the crew lay hidden behind the bulwarks, as the ketch drifted slowly down in the half-darkness of a new moon to the anchorage.

It is well to stop a moment to consider what one mistake would have cost them. The Philadelphia had a full crew, all her guns were loaded, and she was surrounded by Tripolitan gunboats. Not one of the Americans could have escaped if the slightest suspicion had been aroused before boarding; yet they went boldly on to within a few feet of the Philadelphia, and saying that the ketch was a Maltese trader that had lost her anchors in the storm, they asked for a line, and begged permission to tie up astern overnight. She lay only forty yards from the port battery, and in the range of every gun. While Decatur coolly sent a boat to make fast to the forechains of the Philadelphia, some of the latter's crew came out with a line from the stern, and assisted them in making fast there also. A few minutes of cautious pulling on the bow-line, then a wild cry of "Americanos!" from the Turks who were looking over the bulwarks, and the Americans were springing up the side in a scramble to see who could be first on the frigate's deck. In a mad panic the crew were either cut down or driven into the sea. Everything worked exactly as Decatur had planned it, and within twenty minutes the ship was ablaze. His men were fairly driven back into their boat by the flames.

The return was even more perilous than the entrance, as all the forts and gunboats had taken the alarm. Their shots were falling around the Intrepid and dashing the spray into the faces of her men, as she swept down the harbor under sixteen long oars. The flames of the Philadelphia, with the roaring of her guns as they went off one by one in the intense heat, the blinding flashes of the Turkish guns, and the uproar in the town made the night one never to be forgotten; a fit ending to what Nelson pronounced "the most bold and daring act of the age." Decatur rejoined Stewart, who was waiting for him outside, and the two set sail for Syracuse.

Nine months later, the little Intrepid left a lasting and melancholy memory in our service by her mysterious and fatal ending. She was fitted as a floating mine, to be carried into the midst of the dey's flotilla, and then blown up. One hundred barrels of powder and one hundred and fifty shells were placed in her, with a train leading to a convenient spot near the stern. Captain Richard Somers and Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, with a few volunteers, went in her. They had two small boats in tow for the escape after lighting the fuse. As it was part of their plan not to permit themselves or the ship to be taken by the enemy, who were greatly in need of powder, Somers's idea is said to have been to blow her up in case they were boarded before reaching the proposed position. The night was very dark when they put out from the Nautilus and disappeared within the harbor. Three gunboats were hanging about the entrance at the time. To those waiting to pick

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up the returning party the suspense was intense, although it lasted only a few minutes. The Turks had taken alarm at something, and were firing in every direction. Suddenly the Intrepid's mast and sail were seen to lift within a sheet of flame, and a frightful concussion shook even the ships of the American fleet outside. The crew of the Nautilus waited in vain for the return of their comrades, but none of them came back. So far as was ever known the Intrepid did no damage, and the cause of the explosion is a mystery to this day.

Amid such scenes as these, varied with hand-to-hand conflicts in the harbor, the Constitution passed two years. In one attack, Decatur fought single-handed with a giant Turk, whom he finally killed by reaching around his body and firing a shot into his back. The ball passed through him, and lodged in Decatur's clothing. It was during this struggle that Decatur's life was saved by a young sailor, who lost his arm by interposing it between his captain and the sword of an assailant. No story has been oftener told to American children.

The incessant activity of Preble seems remarkable when we consider the character of the service, so far from home, and at all times distant from the base of supplies. He traveled thousands of miles in his voyages between Syracuse and Tripoli, with an occasional visit to Tunis for the purpose of overawing the bey, who was not to be trusted. The Constitution bombarded the fortifications three times, and on one occasion, while supporting a general attack on the fleet in the harbor, silenced all the Tripolitan guns. The dey was finally forced into signing a treaty of peace, giving American ships entire freedom of commerce in the Mediterranean; but Preble did not stay to see the end. He was relieved of his command by Commodore Barron, who, on account of sickness, was soon succeeded by Captain Rodgers. The treaty was drawn up in the cabin of the Constitution, under Rodgers's directions. By a demonstration of the whole fleet before Tunis, the bey likewise was frightened into making a treaty.

The importance of this war was twofold: it gave our merchant-ships comparative safety in the Mediterranean, and it formed the nursery in which our naval officers were trained for the more difficult tasks before them. Nearly all the great names of the next war appear in connection with Tripoli. Whatever may be said of England's greatness on the sea at this time, it was America, the new nation of the West, which freed Christendom of its scourge in North Africa.

The Constitution reached New York in the latter part of 1807, and was kept on the home coast until the summer of 1811, in expectation of trouble with England. She made a voyage to Cherbourg, however, to carry over the United States envoy to France, and returned to Washington in the spring of 1812, after having touched at ports in Holland and England. The crew was discharged, and the ship placed for overhauling in the hands of Nathaniel Haraden, her old sailing-master under Preble. Her captain complained that she had fallen off in sailing qualities, and requested that she be hove out for repairing the copper. Mr. Haraden, who knew her thoroughly, at anchor and at sea, not only patched up the copper, but also completely restowed her ballast, leaving about one third of it on shore. The result was magical, and no doubt contributed to her escape from an entire squadron soon after. She dropped down the Potomac in June, with only half her crew and several of the old officers, and, when news of the war came, went to Annapolis to complete her equipment. On July 5 she sailed with a green crew, some of whom had never been to sea, and many of whom had not even been stationed at the guns and sails.

Captain Hull's marvelous power of

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organization is exhibited in the adventure which befell him twelve days later. We may call this the first of the great international races outside of New York harbor, with the Constitution as prize. It has become memorable in the navy for the use of the kedge-anchor in the shallow water off the Jersey coast. To this day, if one asks an American tar how Hull escaped from the British in 1812, he will reply, "He kedged."

At two o'clock on the afternoon of July 17, when about forty miles east of Cape May, heading for New York, four sails were discovered to the north. Hull immediately tacked to the northeast, and the squadron, which consisted of the Shannon, the Belvidera, the Africa, and the Æolus, under Commodore Broke of the British navy, gave chase. At four o'clock a fifth sail was made out to windward, bearing northeast in a favorable position to close with the Constitution. This ship was the Guerriere. Fortunately the wind shifted at sunset, which placed the Constitution to windward; but for forty-eight hours there was either a calm or hardly more than enough wind to give steerageway. Hull employed every expedient known to the seaman to get away, except that of throwing his provisions, guns, and boats overboard. He lost nothing but two thousand gallons of water pumped out to lighten the hull. During the calm, both the English and the Americans resorted to towing by means of boats; but as the former had five frigates to draw upon for men, it was only a question of time how the struggle would end. One of the ships drew up uncomfortably close, when Hull and his first lieutenant suddenly conceived the idea of fastening all their spare ropes and cables together and paying them out to an anchor carried half a mile ahead. By pulling on the ropes the American walked mysteriously away from the Englishman, who never afterwards got near enough to throw a shot into the Constitution. The sails were trimmed to take advantage of every catspaw of wind. The men were shifted from one side of the deck to the other, to favor her sailing, and not a man slept in his bunk for nearly three days. All guns were loaded, ready for action, several having been placed to give a fire directly astern. The Shannon, the Belvidera, and the Guerriere opened fire at long range, as fortune of wind and sea brought one or the other within firing distance, but no shot took effect. At one time, during a puff of wind, Captain Hull expected to be overtaken by the Belvidera, so close had she come on the quarter, and he prepared to cripple her, if possible, before her consorts could come up; but it was not to be.

The chase really ended on the evening of the third day, when a heavy rain-squall came up from the south. Hull saw it, and, with the men in readiness, let everything go by the run at the instant it struck. As soon as his ship was obscured by the rain, he quickly shortened sail, and went off on the starboard tack at eleven knots. The English, some miles to leeward, deceived by the apparent confusion on the American ship, let go their sails before the wind struck them, and went off more to leeward on different tacks. One hour later, when the squall had passed, the Constitution was hull down, and too far away for any possibility of capture. The chase was abandoned next morning, when daylight found the American almost out of sight. Nothing in the annals of our navy has ever exhibited more perfect seamanship, ready resource, and constant cheerfulness than this chase, in which our ship was pitted against a whole fleet under some of the best English captains.

Her next cruise was the shortest and most fateful in her long life of one hundred years, and the whole country was soon to resound with her exploits. Our people were thoroughly discouraged over the outlook on land. The war with England was unpopular, and nowhere

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more so than in New England, the chief sufferer from the embargo. Yankee ports were filled with Yankee ships complaining bitterly that their trade had been destroyed. Incompetence reigned in the army, and the campaign against Canada had proved a miserable failure. Yet here was a ship going out alone to battle with the greatest navy of the world, at a time when England had reached the very summit of her power on the sea. A large squadron was off the coast, as Hull well knew. It had been thought advisable in Washington to have all naval vessels safely anchored in port and dismantled, in order to prevent the English blockading fleet from getting them. Fortunately, Captains Bainbridge and Stewart, both of whom afterwards commanded the Constitution in successful actions against the British, were able to dissuade the department from this foolish step. Orders were sent, however, to keep the Constitution in Boston; but Hull had already sailed, in anticipation of some such outcome of the controversy. It is said he feared that the blockade might shut him in, or that he might be relieved by Captain Bainbridge, his senior in command; at any rate, he got away on August 2, 1812, just before the orders reached Boston. He stood to eastward around Nova Scotia to the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, and then to the south and east, but made no important capture.

On the morning of the 18th Captain Hull learned from a Salem privateer that a large British frigate had been sighted the day before to the south. The Constitution was accordingly headed in that direction, and at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th a strange sail was made out to the east by south, — too far away, however, for any clear indication of her character and nationality. The Constitution was at this time about seven hundred miles due east of Boston, with ample room for the interview which Captain Dacres of the Guerriere — as the ship turned out to be — had desired for months. He had been so eager as to indorse on the register of the ship John Adams, from Liverpool, a letter to the commander of the American squadron, expressing a wish to meet a United States frigate of the same force as the President outside of Sandy Hook "for a tête-à-tête." In Isaac Hull, the man who would rather fight than eat, he found everything that was lively and hearty. Many generations of American boys have gloried over the fight between the Constitution and the Guerriere, and Cooper has drawn a vivid picture of the scene.

Hull ran down before the wind to take a look at the stranger, and found him with his main topsail aback, waiting for the Constitution to come up. Both ships cleared for action, and when the Constitution was still far astern the Guerriere began firing at long range. Only two or three shots were fired in return, and then the American bore down upon the Englishman in silence. Nothing shows more forcibly the perfect discipline of the ship than this hour of waiting, with men standing at quarters and their comrades falling around them. Even Mr. Morris, the first lieutenant, found it hard to restrain his impatience, and he asked to be allowed to fire. Not till the ships were fairly abreast and within pistol-shot of each other was the word finally given. The effect was almost instantaneous as a whole broadside struck the Guerriere, followed quickly by a second staggering blow. Her mizzenmast went overboard, and the Constitution was able to pass around the Guerriere's bow, where she delivered a raking fire which cut away the foremast and much of the rigging. In wearing to return across her bow, the Guerriere's starboard bow fouled the port quarter of the Constitution. It was while in this position that both sides tried to board, and Lieutenant Bush of the marine corps was killed, and Lieutenant Morris was dangerously wounded. Two guns

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in the bow of the Guerriere were fired point-blank into the cabin of the Constitution and set fire to the ship. The danger was grave, but the wind and sea swept them clear, and Lieutenant Hoffman put out the fire. As the ships separated, the Guerriere's foremast and mainmast went by the board, leaving her a helpless hulk in the trough of the sea. Captain Dacres's interview was over, having lasted, from the first broadside of the Constitution, just thirty minutes. He was wounded, seventy-nine of his men out of a crew of two hundred and seventy-two were killed and wounded, and not a stick was left standing on his deck. There was no need to haul down the flag; it was gone with the rigging, and Captain Dacres surrendered perforce. The Constitution had lost fourteen men and had sustained comparatively small injury. Within a few hours she was ready for another fight. The Guerriere was so cut to pieces that she could not be taken into port, and Hull burned her. The last act, after removing the prisoners and wounded, gives one a glimpse of the Christianity and chivalry of these two captains who spoke the same tongue and in whose veins flowed the same blood. Captain Hull asked Captain Dacres if there was anything he would like to save from his ship. He said yes, his mother's Bible, which he had carried with him for years. An officer was sent to get it. Thus began a friendship between these enemies which lasted till Hull's death in 1843.

Many stories are told of this fight, which was one of the most dramatic in history, both in its action and in its immediate effects upon the country. In the Guerriere's crew there were ten Americans, who, to the honor and credit of the English, were sent below. One of them, a merchant-ship captain, was standing near Captain Dacres while the Constitution was approaching. The Guerriere was pouring out shot after shot, and broadside after broadside, as the other came like death upon an unsuspecting victim. The silence was appalling, and Captain Dacres asked the American what it could mean. "Do you think she will strike without firing a shot?" As the story goes, the American answered, "No; and if you will permit me, sir, I will join the doctor in the cockpit, where I can be of use in taking care of the wounded." The English captain's reply, "Go, if you wish, but there are not likely to be many wounded," found speedy contradiction. Within a few minutes after the American reached the cockpit, and while he was waiting in agonizing suspense, a terrific roar sounded above the English guns, and the Guerriere staggered under blow after blow. In a few minutes all was silence, and the American, passing a line of wounded, stuck his head up through the hatch to find the Guerriere a hopeless wreck. Tradition has it that in this fight the Constitution obtained her sobriquet "Old Ironsides." When struck by a shot from the Guerriere, the outside planking did not yield, and the shot fell into the sea. One of the seamen shouted, "Huzza! her sides are made of iron!" It is also said that Hull, who was a short, fat man, stooped down to give his first order to fire, and split his breeches from keel to truck.

Upon Captain Hull's arrival in Boston, the news of his victory was received with exultation. It had followed close upon the surrender of Detroit, and was like a bright gleam in the darkness. Our people could now feel that the navy, though small, was not impotent against the greatest sea power of the world, and, ship for ship, we had nothing to fear. Standing by itself, the destruction of the Guerriere amounted to nothing. It was the moral effect which gave it great and lasting importance. The surprise and gloom produced in England by the disaster were equaled only by the inability to explain it. In one English newspa-

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per we find this conclusion: "From it the inference may be drawn that a contest with the Americans is more worthy of our arms than was at first sight imagined." The London Times said: "It is not merely that an English frigate has been taken, after what we are free to confess may be called a brave resistance, but that it has been taken by a new enemy, — an enemy unaccustomed to such triumphs, and likely to be rendered confident by them. He must be a weak politician who does not see how important the first triumph is in giving a tone and character to the war."

A dinner, in which men of all political parties united, was given to Hull and his officers at Faneuil Hall on September 5. They marched in procession with a great number of prominent citizens up State Street, in the middle of the afternoon, and sat down to what the Palladium called an "excellent dinner," which must have been interminable, for seventeen toasts were drunk. From these the following are selected as an evidence of the effect of the victory upon "all political parties:" —

"The American Nation — May danger from abroad insure union at home."

"Our Infant Navy — We must nurture the young Hercules in his cradle, if we mean to profit by the labors of his manhood."

"The Victory we Celebrate — An invaluable proof that we are able to defend our rights on the ocean."

"No Entangling Alliance — We have suffered the injuries and insults of despotism with patience, but its friendship is more than we can bear."

The next action in which Old Ironsides engaged followed in less than five months, with a ship practically her equal. The command had been turned over to Captain Bainbridge, who sailed, in company with the Hornet, for the West Indies on October 26. At San Salvador they fell in with an English ship, which they challenged to come out and fight the Hornet. She agreed at first, but delayed so long that Captain Bainbridge finally left the Hornet waiting outside of the harbor, and sailed to the southeast along the coast of Brazil. On December 29, about thirty miles off the coast, two sails were sighted: one a small vessel standing in towards the land, and the other a larger ship, which had headed up, apparently to examine the new arrival. Satisfied that the larger ship was a British frigate, Captain Bainbridge headed offshore to get more sea-room. The fight between the Constitution and the Java then began, with the latter in chase, — just the reverse of the action with the Guerriere. The firing opened with broadsides from both ships, the Java being on the port quarter of the Constitution and about a mile to windward. As the English frigate was the faster sailer in the light wind which prevailed, she constantly overreached the Constitution, so that there was much manœuvring to avoid being raked. The battle lasted a little over two hours, and both sides displayed splendid seamanship, but the end found the Java dismasted and helpless. As usual, the American gunnery had been vastly superior to that of the English, although the Constitution's rigging was so badly cut up that she returned to the United States for repairs. Captain Bainbridge did not consider it practicable to get the Java home, and he accordingly burned her. Lieutenant Hoffman, who set fire to her, had performed the like duty for the Guerriere. After a few days near San Salvador with the Hornet, whose intended victim had not yet come out, the Constitution laid her course for Boston, which she reached February 27, 1813, bearing the news of her own victory. She and her crew were received with the wildest enthusiasm, and the town turned out to do honor to the victors. What was better than all to Jack Tar, he received his prize-money for two ships captured within four and a half months.

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After extensive repairs, under the direction of Captain Charles Stewart, who went in command of her, Old Ironsides got to sea again on January 1, 1814, for a cruise towards the Barbadoes. She captured a few small prizes and attempted to overhaul a British frigate, and was herself chased into the harbor of Marblehead on April 3 by two frigates on the blockade of the New England coast. Captain Stewart had to throw overboard a quantity of old rigging, provisions, and other heavy articles, to escape. He moved down to Boston shortly afterwards, where the ship remained until December.

Her last cruise during the war began on December 17, 1814, with a long reach to the Bay of Biscay by way of the Bermudas and the Madeiras. The morning of February 20, 1815, off the coast of Morocco, opened with a light mist over the sea and a variable wind. At one o'clock in the afternoon a sail hove in sight, followed within an hour by a second. They proved to be the British ships Cyane and Levant, carrying in all fifty-five guns, firing a broadside weighing 754 pounds against the Constitution's 654. The Constitution made all sail to overhaul them, and opened fire on the Cyane, the sternmost ship, at four minutes past six. By fine manœuvring and rapid handling of guns she played havoc with both English ships without permitting herself to be raked. At one time, when she had forged ahead enough to fire into the Levant, the Cyane attempted to pass astern of her to rake; but Captain Stewart braced the yards flat to the masts and literally backed through the smoke to a position alongside of the Cyane, into which he poured a withering fire. The Cyane surrendered at ten minutes to seven, and left the Constitution free to pursue the Levant. The prisoners were first removed and damages were repaired, so that it was two hours before the action began again. The Levant surrendered at ten o'clock. This whole action, covering about four hours, was fought by moonlight, and exhibits the wonderful agility of the Constitution under sail. Captain Stewart's seamanship enabled him to manage two ships without suffering materially himself. The smoke from the guns obscured much of the movement. The British ships lost seventy-seven in killed and wounded, and the Constitution fourteen.

The next day Captain Stewart made sail for Port Praya, Cape Verde Islands, the nearest neutral port, where he arrived with his two prizes seventeen days later. The discipline and readiness of the American sailors are again well demonstrated by an occurrence on the very day after anchoring, when three frigates appeared in the offing. Not knowing what they were, and feeling sure that English ships would not respect the neutrality of the port, Captain Stewart made sail to get out of the harbor before the strangers came in. Within seven minutes after the first alarm his ships were all under weigh, standing out to sea. Thus began another of those lucky escapes for which the Constitution had become as famous as for her victories. She and her two prizes hugged the north shore of the island close hauled on the port tack, with the English squadron following and almost within gunshot. In fact, they tried firing at long range. While the Constitution easily held her own to windward, her antagonists weathered the Cyane and Levant. Hoping to divide their forces, Captain Stewart signaled to the Cyane to tack to the northwest, which she did, and in this way escaped. She reached New York without further incident. The same manœuvre was tried with the Levant, but the whole English squadron immediately turned in pursuit, and left the Constitution to sail away. She landed her prisoners at Maranham and sailed for Porto Rico, where the news of peace reached her. Her last cruise during the war ended at New York on May 17, 1815.

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In the meantime, the Levant, finding escape impossible, had put into her anchorage at Port Praya, and was there retaken by the British ships, whose officers learned to their chagrin that it was the Constitution which had been thus deserted in order to retake an English prize.

The subsequent career of Old Ironsides is soon told. Her period of intense activity had passed, and she had won eternal fame by three great victories and three wonderful escapes. After six years of rest she was to carry her country's flag to distant ports for the protection of American merchant-ships in peaceful pursuits, until superseded by the new agent, which was even then beginning to change the construction of ships and to render them independent of wind and wave. Between the years 1821 and 1838 she made two long cruises to the Mediterranean, for the purpose of holding the piratical states on the southern shore to their treaties. The really critical point in her life arrived in 1828, during a prolonged stay in Boston, when the Secretary of the Navy came near accomplishing what no enemy had ever succeeded in doing, — forcing her to strike her flag. He recommended to the navy commissioners that she be broken up, as the cost of repairing her hull promised to equal her original cost. The popular clamor aroused by the publication of this decision resulted in the saving of the frigate. Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem, Old Ironsides, dashed off in the heat of indignation, did much to create an irresistible public sentiment. It was published in every newspaper through the land, and circulated in handbills at Washington.

> "Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
> Long has it waved on high,
> And many an eye has danced to see
> That banner in the sky."

The necessary money was appropriated, and the ship was practically rebuilt at Boston without alteration of model or plan.

No sooner had the excitement subsided than she was plunged once more into a discussion more bitter than ever. There had been no difference of opinion about breaking her up, but there was a very rancorous difference about the propriety of Andrew Jackson as a figure-head. The commandant of the Navy Yard, thinking to please the President and his admirers, had procured a finely carved statue of him, and had placed it under the bowsprit. It raised a great storm of indignation in Boston, and Commodore Elliott put a guard over the ship to protect her against threatened attack. On a dark night, however, during a heavy rain, Samuel Dewey crossed the Charles in a small boat, and, within sight of a sentry posted near by, sawed off the head, which he brought away as a trophy of his exploit. He subsequently carried it to Washington. A new figure-head of Jackson, put on immediately afterwards, remained until 1876.

From 1838 to 1855 the ship was successively in the Atlantic, the Asiatic, the Mediterranean, and the African squadrons, with occasional visits to home ports for repairs. Her commander in China was Captain John Percival, who, as a boy of seventeen before the mast, had been impressed by the English from an American merchant-ship. By his intelligence and energy Percival rose in the English service, and was captain of the foretop on Nelson's flag-ship at Trafalgar. As the Constitution went out to China by the way of Cape Horn, and returned through the India seas, her voyage extended completely around the globe. Her cruising days may be said to have ended with her return to Portsmouth, N. H., in 1855, where she lay housed over until the outbreak of the rebellion, when she was taken to Annapolis. Once more she made one of her miraculous escapes. She was nearly defenseless, and the opportune arrival of

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the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment, under General Butler, saved her from falling into the hands of the Confederates. Her moorings were slipped, and she was towed over the bar by a steamer seized from Confederate owners. A tug from Havre de Grace carried her to New York, whence she was taken to Newport as a school-ship for the Naval Academy. In 1871 she was moved to Philadelphia, and there rebuilt for the Exposition of 1876. She made a voyage to Havre in 1878 for the purpose of transporting goods to the Paris Exposition, and her return early in 1879 was, as usual, full of incident. With a cargo of goods on board she ran aground at Ballard's Point, England, only a few hours out from Havre, and had to be taken to an English dockyard for examination. A few days later, when clear of the Channel, her rudderhead was wrenched off, and she put into Lisbon for repairs. The voyage to New York ended on May 24, 1879. After use for a short time as a training-vessel for naval apprentices, she was taken to Portsmouth, N. H., where she remained, housed over as a receiving-ship, until she was brought to Boston on September 18, 1897. Frequent rebuilding and renewal of parts have changed her hull much as the human body is said to change with time, though the keel and floor timbers are those which thrilled with the shock of the old guns, and floated under Preble, Hull, Bainbridge, Stewart, and a host of other gallant seamen. The model has been carefully preserved.

In reckoning up the services of the Constitution, it is well to consider the condition of the country during the period of her greatest activity. When she was built, the nation was only a handful of scattered colonies, without experience in wielding the instrument of government framed with infinite pains by our forefathers to foster and strengthen common interests and common action. There were no railroads or telegraph wires to bind us closer together, and to bring our States within easy reach of one another. Any measure by the chief executive and legislative powers which affected adversely the commerce of a section was certain to be followed by talk and threats of separation. We had no background of history to draw upon as a reserve force in national crises. If the war of 1812 was the second war of independence, it was likewise the first for the Union. It was thought by many to be unnecessary, but it changed us from provincials to citizens of one great country, and it taught us something about the relation of the separate States to the central government in the organization for war, and thus strengthened the North to withstand the shock of fifty years later. During the first eight years of our existence as a nation we had no navy, and we could not be taken seriously even by the countries with which hundreds of our ships traded. The merchant-ships were prey to any armed vessel which chose to take out of them either men or money. The spectacle of a frigate loaded down with a valuable cargo of merchandise and dollars, and sent as a present to the dey of Algiers to purchase a peaceful trade in the Mediterranean, is the most humiliating in our whole history. The manning of such a vessel by former American slaves of Algiers was the last touch required to complete the picture. Until we had proven our ability to strike hard blows, we were scarcely better off with the European powers. Our rights as neutrals were totally disregarded, and American seamen were taken out of our merchant-ships, and even our war-ships, to a slavery different only in kind from that in the Barbary States.

As the flag-ship of a squadron which effectually broke up the system of tribute to a nest of pirates, the Constitution will forever deserve our gratitude; and as the chief actor in a war which united the country in the maintenance

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of its rights as a neutral power and of the immunity of its sailors from capture on the high seas, she must be handed down in bodily presence to our children. Let us take the words of a foreigner for an unprejudiced view of our position in naval matters. An accomplished French admiral writes as follows: "When the American Congress declared war on England in 1812, it seemed as if this unequal conflict would crush her navy in the act of being born; instead, it but fertilized the germ. . . . The English covered the ocean with their cruisers when this unknown navy, composed of six frigates and a few small craft hitherto hardly numbered, dared to establish its cruisers at the mouth of the Channel, in the very centre of the British power. But already the Constitution had captured the Guerriere and the Java, the United States had made a prize of the Macedonian, the Wasp of the Frolic, and the Hornet of the Peacock. The honor of the new flag was established."

It is small wonder we exulted, perhaps too extravagantly, over Hull's victory. May we not say that this triumph so early in the war exerted a strong influence in turning the common people of Massachusetts against the wild talk of separation? The Boston Centinel, which had condemned the war most unsparingly, heartily rejoiced in the achievements "which placed our gallant officers and hardy tars on the very pinnacle of the high hill of honor, and which established the necessity and utility of a navy." "This honor and usefulness must thunder in the ears of the navy-haters in high places. Give us a navy." This ship, launched from a Boston shipyard, commanded by a Yankee sailor, and flying the stars and stripes, had brought home as a trophy the standard of the invincible navy. The charm was broken, and other victories on the sea followed fast, to prove to the world the existence of an independent nation on this side of the Atlantic. If the first triumph had given a "tone and character to the war," the Constitution had done more: she had given tone and character to the nation for all time. Although the treaty at the close of the war of 1812 left us very much where we were before, the actual result was to give us standing before the world and complete freedom on the sea. The English have ever been a brave and chivalrous people, but their respect and consideration have been measured largely by the power of a nation to strike back. Our forefathers' children on both sides of the water have met in friendship and mutual good feeling on the deck of Old Ironsides many times since 1815.

The old ship cannot be dismissed without some reference to her successor in the annals of our history after sails had lost their importance. The Constitution and the Monitor have certain curious points of resemblance and of difference. Both were departures in type from what had gone before, and both wrought great changes in the construction of war-vessels for the navies of Europe. One stands to-day as the most beautiful example of the old sailing frigate; the other was but the crude beginning of the modern battle-ship. Both gained their victories over people of the same race and blood and the same maritime traditions. The Constitution went boldly out from Boston in the face of tremendous odds, and the Monitor left New York as a forlorn hope. It is strange that both should have sailed just before a change of orders could reach them. One is almost persuaded to see in this the hand of a good Providence which favored our country.

The most important effect of victory in both conflicts was a moral one: in the first case putting heart into the nation, and in the second infusing hope and courage into the North. Washington took a deep interest in the construction of the Constitution, and Lincoln's favorable opinion secured the trial of the Mon-

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itor. Both ships have served in the fulfillment of our destiny as a great and united nation.

Monuments in wood were thought by the Greeks to be fitting memorials of strife between people of the same blood. The Constitution still survives, — a hull which has renewed itself with every generation as our most precious memorial of the nation's glory. Let those who fear the temptations of a growing navy contrast our foreign relations before the coming of the Constitution and our present position in the family of nations. The lack of ships then carried us swiftly into war, as the possession of them now will form the surest pledge of peace.

Ira N. Hollis.

FAIR ENGLAND.

WHITE England shouldering from the sea,
Green England in thy rainy veil,
Old island-nest of Liberty
And loveliest Song, all hail!

God guard thee long from scath and grief!
Not any wish of ours would mar
One richly glooming ivy-leaf,
One rosy daisy-star.

What! phantoms are we, spectre-thin,
Unfathered, out of nothing born?
Did Being in this world begin
With blaze of yestermorn?

Nay! sacred Life, a scarlet thread,
Through lost unnumbered lives has run;
No strength can tear us from the dead;
The sire is in the son.

Nay! through the years God's purpose glides,
And links in sequence deed with deed;
Hoar Time along his chaplet slides
Bead after jewel-bead.

O brother, breathing English air!
If both be just, if both be free,
A lordlier heritage we share
Than any earth can be:

If hearts be high, if hands be pure,
A bond unseen shall bind us still, —
The only bond that can endure,
Being welded with God's will!

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A bond unseen! and yet God speed
The apparent sign, when He finds good;
When in His sight it types indeed
That inward brotherhood.

For not the rose-and-emerald bow
Can bid the battling storm to cease,
But leaps at last, that all may know
The sign, not source, of peace.

Oh, what shall shameful peace avail,
If east or west, if there or here,
Men sprung of ancient England fail
To hold their birthright dear?

If west or east, if here or there,
Brute Mammon sit in Freedom's place,
And judge a wailing world's despair
With hard, averted face?

O great Co-heir, whose lot is cast
Beside the hearthstone loved of yore!
Inherit with us that best Past
That lives for evermore!

Inherit with us! Lo, the days
Are evil; who may know the end?
Strike hands, and dare the darkening ways,
Twin strengths, with God to friend!

Helen Gray Cone.

DEMOCRACY AND THE LABORING MAN.

THE unexpected weakness of democratic government is its belief in the efficiency of law-making. It seems possessed with the idea that statutes can amend both nature and human nature. The state legislatures even more than Congress have erred in this particular, and the error has not been confined, or mainly confined, to either political party.

There is no class in the community so well organized, politically speaking, as that of industrial labor; that is, there is no large body of voters so ready to demand and so able to effect legislation. As a consequence, no other field of our experimenting affords such interest to the student of society. Quite singularly here have we got down to first principles; and those basic propositions which usually appear as mere generalities in the bills of rights of the several state constitutions or in the first general set of amendments to the national Constitution, or even those of the Declaration of Independence itself, are now actually discussed in our courts as they are called upon to test statutes which seek to control the whole of our citizens for the

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well-being of a part. Through our earnest desire to ameliorate the condition of the handicraftsman, we are in danger of reviving mediæval restrictions, or of refurbishing musty contrivances of old guilds or devices of feudal lords, to suit the immediate purpose of the more thoughtless leaders of the masses.

It results from the essential, fundamental nature of this movement that no other branch of our law-making has been so much questioned upon constitutional grounds. The growth of constitutional law in the state and federal courts of this country in the past decade has probably equaled that of the entire century preceding. Not only that, but the courts have had to discuss first principles, which had hardly been thought of since they lay in the minds of Hamilton and Jefferson, Marshall and Bushrod Washington, at the period when our constitutions were adopted. Our legislatures are somewhat impatient of experience, particularly of the experience of other nations or of older times, — the more that they all have big brothers in the shape of their state supreme courts to fall back upon when they err. As a consequence, the courts have had to do an amount of nullifying work not contemplated by the makers of our Constitution. If this is disagreeable to the men who pass the laws, it is certainly more disagreeable to the judges. Worse than this, large numbers of our people, and notably those who represent the labor interests, are showing signs of impatience, and complaining that the courts are hostile to them.

The figures that follow must be taken as approximate, but a somewhat careful investigation of our legislation has shown that at least 1639 laws affecting labor interests have been passed in the States and Territories during the past ten years. As many of these statutes are several pages long in mere bulk, the legislation is not inconsiderable. In fact, however, it is confined to a small number of principles; that is, to efforts in a few particular directions to regulate human relations, and in still fewer to punish interference with them. But of the statutes attempting to embody these principles in law, a large proportion have been held unconstitutional in some of the States, while of the principles themselves a greater proportion have met this objection.

The broad difficulty with this sort of legislation which has compelled the courts to reject it is a curious one, and may come with something of surprise to those who have not studied it. It is that these statutes have been restrictive of liberty; that is, of private liberty, of the right of a free citizen to use his own property and his own personal powers in such way as he will, if so be that he do not injure others, and to be protected by the state in so doing. It should surprise us now, and it would have surprised our forefathers very much, to learn that this proves to be the direction in which our legislatures most often err. But there is no doubt that democracies in other nations than our own, when suddenly entrusted with sovereign powers, betray a distinct inclination to tyrannize; of course, as they suppose, for the general good.

There is no department in which the science of legislation is progressive today, in which new laws are being formulated and new principles recognized or enacted into law, except the one that in a general way we may term "sociology;" the department which governs the social relations and provides for the material well-being of the masses of the people. Therefore, it should not discourage us to learn that of the 1639 laws above mentioned as having been passed in the last ten years, 114 specific statutes have been declared unconstitutional; while of the forty-three lines of action in which legislation has been essayed, the constitutionality of no less than twenty-three is, speaking mildly, in doubt.

It is the purpose of this article to study the lines upon which the state has

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thus far intervened in the labor question; which means, to sketch those lines in which legislation has been tried and has succeeded, or has been nullified by the courts. At first sight, the lines of such interference by law do not appear very strange, nor the statutes themselves especially subversive. The largest class of these statutes is made up of the detailed laws for regulating the sanitary condition of factories, the constitutionality of which was established in England, though against great opposition, some sixty years ago, and, in the case of large factories, has never been questioned in this country. It includes the immense number of statutory regulations aimed at the preservation of the health or morals of factory employees. Of such statutes there have been enacted at least a thousand octavo pages in bulk, throughout the country, in the last ten years. They exist in all States except a few in the South and West, where there are practically no factories, and, curiously enough, New Hampshire; and they comprise not fewer than 146 chapters of legislation. There has been no decision holding any one of these unconstitutional; but in the case of the regulation of mines, about which laws are almost equally numerous (sixty-five chapters of statutes in thirty-three States), a recent Pennsylvania statute, which provided for the enforced employment of a state inspector, not chosen by the mine-owner, and then made the latter liable to his operatives for damages due to the inspector's negligence, has been recently declared unconstitutional by a lower state court.

The most important line in which the aid of legislation has been sought by the labor interests is that of enforced restriction by the state of hours of labor. There has been so much loose discussion of eight or nine hour laws, for the last few years, that the public have possibly been led into a delusion as to the position of free countries on this question. It seems to be commonly supposed that laws making it criminal or penal to employ the labor of male citizens of full age more than a certain fixed period per day have been usual in countries enjoying constitutional liberty; whereas the exact contrary is the case. An autocratic government, like that of the German emperor, may doubtless do what it likes; but, with the possible exception of New Zealand, where a policy nearly approaching to state socialism has been adopted by popular majorities, no English-speaking state has yet submitted itself to laws whereby the liberty of a freeman of full age to work as long as he chooses has been thus curtailed; and in our country, as we shall see, such laws, when attempted, have always hitherto been held unconstitutional. The misconception has arisen from the fact that the constitutionality of laws limiting the labor of women and minor children, who are in theory favored by the special protection of the state, was long ago sustained in England, and in some of the United States. Such laws, applying mainly to labor in factories and workshops, have existed in both countries for forty or fifty years, and have doubtless had the indirect effect of limiting male laborers of full age in factories to the same working-day hours as women; the reason being that the bulk of factory labor is that of women and children, and that it is not economical — often it is impossible — to employ the small number of adult males after the other hands have been dismissed. When people speak of eight or nine hour laws, they usually mean those laws which apply exclusively to factory labor, not to agricultural or domestic or individual service, and only to such factory labor as is furnished by women or children. Where laws go beyond this (subject to a few minor exceptions instituted in the interest of the public safety, which will be discussed later), they are exceptional, if not unconstitutional; and in this country, even such laws as apply only to the labor of women of full age may be unconstitutional, under the

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theory that a woman is a full citizen, entitled to all the rights that a man has, except where expressly limited by constitutions or constitutional statutes.

Only two of the States and Territories have hitherto made any effort to prohibit all men from laboring as many hours per diem as they choose to contract for. These States are Nebraska and Colorado; and in Nebraska the statute made an exception of farm or agricultural labor, and did not actually prohibit labor overtime, but merely provided that it should be paid double rates. In Colorado the movement did not even get so far as a statute; but the legislature inquired of the Supreme Court of Colorado, as they had a constitutional right to do, whether a bill which provided that "eight hours shall constitute a legal day's work for all classes of mechanics, working men, or laborers employed in any occupation in the State of Colorado" was constitutional, and also whether an amendment proposed, which limited the act to laborers employed in mines, factories, and smelting-works, would render it constitutional; and the court decided both questions in the negative, holding that it was not competent for the legislature to single out certain industries and impose upon them restrictions from which men otherwise engaged were exempt, and also that both bills violated the rights of parties to make their own contracts, — "a right guarantied by our Bill of Rights, and protected by the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States." The Supreme Court of Illinois has also pronounced against laws limiting the hours of labor of adult citizens, male or female. Georgia is the only other State which has said anything about hours of labor in general; but as the statute of that industrious community limits the length of the working-day to the time between sunrise and sunset, the law has gone unchallenged, though it would probably be declared unconstitutional if the question were raised as to industries where it is necessary to work in the night. These cases have undoubtedly given a quietus in the United States to any attempt to limit generally the time that a grown man may labor.

In several States, however, there is a statute which provides what shall be the length of a working-day, in the absence of a special contract to the contrary or a general usage of any particular trade. There are others where such a period is prescribed, in the absence of contract, as to general industrial or mechanical labor; that is, to labor by the day, and not to farm labor or domestic service. But even this statute has inferentially been held unconstitutional in Nebraska and Illinois, and directly so in Ohio, where the statute applied to the employees of a mine or railroad only, and required that they should work not more than ten hours per diem, and should receive extra pay for overtime; the court holding that "statutes may be, and they sometimes are, held to be unconstitutional, although they contravene no express word of the constitution, as where they strike at the inalienable rights of the citizen so as to infringe the spirit of the instrument, though not its letter." The court held, however, that this one did infringe the letter of the Ohio constitution. Otherwise its position would have been somewhat extreme; for the idea that there is anything in the "spirit" of the constitutions which the courts are to preserve has been strongly denied by the supreme courts of other States, notably that of Massachusetts.

When we get to the attempts of the labor interests to limit the work of men employed by the State or by cities or counties or public municipalities, or even by contractors for them, we find little more encouragement from the courts. No less than nineteen statutes have been passed, by eleven States, limiting the length of the labor day upon all public work to eight hours, or, in Massachusetts and Texas, to nine hours. It ap-

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pears clear that the government of a State or city may voluntarily choose to employ its workmen for as short a working-day as it pleases. One would hardly suppose that such statutes were unconstitutional; and they have been held not to be so, as to United States laws, by the United States Supreme Court. Laws of this kind, to be of any effect, must impose a penalty upon the contractor or laborer working more than eight hours, — that is, must make such labor a criminal offense; and our courts are indisposed to allow mere industry to be made a crime. Thus, although California has a constitutional provision making eight hours a legal day in all public work, and requiring city contracts to be made on that basis, when one Kuback, having suffered his workmen to work overtime, was indicted as for a criminal offense, the court, with much indignation, held that this part of the statute was unconstitutional. So, in New York, it was held that a similar statute could not be the basis of a criminal indictment for misdemeanor, — which practically nullifies the law. The result is that we may guess these laws to be unconstitutional in at least six of the eleven States referred to, and possibly in more. The length to which legislatures may go in fostering private interest at the expense of the public is curiously shown in another statute of California, which absolutely forbids any work to be done by contract on public buildings belonging to the State, and makes it necessary for every one, architects apparently included, to be employed by the day; still another provision makes it a felony for a contractor to pay a laborer less than the contractor receives for his work, — a provision which would seem to wipe out the contractor's profits, and reduce him to the condition of merely receiving wages for superintendence of work.

But, generally speaking, the great body of legislation on this subject is concerned with the labor of women and children in factories. The labor of women of full age is restricted to a certain number of hours per day in fifteen States by thirty-seven statutes. Such statutes exist throughout New England, with the exception of Vermont, and in Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, and Louisiana. In New England the law ordinarily limits such factory labor to ten hours a day, or sixty hours a week; the same is the case in all the other States mentioned except South Carolina and Georgia, which allow eleven hours per day; but Massachusetts allows only fifty-eight hours per week, Saturday being a short day. There is probably no more vital point than this now disturbing the labor organizations of the country, if not the legislatures. It is the key to the whole problem of the working-day, because the hours of factory labor, even if only of women and minors, largely influence the length of the working-day of other persons in other employments. Although this statute has existed fifty years in England, where at first it aroused the greatest opposition, and was affirmed as constitutional by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts many years ago, it is still doubtful whether it is valid as applied to women of full age in other States. The Supreme Court of Illinois has recently rendered a most elaborate opinion, declaring it to be unconstitutional on the somewhat unexpected ground that a woman being a full citizen under the modern theory (save only as expressly relieved by statute of onerous duties, such as serving in the militia or upon juries), she has all the rights that a man has; and consequently her right to work more than eight hours a day, if she wishes, may not (as handicapping her in the industrial race with persons of the other sex) be arbitrarily taken from her.

It is a picturesque, possibly unexpected, but certainly logical result of the agitation for women's rights that women should lose some of their privileges; and it is very likely that until the Illinois

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decision the right to be exempt from factory labor for more than a short working-day, under serious penalty to the employer, was regarded as a privilege and not a handicap. Even under the women's rights movement, no State has yet hazarded or indeed proposed a statute that in matters of private contract a woman's labor should be paid at the same rate per day as a man's. The restriction of her working-day, therefore, does not serve as an excuse to the employer for paying her less; for this he already does, has always done, and in most employments would doubtless continue to do, on the sex distinction alone; but, be it privilege or handicap, it is certainly gone forever in Illinois, and probably in the other States whose constitutions follow the modern theory that a woman is a citizen like a man, and not capable of any special protection under the law. The Supreme Court of Illinois practically held that any legislation which protected women and did not apply to men was class legislation. It denied that men and women could be created into classes under the Constitution. "Male and female created He them," but the court of Illinois re-created them otherwise, — an extraordinary conclusion, surely, but not illogical. The decision has been received by the woman suffrage associations with a silence that is positively oppressive.

A still more striking illustration of modern theories conflicting with ancient ideas is shown in the attempt at prohibiting women by law from serving in occupations injurious to their health or morals. One would suppose that this matter might be considered covered by the police jurisdiction of legislatures; yet it has been questioned, and in California an ordinance of the city of San Francisco, providing that no woman should be employed to serve liquor in retail liquor-shops, was held unconstitutional. Only four States have adopted such a statute; and in Louisiana it has apparently been sustained, as well as in the two recent cases arising in the States of Washington and Ohio; one may hope that these will be followed in future decisions. Upon a similar basis must rest the statute, now being rapidly adopted throughout the country, requiring that seats shall be supplied to female employees in shops, stores, and factories, and providing for separate toilet-rooms, stairways, etc. Thirty-four such statutes have been passed in twenty-two States, and no court has questioned them.

When we come to the limiting of the working-day of minors, male or female, in factories, we have at last no constitutional difficulty to face; and at least sixty-seven statutes with this aim have been passed in twenty-two States. Even here the question of policy comes up, and the conflict of opinion in various sections of the country is very striking. Besides the States mentioned as limiting the factory day for women of full age, New England and the North generally have statutes which apply to minors only, while most of the Pacific, Rocky Mountain, and Southern States have no such laws. The fact has already been adverted to that Massachusetts has a working period shorter by two hours in the week than that of any other State. The labor unions themselves have come to the conclusion that they cannot go further in Massachusetts without injuring its industry in comparison with that of other States; and many bills introduced for the purpose of reducing the day's labor below ten hours have been defeated in the last few years, largely by the influence of the unions; on the other hand, they are with propriety seeking to persuade the States which have no such statutes to adopt them.

Now, nearly all the States in the Union have established boards of commissioners for bringing about uniformity of law throughout the States, whose duties are to meet and devise statutes identical in terms upon subjects wherein

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uniformity may wisely be desired; and having prepared such statutes, to use their influence for the adoption of them in their respective States. Two years ago, urged thereto by the labor unions, the Massachusetts legislature passed a resolution instructing its Commissioners upon Uniformity of Legislation to bring before the next national conference the desirability of factory legislation in other States; that is, of inducing the South and West to adopt what is commonly known as the ten-hour law. The Massachusetts commissioners brought this up in the national conference which was held at Detroit in the summer of 1895, but they met with the vigorous and nearly unanimous opposition of the Southern and Western States. The fact is that while the labor interest is strong enough to bring about reasonable legislation in some States, it cannot overcome the desire of the States which have no large manufactories to establish new industries by allowing a freer hand to capital; and the result is that, particularly in the South, mill-owners may work their operatives eleven or twelve hours a day, or even more. Not only this, but most of the legislation which forms the subject of this article, and which undoubtedly has the effect somewhat to hamper employers, does not exist in those States; and there is even an extraordinarily liberal exemption from taxation for new industrial enterprises, often lasting as long as ten years. Hence, the labor reformers have got to a point in New England where it is unsafe for them to proceed further until they have secured the adoption of their ideas in the rest of the country.

"Sweat-shops" are defined to be rooms or residences, not factories, in which industrial occupations are carried on. The general health regulation of cities takes up an immense body of legislation, which, as it concerns ordinary sanitary matters rather than labor, we need not consider in this article; but several States have already adopted laws, and in others laws are pending, which interfere with the conduct of certain industries, or sometimes any industry, in a house or tenement. Now, "an Englishman's house is his castle;" moreover, the dearest hope of philanthropists, in the early half of this century, was to do away with the factory system, and to reintroduce domestic labor, as by power-wheels, looms, or lathes, in a man's own home, — a hope that now seems more than ever possible of realization, owing to the facility of cheaply subdividing electrical power. It is easy to see that any statutes aimed at sweat-shops will be apt to cover also labor in a man's own home.

Up to the beginning of this year legislation of this sort had been begun in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Illinois; it is generally aimed at labor upon special commodities, such as clothing, tobacco, and artificial flowers, and makes any dwelling-house or tenement where such work is carried on subject to official inspection, — providing that no room occupied for sleeping or eating purposes can be used for manufacturing except by members of the family living therein, and sometimes prohibiting the manufacture of certain articles, such as cigars, upon a floor any part of which is occupied for residence. In New York and Illinois the statute was pronounced unconstitutional. The question, What is a tenement? is, of course, important in connection with such legislation. In New York a statute was passed declaring that any building occupied by more than three families should be held to be a tenement-house, and subject to regulation. It is probable that in the future the sanitary regulation of sweat-shops, properly so called, — that is, houses or rooms where a considerable number of operatives not in residence in the house are employed, — will be pretty freely admitted; but a law which prevents a person or his family from conducting any work they choose in their

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own home or tenement will not be likely to stand unless the occupation itself is positively dangerous to the health of the community.

Perhaps the most surprising direction in which our labor leaders have secured legislation is that of the regulation by the State of the labor contract itself, and the strengthening of restrictive unions and combinations by the hands of the law. The whole history of the past is summed up in the emancipation of the individual freeman from the guild, of the trader from restraints of trade, of the town merchant from the chartered companies. The economic history of the past consists in the throwing down of all barriers by which laborers were excluded from the labor market; in the wiping out of the interminable and vexatious restrictions and regulations which hampered trade as between man and man, between town and country, between master and apprentice, between the privileged member of a guild and the ordinary freeman. There should be a proverb, "As short as the memory of an agitator;" for it was as late as August 4, 1789, that this reform was accomplished in France under the tocsin of the Revolution, while in England, owing to the greater liberty citizens had previously enjoyed, its completion took place fifty years later. A French historian speaks of "the glorious night of the 4th of August, which made good the demands of the laboring classes for the freedom of individuals as against absolutism, and for the abstinence from every encroachment by a positive economic legislation upon free economic life." It took a millennium to bring this about; but apparently a century has sufficed to turn labor unions against it.

As constitutions speak primarily for freedom, — freedom of the man against the mass to-day, as formerly for freedom of the mass against the man, — it is not surprising to find this kind of progress backward condemned by the courts most often of all our crude attempts at outworn solutions of perduring problems.

The interference of the State with labor contracts is growing to be something extraordinary throughout the Union. Ten laws, in nine States, provide that when an employer requires from an employee a day's or week's or month's notice of quitting employment, he may not discharge the employee, although drunk or incompetent, without giving him corresponding notice or payment of wages for the full time, even when written consent is given to such an arrangement. These laws have been declared unconstitutional by express decision in one State, and by implication in two others. Ohio and Massachusetts provide against the withholding of wages for bad work, as by fines to weavers, or penalties for damage of machinery and tools. The Massachusetts court at first held this provision unconstitutional, and the statute was slightly amended to meet its views; but under the stricter Western view it is undeniably class legislation, and the Ohio statute is probably invalid.

Next, we come to the mass of legislation which attempts to prescribe the time, money, and nature of payment of the workman by his employer. It is well known that the most prolific cause of strikes in recent years, except perhaps the employment of non-union men, is the insistence of railroads or corporations, which is at first sight reasonable, upon their right to pay a skilled workman higher wages than a bungler. Union labor is intolerant of excellence; it seeks an average. In the same way, it is very impatient of all payment which is reckoned, not upon the number of days' labor, but upon the value of its output. Mining companies, in particular, have evoked its resistance on this point, from their desire to pay the miner for the weight of coal his day's work has actually turned out at the pit's mouth. On the other side, it must be said that there is doubtless some fraud in the rejecting

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of coal or ore under the plea that it is not up to standard. No less than thirteen States have passed laws regulating or forbidding payment by weight of coal or ore, or providing that it shall be weighed before being screened, or sifted, or appraised; with a system of state inspection, weighing and measuring, at the employer's expense; so that the parties cannot evade these provisions even by voluntary contract. These statutes have been expressly annulled in four States out of the thirteen, and by implication in eight others, leaving only one where the law is probably valid.

Then there is a mass of legislation as to the time when or the currency in which the employer shall pay, — weekly, fortnightly, or at least monthly. Undoubtedly such statutes seem wise, despite the inconvenience of requiring an employer to pay everybody — as, for instance, his coachman or his trusted clerk — by the week instead of by the month. Yet the danger of interfering in small affairs with human freedom was curiously shown in this very matter in the panic of 1893 in Chicago. The great employers of that city found themselves absolutely without cash, and hundreds of thousands of workmen were in danger of starving; for even if the mills and workshops were kept open, wages could not be paid in money. As a benevolent act, a number of employers got together, and at a mass meeting announced, amid the cheers of the multitude, that the danger of closing the mills had been averted, and that money enough had been obtained to insure the payment of wages, — fifty per cent in cash, and fifty per cent in checks or orders which were as good as cash. The wage-earners went home happy, — only to find on the next morning that the wise legislature which represented them had made such an arrangement between master and workman a *criminal compact*, for which the former was liable to be heavily mulcted, and even to be imprisoned.

After some months, when the legislature met, the law was repealed; but in the meantime the Supreme Court of Illinois had found it unconstitutional. Such legislation has since been declared *unconstitutional in five other States* expressly, and by implication in three more, and has been affirmed in only three of the seventeen States in which it exists, — among them, however, Massachusetts. There are no less than forty-two laws upon this subject in our country; and there are fifty-five other statutes requiring that all wages and salaries shall be paid in money, legal tender, not in checks, or orders for supplies, or credit upon a store or for rents or for any commodity.

The intention of these statutes is most excellent; they are aimed against the establishment of a credit tyranny over the workmen. Yet out of eighteen States only one has sustained such legislation, while six expressly, ten impliedly, have annulled it as against the freedom of the American citizen. Still more reasonable seems the intent of seventeen other statutes in sixteen States, against the maintenance of general stores by employers of labor, at which the workman is tacitly invited to trade and run up an account. But so great is the conservatism of our Western courts, or at least so unwilling are they to put it out of the power of an American citizen to do anything he chooses or to trade where and how he will, that in four States the law has been annulled; and, by implication, it is bad in eleven of the others.

The task would be endless to go through all the kinds of tinkering which our legislatures have sought to impose on the industrial relations of their constituents. Dozens of bills are introduced in our state legislatures every year where one is enacted; of those that are enacted probably more than half turn to waste paper in the courts, and it was known that this would be their fate when they were first engrossed. Yet every legis-

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lature has its demagogue who makes political capital of such bills, and its majority of cowards who refuse to go on record as objecting to them, relying consciously on the greater courage of judges, upon whom unjustly, and against all meaning of our constitution of government, this duty of "Devil's Advocate" is thus imposed.

It must not be thought, however, that the courts are always retroactive in labor questions. In the most important matters of all they have been very progressive. In fact, one may say that the great reforms legalizing trades unions and removing strikes from the law of criminal conspiracy have been brought about in this country by decisions of the courts, while in England they were effected by acts of Parliament. Under the common law as it existed in England, until recently, trades unions were illegal; but this was set right in the United States soon after the Revolution; and the courts have done all they can to further the modern enlightened opinion that the best way to handle labor disputes is to recognize both sides in the law, and gain reasonable adjustment of labor differences, as well as the honest carrying out of such adjustment when made, by the establishment of responsible bodies of organized labor, duly chartered by the state statutes. Almost every State in the Union has such statutes, authorizing the formation of labor unions, — Knights of Labor, Farmer's Alliances, and similar bodies; and in no State have the courts questioned them. In fact, the earlier statutes themselves but carried out the decisions of our courts in the first part of the century, when they fully vindicated the right of laboring men to organize and even to act in concert for the bettering of their own condition or the increase of their wages, so long as they do not interfere with other citizens or run counter to federal laws.

The labor unions, however, have gone further than this, and have sought to get special protection of organized labor at the hands of the State by having statutes passed which restrain employers not only from discharging men because they are members of labor unions, but from requiring as a condition that their workmen should not join such unions; or even by the further step of preventing employers from making free choice in engaging their help among non-union men; and while there is no legislation yet, bills have been introduced by labor leaders which in effect would put non-union men at the actual mercy of the trades unions, as by legalizing strikes or boycotts against them. Such legislation is probably unconstitutional, and has been definitely so held already in the State of Missouri; and the courts of at least four of the ten other States which have tried it will probably follow the Missouri decision. To make it a misdemeanor for an employer to exercise his choice of workmen would indeed seem to be going further than the sentiment of a free country should permit.

Union labels — that is, the recognition by statute of the right of union labor to stamp its output with a trademark indicating that it is made under union conditions, or what is called "fair work" — have been expressly recognized by the legislation of nearly all our States, and their infringement has been penalized, as in case of the infringement of a patent right. Twenty-four States have already passed such statutes, and others are rapidly following. Legislation of this kind is welcome, though it would seem that the union thus acquiring a property right should, in fairness, become legally organized itself; but when labor interests take the step of hindering fair relations between employer and employed, and insurance against accident, old age, or disability, by making impossible the institution of those insurance or benefit funds which have been successfully working for many years, in some States, particularly in the case of the larger

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railroads, it seems that they have their faces set against progress once more. Four States have passed statutes forbidding the institution of insurance or benefit funds, even when the employees make their contributions voluntarily, and the corporation gives a large amount; while only two States have so far passed statutes allowing it. Yet these insurance and benevolent funds have been eagerly desired by labor leaders in Europe; Mr. Chamberlain's bill, just enacted by a conservative ministry in England, evoked criticism only because it was compulsory; and it may be remarked that three of the four States referred to have already, through their courts, declared the prohibition of such funds unconstitutional.

We have left the great subject of strikes to the last. Undoubtedly, our radical labor unions will be glad of statutes which make legal and proper any kind of combination to strike, or to boycott employers, or to control fellow workmen. The British Parliament has recently gone very far in this direction, by making any combination in labor disputes, of however many persons, and although aimed specifically against other persons, not an unlawful conspiracy unless the acts committed by the members of the combination are criminal offenses in themselves. This act applies only to industrial labor, not to agricultural labor, and still less to other matters than labor disputes. It would consequently be unconstitutional in this country, where most of our written constitutions forbid class legislation and special privileges. Nevertheless, one State (Maryland) has gone to the length of copying the English statute; and there are seven others which have amended the law of conspiracy by providing that there must be an overt act, criminal and unlawful in itself, in all cases of combination, to make the persons combining guilty of a conspiracy. This statute is not unconstitutional where it applies, as it usually does, to combinations of all classes of persons; but it is somewhat difficult to reconcile it with the legislation against trusts, which generally exists in the same States, whereby any combination of employers or manufacturers is made a criminal offense, as even by setting a price for a line of goods or a rate of transportation, — which obviously any one person or corporation for itself alone would necessarily have the right to do, in any free country.

Further and still more radical statutes have been enacted in the direction not only of legalizing strikes and boycotts, but even of making it impossible to prevent the disorder and destruction of property which may result therefrom. The State of Nebraska has passed a statute which practically wipes out all chancery powers and all equity jurisdiction. Under this statute, it would seem that if a body of strikers go even to the length of stopping railway trains and preventing interstate commerce, after an injunction has been obtained by the district attorney or the railway, they cannot be permanently detained for disobedience of it, or restrained by any equity process, at the time, but can only be once arrested, and then immediately discharged, under a common appeal-bond, to await their trial as for a criminal action before a jury many months after the riot has ceased. Of similar intent is the provision inserted in the constitution of Colorado, and enacted by statute in Missouri, which in substance makes it a criminal offense for any owner of property to employ watchmen, private police, or Pinkerton men to protect life or property where the local authorities fail or refuse to do so.

The enactment of these two statutes side by side would paralyze the "resources of civilization," the arm of the law, and would make criminal that right of self-protection which was inherent in Saxon freemen before modern law began. The fact that, through the bungling

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of Congress, the judicial branch of the government was led into the exercise of power properly appertaining to the executive — if such were the fact — would be no excuse for blind legislation like this. It gives the desired pretext to Mr. Debs to argue that we have lost our freedom; to say that he "was enjoined off the face of the earth," when in fact he was enjoined from trespassing on a particular lot of private property. The Court of Chancery is the only power, in English civilization, which can compel a man affirmatively to carry out his contract or abstain from wrong to others, — too essential a power to any civilization to be abandoned wholly, even when, for the nonce, it is abused.

The reader may think that we have about exhausted the legislation of recent years upon the labor question. Such is not the case, however; and there is quite a mass of it left untouched. It is necessary only to mention the extraordinary number of statutes which exist, seeking to give special advantages, privileges, preferences, peculiar political rights, or peculiar educational rights to those engaged in manual labor. (It is a curious thing, by the way, that the great body of clerks, office employees, even salesmen in stores, though nearly equal to industrial laborers in number, have hardly been considered by our legislation. Except for a very few recent statutes in a few States restricting the hours of labor of saleswomen, and the law requiring that they shall be furnished with seats, our law-makers have not concerned themselves with them any more than they have with farm laborers, — possibly because the majority of the former are women and children not having votes, possibly because they are not duly organized into "knighthoods" or "federations.")

From these statutes we go on to the laws giving wage creditors preference, sometimes even over farm laborers, clerks, or domestic servants; while, on the other hand, in all States, wages themselves, to a very considerable amount, are exempt from execution or attachment by the creditor of the laborer. The exemption has grown so large in some Western States that practically no property is liable for debt except money invested in stocks and bonds; and the State of Wyoming, for instance, has found it necessary to pass a law forbidding the assignment of debts to creditors living out of the State, — that being the only method by which a claim can be collected against any person not a millionaire, in that honest commonwealth. This statute is probably unconstitutional. Then there are statutes providing that if a person has a claim for manual services, he may get special attorneys' fees from the defendant, shall be entitled to a hearing of his action before all other actions, shall have no exemptions of property valid against him even in the hands of persons as poor as himself; and in case the defendant is a corporation, every individual stockholder, although a widow or an orphan, shall be liable personally and alone for the amount. No security for costs is required of the happy plaintiff in labor actions; laws against trusts and combinations do not apply to him; his agricultural products are entitled to special rates on the railways, and he himself to a free passage if he go with the cattle he ships. I find about a dozen States with such laws, recently passed, in four of which, however, some of them have already been held unconstitutional by the local courts.

Lastly, we have the efforts made by laborers who are citizens to prevent aliens from getting employment. Three States (California, Nevada, and Idaho) have passed statutes that no alien can be employed by any corporation in the State. The law was annulled in California by the strong arm of the federal court. Seven States have passed laws that no alien can be employed on any public work, or in any labor that the State, county, city, or town is to pay

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for; and in two of them the courts have already annulled the law. Three States have attempted to pass laws, independently of the national government, forbidding the immigration into the State, although from another State, of persons who are aliens and under contract to labor therein. One may safely say that this legislation will vanish when it first appears in the federal court-room.

There are no less than twenty-three States which seek specially to protect the industrial laborer from undue influence upon election days. He must be given time to vote; no threat of stopping the mill, or hope of opening it, must be expressed by his employer; nothing political must be printed on the envelope in which he receives his wage-money; he must be allowed to be a candidate himself without losing his place; and various other safeguards are thrown round him, all of which are fair enough, though one would suppose that the mill operative is as well able to look out for himself, politically and industrially, as the domestic servant or the farm laborer, yet unrecognized in our legislation.

Now what is the outcome of all this? We have run over a mass of legislation which exists in every State of the Union, and covers no less than 1639 laws, all of which have been enacted during the past ten years. The general characteristic of all of them, though some are harmless enough, is that they seek —

(1.) *To give the industrial laborer special privileges;* or

(2.) *To control his actions, or the actions of his employers or of other employers, in his peculiar interest.*

When in doing this they have clashed with the old inherited freedom of the Anglo-Saxon freeman the courts have been forced to hold them invalid; and thus we have this extraordinary result, which perhaps justifies the superficial complaint of the labor agitator that the courts are against him. We have discussed some thirty-five classes or kinds of legislation essayed in the interest of the industrial employee. Of these thirty-five classes, in one or another State no less than nineteen have been held, as to one law or several laws, inconsistent with the state or federal constitution. If we assume that each court decision was right, and will be followed in other States, we find that no less than fifty-six per cent of the legislation has been annulled by the courts. We cannot assume this, of course, especially as in some of the States the courts have taken a different view; but we may assume that where there are more than one or two decisions on the same kind of law in different States, holding the law invalid, such is the general constitutional law throughout the Union. Even according to this test, an immense amount of legislative activity has been rendered idle and vain by the judicial branch of our government.

But before drawing a moral, let us for one moment consider what the legislatures have done in the other direction; that is, either in the direction of affirming liberty and protecting classes from classes or individuals from individuals, or in the still more hopeful direction of bettering industrial conditions by positive legislation of the beneficial sort, — legislation which is constructive rather than restrictive. The tale here is short enough. Beyond the one great statute, now happily adopted by nearly half our States, which legalizes arbitration and conciliation in labor disputes, and provides machinery for it, the only legislation which we can point to is that enacted by a dozen or more States, expressly affirming or defining the right of the American citizen to employment free from intimidation or molestation. Such statutes, indeed, but enact the common law; nevertheless, their existence is a hopeful sign. Thus, we find in Maine and Massachusetts that threats, intimidation, or coercion are forbidden both to the employer and to the employee. In Massachusetts they are specially forbidden as from labor unions

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to individual laborers, while in New England, New York, and the Northern States generally it is made a penal offense to prevent any person from entering into or continuing in the employment of any other person, or to prevent the employer from employing him, or to interfere in any way with his lawful trade, his tools, or his property, or to conspire to compel another to employ or discharge any person, or in any way alter his mode of business. This last statute exists only in Oregon, the Dakotas, and Oklahoma. It probably was not passed by other States because they were aware that it was already the law of the land. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and a few Western States have statutes expressly permitting lawful and peaceable strikes, but such statutes are not necessary in our country, whatever may once have been the case in England; the same remarks apply to the statute existing in New York and the Northwest against boycotting, — which, being a conspiracy to do a private wrong, has always been "against the peace," whether of kingdom or of republic. Many States have statutes against blacklisting, which is the same offense reversed; that is, it is a combination of employers to prevent a discharged employee, or a number of employees, from getting new employment. Georgia has gone to the length of requiring a corporation discharging an employee to furnish him with a written analysis of the defects of character which led to his discharge; but, with corresponding luminosity, the high court of that State has declared that if the right to free speech exists in the North, there is a similar right in the South to silence; and that the free-born American may "shut up" about his own business, and not be haled into court to discover how he manages it. But these three classes of legislation are all; namely, provision for arbitration, prevention of intimidation, prevention of boycotting and blacklisting.

This legislation is in the line of reasserting individualism. As we have given the number of restrictive laws, it may be well also to enumerate laws which we may call emancipative or protective; that is, those that assert common law principles of personal liberty. They number in all ninety-nine, and exist in about twenty States. A slight distinction may be made between them and the statutes of the constructive sort, such as acts legalizing labor unions and creating boards of arbitration. There are about one hundred and forty-two such acts, twenty-three of which are concerned with state boards of arbitration.

In the line of state socialism we find very little. Despite Mr. Bellamy's ponderous romance, based upon the easy fairyland expedient of calling the average production of a man four thousand dollars when it is really about six hundred, the American citizen is not yet a socialist. Agricultural experiment stations have been established at the state expense; and agricultural lectures in the West, evening lectures, with stereopticon accompaniment, to industrial laborers in the East, are also often provided for, as well as local libraries and trade schools. This is well enough. Then there are farmers' institutes with appropriations; bounties for the destruction of a long list of noxious animals, including English sparrows, and of insects, weeds and thistles; and laws subjecting private land to the exploitation of local irrigation companies, — all, perhaps, allowable.

We find provisions, beside, for state aid to needy farmers in regions affected by drought, and to sufferers from fire or flood, — also appropriations for seed grain, potatoes, or the seed of any crop; bonds are issued by counties or States, in North Dakota even by townships, to purchase seed for farmers. State bounties for production are beginning to make their appearance; among the articles so far favored are beet-root sugar, canaigre leather, potato starch, silk cocoons, binding-twine, spinning-fibres, sorghum, and

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chicory. The State of Nebraska, however, has given up the silk industry, and last May passed an act authorizing the executive to sell the plant already established for what it might be worth, or to give it to the United States government, provided the latter would agree to run it, while the state-paid specialists on silk, who were to learn the business and give free education to others, have apparently "lost their job." All this would seem to be in the nature either of class legislation, or of engaging the State in private business.

Lastly, we are beginning to have employment bureaus conducted by the State, whose duty it shall be to furnish the unemployed with employment. Bills to this end have been proposed in several States, but only in Montana and Utah have they yet been enacted; though Massachusetts created a commission to inquire into the state of the "unemployed." We seem to be on the verge of a general legislative movement which will throw upon the State the permanent duty of inquiring whether all its able-bodied citizens are employed at satisfactory wages, and if not, why not; and of finding for them, or such of them as are not satisfied, positions suited to their tastes or abilities; or, if that prove impossible, of creating for them some labor by "anticipation of necessary public work." To those who believe, with Thomas Jefferson, that in such sad cases the duty of the State, as such, ends with the distribution of bread *in forma pauperis*, — that is, with almshouses and asylums, — the advance is a far one indeed. But it is reassuring to find these statutes so few in number. Only thirty-six laws embodying a state socialistic principle have been passed in the whole forty-eight States and Territories of the Union in the last ten years, and these are confined mainly to seven or eight States in the extreme West. One cannot deny, nevertheless, that they show a tendency to grow in number, and it is national legislation which has set the bad example; although obviously, under our constitutional government, the federal authorities may do many things, as, for instance, the establishment of bounties and the regulation of interstate commerce, which the States under their constitutions probably cannot do.

But this is of the future; let us return to the present. What strikes us most upon this consideration is that the charge which our laboring people are beginning to make, that our courts are unfavorable to their interests, while justified by the facts upon the surface, is unsustained by a more careful study. It is our legislatures that are at fault, — our legislatures, playing politics. Some of their laws are like the crude experiments of a schoolboy constructing his scheme of remedies upon a slate. Labor leaders distrust experience, socialists detest lucidity, and our temporary law-makers desire to appear "friendly to labor." Underlying all this are the fundamental misconceptions of the time: that the State, because it is a democracy, may wisely tyrannize over its members; that a government, because instituted by and for the people, has the duty of bringing dollars to their private pockets. Of the thirty-five classes of edicts alluded to in this article, perhaps a dozen are wise and proper for a free people; these will stand while the others are winnowed away in the trial.

Yet, patience: they may have done us high service in the disappearing; we have been taught thereby. And if it be a court that blows the chaff away, blame not the judiciary, our third estate, that it acts openly, American-like, man-fashion; civic courage in a nation is what moral courage is in an individual; and of such courage our nation stands in greatest need.

F. J. Stimson.

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PECULIARITIES OF AMERICAN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

In trying to deduce from American examples some idea of the probable influence of modern democracy on city government, we have to bear in mind that the municipal history of America differs greatly from that of Europe. In Europe, as a general rule, municipalities either existed before the state or grew up in spite of the state; that is, they were fresh attempts to keep alive the sparks of civilization in the Middle Ages, before anything worthy of the name of a state had been organized, or else they sprang into being as a refuge from or a protest against state despotism. In either case they always had a life of their own, and often a very vigorous and active life. No European city can be said to have owed its growth to the care or authority of the central power. Both kings and nobles looked on cities with suspicion and jealousy; charters were granted, in the main, with reluctance, and often had to be maintained or extorted by force of arms. These classes recognized liberties or franchises which already existed, rather than granted new privileges or powers. Municipal life was either an inheritance from the Roman Empire, or an attempt at social reorganization in a period of general anarchy.

American cities, on the contrary, are without exception the creations of a state; they have grown up either under state supervision or through state instigation; that is, they owe their origin and constitution to the government. Their charters have usually been devised or influenced by people who did not expect to live in the cities, and who had no personal knowledge of their special needs. In other words, an American municipal charter has been rather the embodiment of an *a priori* view of the kind of thing a city ought to be, than a legal recognition of preëxisting wants and customs. The complete predominance of the state has been a leading idea in the construction of all American charters. No legislature has been willing to encourage the growth of an independent municipal life. No charter has been looked on as a finality or as organic law. In fact, the modification or alteration of charters has been a favorite occupation of all legislatures, stimulated by the rapid growth of the cities and by the absence of all historical experience of municipal life.

The idea most prominent in American municipal history is that cities are simply places in which population is more than usually concentrated. Down to the outbreak of the war this view worked fairly well in most cases. The cities were small, their wants were few, and the inhabitants had little or no thought of any organization differing much from ordinary town government. Gas, water, police, and street-cleaning had not become distinct municipal needs. Pigs were loose in the streets of New York until 1830, and Boston had no mayor until 1822. Generally, too, the government was administered by local notables. Immigration had not begun to make itself seriously felt until 1846, and down to 1830, at least, it was held an honor to be a New York alderman. For the work of governing cities or making charters for them, the average country legislator was considered abundantly competent. It presented none of what we now call "problems." The result was that new or altered charters were very frequent. The treatment of the city as a separate entity, with wants and wishes of its own and entitled to a voice in the management of its own affairs, was something unknown or unfamiliar. In 1857, when, under the influence of the rising tide of immigration, the affairs of New York as

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a municipality seemed to become unmanageable, the only remedy thought of was the appointment of state commissioners to take into their own hands portions of the city business, such as the police, the construction of a park, and so on.

The crisis in the affairs of the city of New York which is known as the Tweed period was simply the complete breakdown of this old plan of managing the affairs of the city through the legislature. Tweed could hardly have succeeded in his schemes if he had not had the state legislature at his back, and had not been able to procure such changes in the charter as were necessary for his purpose. He pushed his régime to its legitimate consequences. In fact, his career is entitled to the credit of having first made city government a question, or "problem," of American politics. I doubt much whether, previous to his day, any American had considered it as being, or likely to become, a special difficulty of universal suffrage. But his successful rise and troublesome career now presented to the public, in a new and startling light, the impossibility of governing cities effectively by treating them as merely pieces of thickly peopled territory. Ever since his time the municipal problem has been before men's minds as something to be dealt with somehow; but for a long time no one knew exactly how to deal with it.

There was an American way, already well known, of meeting other difficulties of government, but the American way of governing large cities under a pure democracy no one seemed to have considered. The American way of curing all evils had hitherto been simply to turn out the party in power, and try the other. It had always been assumed that the party in power would dread overthrow sufficiently to make it "behave well;" or, if it did not, that its overthrow would act as a warning which would prevent its successor's repeating its errors. This system had always been applied successfully to federal and state affairs; why should it not be applied to city affairs? Accordingly it was so applied to city affairs, without a thought of any other system, down to 1870. But in 1870 it began to dawn on people that party government of great cities would hardly do any longer. City government, it was seen, is in some sense a business enterprise, and must be carried out either by the kind of men one would make directors of a bank or trustees of an estate, or else by highly trained officials; it is like the conduct of an army or a ship.

The first of these methods is not sure to be open any longer in America. One can hardly say that the respect for notables no longer exists in American cities, but it does not exist as a political force or expedient. The habit of considering conspicuous inhabitants as entitled to leading municipal places must be regarded as lost. In a large city conspicuousness is rare, and widespread knowledge of a man's character or fitness for any particular office is difficult. Moreover, among the class which has already made proof of ability in other callings, readiness to undertake onerous public duties is not often to be met with. Consequently, with few exceptions, the government of successful modern cities has to be entrusted to trained experts, and to get trained experts salaries must be large and tenure permanent. A competent professional man cannot, as a rule, be induced to accept a poorly paid place for a short term. Almost as soon as public attention began to be turned to the subject, the practice of seeking these experts through party organizations was recognized as the chief difficulty of the municipal problem in America. In the first place, the most important offices in cities are elective, and the idea that any elective office could be divorced from party, or could be made non-partisan, was wholly unfamiliar to the American mind. Ever since the Union was established, men had always filled offices, if

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they could, with persons who agreed with them, and with whom they were in the habit of acting in federal affairs. From the earliest times the Republicans had doubted the fitness of the Federalists, the Whigs that of the Democrats, for any public trust. This feeling, too, had been intensified by the habit, initiated by Jackson, of treating these trusts as rewards for special exertions in the party service. Not only, therefore, in each man's eyes, were members of the opposite party unfit for office, but the offices seemed to belong of right to the members of his own party.

That city offices could be an exception to this rule was an idea which, when first produced twenty-five years ago, was deemed ridiculous, and is even yet not thoroughly established among the mass of the voters. The belief that offices were spoils or perquisites was, unfortunately, most dominant during the years of great immigration which preceded and immediately followed the war, and became imbedded in the minds of the newcomers as peculiarly "American." With this came, not unnaturally, the notion that no one would serve faithfully, in any official place, the party to which he did not belong. Full party responsibility, it was said, required that every place under the government, down to the lowest clerkship, should be filled by members of the party in power. In no place did this notion find readier acceptance than in cities, because the offices in them were so numerous, and the elections so frequent, and the salaries, as compared with those of the country, so high. The possession of the city government, too, meant the possibility of granting a large number of illicit favors. For the laborer, there was sure employment and easy work in the various public departments; for the public-house keeper, there was protection against the execution of the liquor laws by the police; for the criminal classes, there was slack prosecution by the district attorney, or easy "jury fixing" by the commissioner of jurors; for the contractor, there were profitable jobs and much indulgence for imperfect execution; for the police, there were easy discipline and impunity for corrupt abuses of power. In fact, the cities furnished a perfect field for the practice of the spoils system, and the growth in them of rings and organizations like Tammany was the natural and inevitable consequence. No such organization could be created for charitable purposes, or for the mere diffusion of religious or political opinions. It was made possible in New York by the number of places and benefits at its disposal. The effect on the imagination of the newly arrived emigrant, whether Irish or German, was very great. It shut out from his view both city and state as objects of his allegiance, and made recognition by the "leader" of the district in which he lived the first object of his ambition in his new country.

What is true of New York is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of all the other large cities, — Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis. They all have an organization resembling Tammany, created and maintained by the same means; and at the head of the organization there is a man, ignorant perhaps of all other things, but gifted with unusual capacity for controlling the poor and dependent, who has come since Tweed's day to be known as a "boss." Indeed, it may be laid down as a political axiom that it requires considerable education and strong traditions, for any large body which proposes to exert power of any kind towards a definite end, to remain without a leader possessing and exercising a good deal of arbitrary discretion. He arises naturally as a condition of success, and if he has favors to bestow he arises all the more rapidly. The boss is, in short, the inevitable product of the spoils system. He must have sensible advantages to give away in order to retain his power, and he is

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necessary for their effective distribution. There has to be some one to say decisively who is to have this or that office or prize, who deserves it, and whose services cannot be had without it. There could hardly be a better proof and illustration of this than the way in which the boss system has spread all over the country. In all cities and in many States every political organization now has a similar officer at its head. It remained for some time after Tweed's day the reproach of the Democrats that they submitted to an arbitrary ruler of this kind, but the Republicans are nearly everywhere imitating them. There are but few States, and there is no large city, in which the offices or nominations for office are not parceled out by one man acting in the name of an "organization." Tweed's control of the city and legislature was not more complete than is Platt's in New York or Quay's in Pennsylvania. The system is evidently one which saves trouble, and promotes efficiency in securing the blind obedience of large masses of men. Its end is bad, but that it attains this end there can be no doubt.

It can be easily seen, if all this be true, that no American city has ever been administered with reference to its own interests. In not one, until our own time, has there been even a pretense of non-partisanship; that is, the filling of the offices solely with a view to efficiency in the discharge of their duties. As a rule, they have been filled with a view to the promotion of opinions on some federal question, such as the tariff, or as a reward for services rendered at federal elections. The state of things thus produced in American cities closely resembles the state of things produced in the Middle Ages by religious intolerance, when the main concern of governments was not so much to promote the material interests of their subjects as to maintain right opinions with regard to the future life. The filling of a city office by a man simply because he holds certain views regarding the tariff, or the currency, or the banks, is very like appointing him to an office of state because he is a good Catholic or can conscientiously sign the Thirty-Nine Articles; that is to say, his fitness for his real duties is not a consideration of importance in filling the place. No private business could be carried on in this way, and it is doubtful whether any attempt to carry it on so was ever made. But the temptation to resort to it under party government and universal suffrage is strong, for the reasons which I have tried to set forth in treating of the nominating system. The task of inducing large bodies of men to vote in a particular way is such that it is hardly wonderful that party managers should use every means within their reach for its performance.

One of the effects of the system, and possibly the worst and most difficult to deal with, is the veiling of the city from the popular eye, as the main object of allegiance and attention, by what is called "the organization," namely, the club or society, presided over by the boss, which manages party affairs. The tendency among men who take a strong interest in politics to look upon the organization as their real master, to boast of their devotion to it as a political virtue, to call themselves "organization men," and to consider the interests of the organization as paramount to those of the city at large is an interesting development of party government. All political parties originate in a belief that a certain idea can be best spread, or a certain policy best promoted, by the formation of an organization for the purpose. The other belief, that one's own party is fittest for power, and deserves support even when it makes mistakes, easily follows. This is very nearly the condition of the public mind about federal parties. A large number of votes are cast at every federal election merely to show confidence in the party, rather than approval of its position with regard to any specific question. There

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is a still further stage in the growth of party spirit, in which the voter supports his party, right or wrong, no matter how much he may condemn its policy or its acts, on the ground that it is made up of better material than the other party, and that the latter, if in power, would be more dangerous. The Republican party, in particular, commands a great deal of support, especially from the professional and educated classes throughout the country, on these grounds. They vote for it as the least wrong or least likely to be mischievous, even if they feel unable to vote for it as wise or pure.

But in the cities still another advance has been made, and the parties have really been separated from politics altogether, and treated, without disguise, as competitors for the disposal of a certain number of offices and the handling of a certain amount of money. The boss on either side rarely pretends to have any definite opinions on any federal question, or to concern himself about them. He proclaims openly that his side has the best title to the offices, and the reason he gives for this is, generally, that the other side has made what he considers mistakes. He hardly ever pleads merits of his own. In fact, few or none of the bosses have ever been writers or speakers, or have ever been called on to discuss public questions or have opinions about them. The principal ones, Tweed, Kelly, Croker, Platt, and Quay, have been either silent or illiterate men, famed for their reticence, and have plumed themselves on their ability to *do* things without talk. In New York, they have succeeded in diffusing among the masses, to a certain extent, the idea that a statesman should not talk, but simply "fix things," and vote the right way; that is, they have divorced discussion from politics. One of the boss's amusements, when he is disposed to be humorous, is doing something or saying something to show how little influence voters and writers have on affairs. In the late senatorial canvass in New York, a number of letters commending one of the candidates, who happened to be the Republican boss, were published, most of them from young men, and it was interesting to see how many commended silence as one of the best attributes of a Senator.

Consequently, nearly all discussions of city affairs are discussions about places. What place a particular man will get, what place he is trying to get, and by what disappointment about places he is chagrined, or "disgruntled," as the term is, form the staple topics of municipal debates. The rising against Tammany in 1894, which resulted in the election of Mayor Strong, to some extent failed to produce its due effect, owing to his refusal to distribute places so as to satisfy Mr. Platt, the Republican leader; or, in other words, to give Mr. Platt the influence in distributing the patronage to which he held that he was entitled. This led to the frustration, or long delay, of the legislation which was necessary to make the overthrow of Tammany of much effect. Some of the necessary bills the legislature, which was controlled by Platt, refused to pass, and others it was induced to pass only by great effort and after long postponement. No reason was ever assigned for this hostility to Strong's proposals, except failure in the proper distribution of offices. No doubt a certain amount of discussion of plans for city improvement has gone on, but it has gone on among a class which has no connection with politics and possesses little political influence. The class of politicians, properly so called, commonly refuses to interest itself in any such discussions, unless it can be assured beforehand that the proposed improvements will be carried out by certain persons of their own selection, who are seldom fit for the work.

In addition to reliance on change of parties for the improvement of city government, much dependence has been placed on the old American theory that

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when things get very bad, sufficient popular indignation will be roused to put an end to them; that the evil will be eradicated by something in the nature of a revolution, as in the case of Tweed and of the Tammany abuses in 1894. But this theory, as regards cities, has to be received with much modification. Popular indignation is excited by violent departures from popular standards; the popular conscience has to be shocked by striking disregard of the tests established by popular usage; in order that this may happen, the popular conscience has to be kept, if I may use the expression, in a state of training. Now, for the mass of such voters as congregate in great cities, training for the public conscience consists largely in the spectacle of good government. Their standards depend largely on what they see. Nothing, for instance, in fifty years has done as much for street-cleaning in New York as the sight of clean streets presented by Colonel Waring. People must have a certain familiarity with something better, — that is, must either remember or see it, — in order to be really discontented with their present lot. The higher we go in the social scale, the easier it is to excite this discontent, because education and reading raise political as well as other standards. But when once the mass of men have obtained liberty and security, it becomes increasingly difficult to rouse them into activity about matters of apparently less consequence. In other words, incompetence or corruption in the work of administration being rarely visible to the public eye, the masses are not as easily roused by it as they are by bad legislation, or by such interferences with personal liberty as liquor or other sumptuary laws. Their notion of what ought to be is largely shaped by what is. The political education of the people in a democracy, especially in large cities, is to a considerable degree the work of the government. The way in which they see things done becomes in their eyes the way in which they ought to be done; the kind of men they see in public office becomes the kind of men they think fit for public office; and the work of rousing them into demanding something better is one of the great difficulties of the democratic régime. The part the actual government plays in forming the political ideals of the young is one of the neglected, but most important topics of political discussion. Our youth learn far more of the real working of our institutions by observation of the men elected or appointed to office, particularly to the judicial and legislative offices, than from school-books or newspapers. The election of a notoriously worthless or corrupt man as a judge or member of the legislature makes more impression on a young mind than any chapter in a governmental manual or any college lecture.

For this reason, the application of the civil service rules to subordinate city offices, which has now been in existence in New York and Boston for many years, is an extremely important contribution to the work of reform, however slow its operation may be. To make known to the public that to get city places a man must come up to the standard of fitness ascertained by competitive examination is not simply a means of improving the municipal service, but an educative process of a high order. The same thing may be said of such matters as the expulsion from office of the Tammany police justices by the general removal act, passed when Mr. Strong came into office in 1895, in spite of all the blemishes in its execution. It made clear to the popular mind, as nothing else could, that a certain degree of character and education was necessary to the discharge of even minor judicial functions, and that the Tammany standard of "common sense" and familiar acquaintance with the criminal classes was not sufficient. The covert or open opposition to what is called civil service reform, on the part of nearly the whole

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political class in cities, goes to confirm this view. There could be no greater blow to the existing system of political management than the withdrawal of the offices from arbitrary disposal by the bosses. The offices have been for half a century the chief or only means of rewarding subordinate agents for political work and activity.

One effect, and a marked one, of this withdrawal has been the introduction of the practice of levying blackmail on corporations, nominally for political purposes. Nothing is known certainly about the amounts levied in this way, but there are two thousand corporations in New York exposed to legislative attack, and in the aggregate their contributions must reach a very large sum. Since the boss has obtained command of the legislature as well as of the city, — that is, since Tweed's time, — they are literally at the mercy of the legislature, or, in other words, at *his* mercy. Their taxes may be raised, or, in the case of gas companies or railroad companies, their charges lowered. The favorite mode of bringing insurance companies to terms is ordering an examination of their assets, which may be done through the superintendent of insurance, who is an appointee of the governor and Senate, or, virtually, of the boss. This examination has to be paid for by the company, and, I am told, may be made to cost $200,000; it is usually conducted by politicians out of a job, of a very inferior class. To protect themselves from annoyances of this sort, the corporations, which it must be remembered are creations of the law, and increase in number every year, are only too glad to meet the demands of the boss. Any "campaign" contribution, no matter how large, and it is sometimes as high as $50,000 or even $100,000, is small compared to the expense which he can inflict on them by his mere fiat. Of course this is corruption, and the corporations know it. The officers, however high they may stand in point of business character, submit to it, or connive at it. In many cases, if not in most, they even confess it. They defend their compliance, too, on grounds which carry one back a long way in the history of settled government. That is, they say that their first duty is to protect the enormous amount of property committed to their charge, a large portion of which belongs to widows and orphans; that if they have any duty at all in the matter of reforming municipal and state administration, it is a secondary and subordinate one, which should not be performed at the cost of any damage to these wards; that, therefore, the sum they pay to the boss may be properly considered as given to avert injury against which the law affords no protection. They maintain that in all this matter they are victims, not offenders, and that the real culprit is the government of the State, which fails to afford security to property in the hands of a certain class of owners.

I will not attempt to discuss here the soundness of this view in point of morality. It is to be said, in extenuation at least, that the practices of which the corporations are accused prevail all over the Union, in city and in country, East and West. I have had more than one admission made to me by officers of companies that they kept an agent at the state capital during sessions of the legislature for the express purpose of shielding them, by means of money, against legislative attacks, and that without this they could not carry on business. It has been the custom, I am afraid, to a greater or less extent, for corporations to keep such agents at the state capitals ever since corporations became at all numerous and rich, — for fully fifty years. What is peculiar and novel about the present situation is that the boss has become a general agent for all the companies, and saves them the trouble of keeping one at their own cost, in Albany or Harrisburg, or in any other state capital. He receives what they wish or are ex-

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pected to pay, and in return he guarantees them the necessary protection. He is thus the channel through which pass all payments made by any one for "campaign" purposes. If his party is not in office he receives very little, barely enough to assure him of good will. When his party is in power, as the power is his, there need be practically no limit to his demands.

If it be asked why the corporations do not themselves revolt against this system and stop it by exposure, the answer is simple enough. In the first place, most of the corporations have rivals, and dread being placed at a disadvantage by some sort of persecution from which competitors may have bought exemption. The thing which they dread most is business failure or defeat. For this they are sure to be held accountable by stockholders or by the public; for submitting to extortion, they may not be held accountable by anybody. In the next place, the supervision exercised by the state officers being lax or corrupt, the corporations are likely to be lawbreakers in some of their practices, and to dread exposure or inquiry. In many cases, therefore, they are doubtless only too glad to buy peace or impunity, and this their oppressors probably know very well. Last of all, and perhaps the most powerful among the motives for submission, is the fear of vengeance in case they should not succeed. A corporation which undertook to set the boss at defiance would enter on a most serious contest, with little chance of success. All the influences at his command, political and judicial, would be brought into play for its defeat. Witnesses would disappear, or refuse to answer. Juries would be "fixed;" judges would be technical and timid; the press would be bought up by money or advertising, or by political influence; other motives than mere resistance to oppression would be invented and imputed; the private character of the officers would be assailed. In short, the corporation would probably fail, or appear to fail, in proving its case, and would find itself substantially foiled in its undertaking, after having expended a great deal of money, and having excited the bitter enmity of the boss and of all the active politicians among his followers. It can hardly be expected that a company would make such an attempt without far stronger support than it would receive from the public, owing to the general belief that no corporation would come into court with clean hands. How little effect public support would give in such a contest, as long as the power of the boss over the legislators and state officials continues, through the present system of nomination, may be inferred from what has happened in the case of the enlargement of the city of New York, known as the Greater New York Bill.[1]

[1] The history of this measure has been so concisely written by Mr. J. B. Bishop that I cannot avoid quoting him: —

"The most impressive demonstration of the despotic power behind these decisions was made in connection with the proposed charter for Greater New York. This had been drawn by the commission created by the act of 1896. It had been prepared in secret, and only very inadequate opportunity had been given for public inspection of it before it was sent to the legislature; yet, in the brief time afforded, it had been condemned in very strong terms by what I may truthfully call the organized and individual intelligence of the community. The Bar Association, through a committee which contained several of the leading lawyers of the city, subjected it to expert legal examination, and declared it to be so full of defects and confusing provisions as to be 'deplorable,' and to give rise, if made law, 'to mischiefs far outweighing any benefits which might reasonably be expected to flow from it.' The Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, the Clearing House Association, the City Club, the Union League Club, the Reform Club, the Real Estate Exchange, all the reputable ex-mayors and other officials, expressed equally strong condemnation, especially of certain leading provisions of the instrument; and the legislature was formally requested to give more time to the subject by postponing the date on

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The subjection of the city to the person who controls the legislature is secured in part by the use of federal and possibly city offices, and in part by the extortion of money from property-holders, for purposes of corruption; and all remedy for this is impeded or wholly hindered by the interest of city voters in matters other than municipal.

The earliest remedy, — the substitution of one party in the city government for another, — which has been employed steadily by each party for the last half century with singular acquiescence on the part of the public, has been to some degree supplanted, since the war, by another, namely, the modification of the charter, so as to secure greater concentration of power in few hands. More and more authority has been withdrawn from the bodies elected for purposes of legislation, and has been transferred to the bodies elected for purposes of administration. Before the late change in the city charter, the New York board of aldermen, by a process of deprivation pursued through long years, was bereft of all but the most insignificant powers. The preparation of the city estimates and the imposition of the city taxes, two peculiarly legislative duties, were transferred bodily to a small board composed of the mayor and heads of departments. Nearly every change in charters has armed the mayor with more jurisdiction. This movement has run on lines visible in almost all democratic communities. The rise of the boss is distinctly one of its results. There is everywhere a tendency to remit to a single person the supreme direction of large bodies of men animated with a common purpose or bound together by common ideas. One sees in this person dim outlines of the democratic Cæsar of the Napoleonic era, but he differs in that he has to do his work under the full glare of publicity, has to be able to endure "exposure" and denunciation by a thousand newspapers and to bear overthrow by combinations among his own followers with equanimity, and has to rely implicitly on "management" rather than on force.

The difficulty of extracting from a large democracy an expression of its real will is, in fact, slowly becoming manifest. It is due partly to the size of the body, and partly to the large number of voters it must necessarily contain who find it troublesome to make up their minds, or who fail to grasp current questions, or who love and seek guidance in impor-

which the charter should become operative. Not the slightest attention was paid at Albany to any of these requests. The Bar Association's objections were passed over in silence, as indeed were all the protests. The charter, excepting a few trifling changes, was passed without amendment by both Houses of the legislature by an overwhelming vote. Only six of the one hundred and fourteen Republican members voted against it in the Assembly, and only one of the thirty-six Republican members in the Senate. There was no debate upon it in the Assembly. The men who voted for the charter said not a word in its favor, and not a word in explanation of their course in voting against all proposals to amend it. In the Senate, the charter's chief advocates declared frankly their belief that it was a measure of 'political suicide,' since it was certain to put the proposed enlarged city into the hands of their opponents, the Democrats; yet they all voted for it because it had been made a party measure, — that is, the despot had said it must pass. After its first passage, it was sent, for public hearings and approval, to the mayors of the three cities affected by its provisions. The opposition developed at the hearings in New York city was very impressive, — so much so that Mayor Strong, who as an *ex officio* member of the charter commission had signed the report which had accompanied it when it went to the legislature, was moved by a 'strong sense of public duty' to veto it because of 'serious and fundamental defects.' When the charter, with his veto message, arrived in Albany, the two Houses passed it again by virtually the same vote as at first, and without either reading the mayor's message, or more than barely mentioning his name. One of the members who voted for it said privately, 'If it were not for the fact that the "old man" wants it, I doubt if the charter would get a dozen votes in the legislature outside the Brooklyn and Long Island members.'"

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tant transactions. On most of the great national questions of our day, except in exciting times, a large proportion of the voters do not hold their opinions with much firmness or tenacity or with much distinctness. On one point in particular, which has great importance in all modern democracies, — the effect of any specific measure on the party prospects, — the number of men who have clear ideas is very small. The mass to be influenced is so large, and the susceptibilities of different localities differ so widely, that fewer and fewer persons, except those who "have their hand on the machine," venture on a confident prediction as to the result of an election. The consequence is that those who do hold clean-cut opinions, and pronounce them with courage, speedily acquire influence and authority, almost in spite of themselves. Indeed, almost every influence now in operation, both in politics and in business, tends to the concentration of power. The disposition to combine several small concerns into one large one, to consolidate corporations, and to convert private partnerships into companies is but an expression of the general desire to remit the work of management or administration to one man or to a very few men. In all considerable bodies of men who wish to act together for common objects, the many are anxious to escape the responsibility of direction, and, naturally enough, this has shown itself in city government as well as in party government.

The result is that there are, in nearly every large city and in nearly every new charter, signs of a desire for strong centralized management. This tendency has been temporarily obscured in New York by the consolidation of the suburbs into what is called the Greater New York. In order to secure this, that is, to obtain the consent of "the politicians," it has been found necessary to revive the old, long-tried, and much-condemned plan of a city legislature with two branches, a number of boards, and a wide diffusion of responsibility. There is about this new machinery an appearance of local representative self-government, but it is only an appearance. The real power of interference, change, or modification still resides in the legislature at Albany, and the habit of interference is already formed and active. Moreover, the legislature at Albany is still dominated by the boss, and his rule over the city has been rendered more remote by the new charter, not destroyed or restricted. No alteration in the city government can be made without his consent, and any alteration which he insists on must be made. So that the one-man power in the administration of city affairs is still preserved. It is simply taken from the mayor; the change is merely one of person or officer. It can hardly be expected that as long as the boss controls the state legislature he should not also control all inferior legislatures created by it. If he did not do so, he would deprive himself of a considerable portion of his power of reward and punishment. The complications of the new charter, too, are so great that it is not likely that persons interested in pushing schemes through the city government will take the trouble to put all the new machinery in motion.

In all political arrangements, it is impossible to prevent persons who wish to secure a benefit or favor from a government from acting along the line of least resistance; that is, from attaining their object with the least possible expenditure of time and money. It will always be possible and it will always be easy to carry a measure of any kind, approved by the boss, through the legislature at Albany without debate and by three hasty readings. Under these circumstances, to expose it to the risk of the charter machinery would be a departure from what is now established usage.

The municipal history of New York, in short, and, mutatis mutandis, of all the American cities in which there has

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been any whispering of municipal reform, seems to indicate that the most carefully formed opinion on the subject of American municipal government runs parallel with the popular sentiment, or popular weakness, which has called the boss into existence. In both cases, the conclusion is inevitable that the large masses of men who exercise the suffrage, both in city and in country, cannot be influenced and managed and brought to the polling-place for intelligent and effective action without great concentration of authority and responsibility. The popular will, it is becoming increasingly plain, cannot be really expressed without so diminishing the number of persons who are to be its organs that the ignorant men and the busy men, who form the bulk of every community, can learn at a glance the cause of every failure and shortcoming.

Nothing is clearer in the modern world than that the more complicated governmental administration becomes, the less time has the community at large to attend to it. The old days of dull agricultural leisure, which the mass of every nation enjoyed till the beginning of this century, have passed away. The desire to "rise in the world," — that is, to get hold of more of the good things of civilization, — which now prevails in every country, tends more and more to make administration a specialty, because of the pressure of what are called "private affairs." At the same time, the desire of the masses to exercise some sort of control over it, or supervision of it, seems also to grow in force every day. The only way in which this desire can make itself felt is by throwing the work of transacting public affairs into fewer hands. This is what the rise of the boss means, and what the increasing formation of "trusts" and corporations means. It is, too, what the tendency in cities to give more power to the mayor and to restrict the number of his councilors means. This tendency is so strong, and one so stimulated by all the facts of modern life, that the attempt made in the late New York charter to run counter to it throws doubt on either the honesty or the intelligence of the persons engaged in it. The creation of a vast complicated municipal system at the moment when there is such a widespread cry for simplicity, and of an unwieldy new legislature just as all legislatures are falling into disrepute and surrendering their power, shows an indifference to the signs of the times which can hardly be ascribed altogether to thoughtlessness. What modern municipalities need, especially in America, is a régime in which, without hesitation, without study, without lawyers' or experts' opinions, the humblest laborer can tell who is responsible for any defect he may discover in the police of the streets, in the education of his children, or in the use and mode of his taxation.

To secure such a régime, however, the control of state legislatures in America over cities must be either reduced or destroyed, and this seems the task which, above all, has first to be accomplished by municipal reforms; it is really the one in which they are now engaged, though, apparently, sometimes unconsciously. The "hearings" of leading citizens by legislative committees, which almost invariably accompany the passage by state legislatures of measures affecting municipal government, are in the nature of protests against legislative action, or assertions of the incompetency of the legislature to deal with the matter in hand. The contemptuous indifference with which they are generally treated is simply an assertion that, under no circumstances, will the legislature surrender its power. This has been curiously illustrated by the recent complete refusal of the New York legislature to pay any attention to the power of veto given to the mayors of New York cities by the late constitutional convention. This provision has had so little effect that a mayor's objections to any particular piece of legislation are

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not even discussed, much less answered. It has seemed as if the legislature were unwilling to allow it to be supposed that it could ever be in any way influenced by the criticism or suggestion of local notables. All American legislatures have long shown unwillingness to adopt suggestions or submit to interference from the outside. Few, if any, of the numerous reports of commissions on taxation or municipal government or other subjects made during the last thirty years have received any attention; the same thing is true of the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury, though all these documents contain a vast amount of valuable matter. It is not likely that remonstrances or criticism emanating from municipal bodies hereafter will meet with any better fate unless they have powerful popular support. To create this support is the first business which municipal reformers have before them.

There is another reason why state legislatures are unwilling to relinquish their control of cities, and it is nearly as potent as any; that is, the accumulation of wealth in the cities as compared to the country. One of the peculiarities of an agricultural population is the small amount of cash it handles. Farmers, as a general rule, live to some extent on their own produce, wear old clothes, as people are apt to do in the country, pay no house-rent, very rarely divert themselves by "shopping," and seldom see any large sum of money except at their annual sales after harvest. In short, as compared with an urban population, they live with what seems great economy. The temptations to small expenses which so constantly beset a city man seldom come in their way. Their standard of living in dress, food, clothing, and furniture is much lower than that of a city population of a corresponding class. The result is that money has a much greater value in their eyes than in those of the commercial class. They part with a dollar more reluctantly; they think it ought to go farther. They look on a city man's notion of salaries as utterly extravagant or unreasonable, and to receive such salaries seems to them almost immoral. City life they consider marked throughout by gross extravagance.

Moreover, the farmer finds it very difficult to place a high value on labor which is not done with the hands and does not involve exposure to weather. Difference of degree in value of such labor it is hard, if not impossible, to estimate. The expense of training for an intellectual occupation, such as a lawyer's or a doctor's, he is not willing to take into account. One consequence of this has been that, though almost all servants of the government — judges, secretaries, collectors — live in cities or by city standards, their salaries are fixed not so much by the market value of their services as by the farmer's notion of what is reasonable; for the farmer is as yet the ruling power in America. The salaries of the federal judges, for instance, were fixed at the establishment of the government by the largest annual earnings of a lawyer of the highest standing of that day; they are now about one fourth of what such a lawyer earns, and it would be difficult or impossible to increase them. The farmer's inability, too, to estimate degrees in the value of such services leads him to suppose that what they are worth is the sum for which anybody will undertake to render them, and that if any member of the bar offered to discharge the duties of a judge of the Supreme Court for one thousand dollars a year, it would be proper enough to accept his services at that rate. This great difference has some important political consequences also. It leads to agricultural distrust of urban views on finance, and produces in country districts a deep impression of city recklessness and greed. City exchanges, whether stock or produce, are supposed by the farmer to be the resorts of gamblers rather than instruments of legitimate business.

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In truth, the difference in needs and interests and points of view between the city and the country arises almost as soon as anything which can be called a city comes into existence. Close contact with many other men, constant daily intercourse with one's fellows, familiarity with the business of exchanging commodities, the necessity for frequent coöperation, all help to convert the inhabitant of cities into a new type of man. The city man has always been a polished or "urbane" man. The distinction between him and the "rustic," in mind and manners, has in all ages been among the commonplaces of literature. One material effect of this difference is that the urban man has been an object of slight dislike or jealousy to the countryman. His greater alertness of mind, which comes from much social intercourse, and familiarity with trade and commerce, makes him in some degree an object of suspicion to the latter, who constantly dreads being outwitted by him. Cities, too, have always been to the countryman resorts of vice of one sort or another, and all that he hears of the temptations of city life fills him with a sense of his own moral superiority. To the poet and to the farmer the country has been the seat of virtue, simplicity, and purity; the one moralist who practiced his own precepts was the rustic moralist. It has been very natural, therefore, that in America, in which the country has had the power before the city, and not, as in Europe, the city before the country, the country should have tried with peculiar care to retain its free domination over the city.

This process has been made easy not only by the fact that the city was generally created by the State, but by our practice of selecting our state capitals, not for judicial, or commercial, or historical, but for topographical considerations. No other people has been in the habit, or has had the opportunity, of choosing places for its political capitals at all. In all other countries, if I am not mistaken, the capitals were made by trade, or commerce, or manufactures, or some ancient drift of population. But in many of our States the political capital is not the chief city in wealth or population; it owes its political preëminence to the fact that it was within easy reach from all parts of the State, in the days when travel was slow and difficult, — a circumstance now of no importance whatever. The site of the capital of the Union was chosen for similar reasons. It was placed in a swamp, chiefly because the position was central, and it had to be created from the beginning. Were capitals selected with us by the agencies to which they owe their existence in the Old World, New York would be the capital of the State of New York, Philadelphia of Pennsylvania, Cincinnati of Ohio, Chicago of Illinois, and Detroit of Michigan.

The present arrangement has proved unfortunate in two ways: it has helped to confirm the rural mind in a belief in the inferiority and insignificance of cities as compared to the country; and it has kept legislators, when in session, secluded from the observation of the most active-minded portion of the population and from intercourse with them, and has deprived them of the information and the new ideas which such intercourse brings with it. Members of Congress and of the state legislatures suffer seriously in mind and character from our practice of cutting them off, during their official lives, from communion with the portion of the population most immersed in affairs, and of keeping them out of sight of those who are most competent to understand their action and to criticise it. No one who has paid much attention to our political life can have helped observing the injurious effect on the legislative mind of massing legislators together in remote towns, in which they exchange ideas only with one another, and get no inkling of the real drift of public opinion about a particular measure until it

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has been irrevocably acted upon. There is no question that this has been in all parts of the country a powerful aid to the boss in preserving his domination. Nothing can suit his purpose better than to get his nominees together in some remote corner of the State, in which he can instruct them in their duties and watch their action without disturbance from outside currents of criticism or suggestion. Every legislature is the better, and its tone is the healthier, for being kept in close contact with the leading centres of business in the community and hearing daily or hourly from its men of affairs. Much of the ignorance about exchange, credit, and currency, and of the suspicion of bankers and men of business, which has shown itself in our legislative capitals in late years, has been due to the isolation of the rural legislator from social intercourse with men engaged in other pursuits than his own.

But the most serious drawback in the practice of making political capitals to order is undoubtedly its tendency to lessen the rural legislator's sense of the importance of cities, and to increase his readiness to interfere in their government without any real knowledge of their needs. This readiness is one of the greatest difficulties of American municipal government. It arises, as I have said, partly from the historical antecedents of our cities; partly from the countryman's sense of moral superiority, in which the clergy and the poets try to confirm him; and partly from the fear inspired by the rapid growth of the cities in population, and the belief that their interests are in some manner different from those of the country. This belief found expression in the provision of the New York Constitution that the city or county of New York should never be represented by more than half the state Senate. There is a vague fear diffused through the rural districts that if the cities should get the upper hand in the state government, or should succeed in achieving even a quasi-independence, some serious consequence to the whole community would follow. But to have any fear on the subject is to question the whole democratic theory. The system of political division into states and districts and counties, with separate representation, is an admission that different localities have different interests, of which other localities are not competent to take charge. It is on this idea that local self-government is based. It is the principal reason why New York does not govern Massachusetts, or Buffalo govern New York.

In the case of cities this difference is simply magnified, and the incompetency of other districts or counties for the work of their management is made more than usually plain. To suppose that a city is less fit to govern itself than are more thinly peopled districts, or that its political ascendency would contain danger to the State, is to abandon the democratic theory. In a democratic community there is really no conflict of interests between city and country; the prosperity of one makes the prosperity of the other. Neither can grow rich by the impoverishment of the other. From the democratic point of view, a city is merely a very large collection of people in one spot, with many wants peculiar to such large collections. To deny its fitness to govern itself is to deny the majority principle with strong emphasis. Nevertheless, the attempts hitherto made in America to secure reform in the administration of cities have been almost exclusively efforts to wrest greater powers of local administration from the state legislatures, which consist in the main of farmers, who have no special interest in cities whatever, but who are indomitable champions of local self-government in all other political divisions. In three States only, as yet, Missouri, California, and Washington, have the cities succeeded in securing a constitutional right to approve their own charters before they

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go into operation, which is the furthest step in advance that has been made. In twenty-three States they are constitutionally secured against having special charters made for them by the legislature, with or without their consent. Whatever sort of organic law is imposed in one city in these States must be imposed in all. But in ten States the cities are still at the mercy of the legislature, which may govern them by special legislation, and make, amend, or annul charters at its discretion, without pity or remorse.

In looking at the history and condition of municipalities in America, one consideration meets us at every stage; that is, that in no other civilized country is municipal government so completely within the control of public opinion. Everywhere else there are deeply rooted traditions, long-established customs, much-respected vested rights and cherished prejudices, to be dealt with, before any satisfactory framework of city government can be set up. Here the whole problem is absolutely at the disposal of popular sentiment. Our cities, therefore, might most easily have been the model cities of the modern world. Birmingham and Glasgow and Berlin, in other words, ought to have been in America. It is we who ought to have shown the Old World how to live comfortably in great masses in one place. We have no city walls to pull down, or ghettos to clear out, or guilds to buy up, or privileges to extinguish. We have simply to provide health, comfort, and education, in our own way, according to the latest experience in science, for large bodies of free men in one spot.

This is as much as saying that in talking of the municipal question we describe a state of the popular mind, and not a state of law. Charters are nowhere else in the world an expression of popular thought as much as in America. They are merely what people believe or permit at any given period. Very often they are well adapted to our needs, like the late New York charter, but fail to give satisfaction, because, having provided the charter, we take no pains to secure competent officials. Finding that it does not work well, we seek a remedy by making a change in its provisions rather than in the men who administer it. In this way our municipal woes are perpetuated, and we continue to write and talk of charters as if they were self-acting machines instead of certain ways of doing business. No municipal reform will last long or prove efficient without a strong and healthy public spirit behind it. With this almost any charter would prove efficient.

E. L. Godkin.

AMID THE CLAMOR OF THE STREETS.

Amid the clamor of the streets
The fancy often fills
With far-off thoughts; I live again
Among the streams and hills.

What happy scenes! The very thought
A new contentment brings;
It makes me feel the inner peace,
The hidden wealth of things.

William A. Dunn.

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FORTY YEARS OF BACON-SHAKESPEARE FOLLY.

Some time ago, while looking over a wheelbarrow-load of rubbish written to prove that such plays as King Lear and The Merry Wives of Windsor emanated from one of the least poetical and least humorous minds of modern times, I was reminded of a story which I heard when a boy. I forget whether it was some whimsical man of letters like Charles Lamb, or some such professional wag as Theodore Hook, who took it into his head one day to stand still on a London street, with face turned upward, gazing into the sky. Thereupon the next person who came that way forthwith stopped and did likewise, and then the next and the next, until the road was blocked by a dense crowd of men and women, all standing as if rooted in the ground, and with solemn skyward stare. The enchantment was at last broken when some one asked what they were looking at, and nobody could tell. It was simply an instance of a certain remnant of primitive gregariousness of action on the part of human beings, which exhibits itself from time to time in sundry queer fashions and fads.

So when Miss Delia Bacon, in the year which saw the beginning of The Atlantic Monthly, published a book purporting to unfold the "philosophy" of Shakespeare's dramas, it was not long before other persons began staring intently into the silliest mare's nest ever devised by human dullness; the fruits of so much staring appeared in divers eccentric volumes, of which more specific mention will presently be made. Neither in number nor in quality are they such as to indicate that the Bacon-Shakespeare folly has yet become fashionable, and we shall presently observe in it marked suicidal tendencies which are likely to prevent its ever becoming so; but there are enough of the volumes to illustrate the point of my anecdote.

Another fad, once really fashionable, and in defense of which some plausible arguments could be urged, was the Wolfian theory of the Homeric poems, which dazzled so many of our grandparents. It is worth our while to mention it here, by way of prelude. The theory that the Iliad and Odyssey are mere aggregations of popular ballads, collected and arranged in the time of Pisistratus, was perhaps originally suggested by the philosopher Vico, but first attracted general attention in 1795, when set forth by Friedrich August Wolf, one of the most learned and brilliant of modern scholars. Thus eminently respectable in its parentage and quite reasonable on the surface, this ballad theory came to be widely fashionable; forty years ago it was accepted by many able scholars, though usually with large modifications.

The Wolfians urged that we know absolutely nothing about the man Homer, not even when or where he lived. His existence is merely matter of tradition, or of inference from the existence of the poems. But as the poems know nothing of Dorians in Peloponnesus, their date can hardly be later than 1000 B. C. What happened, then, when "an edition of Homer" was made at Athens, about 530 B. C., by Pisistratus or under his orders? Did the editor simply edit two great poems already five centuries old, or did he make up two poems by piecing together a miscellaneous lot of ancient ballads? Wolf maintained the latter alternative, chiefly because of the alleged impossibility of composing and preserving such long poems in the alleged absence of the art of writing. Having thus made a plausible start, the Wolfians proceeded to pick the poems to pieces, and to prove by "internal evidence" that there was nothing like "unity of design" in them, etc.; and

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so it went on till poor old Homer was relegated to the world of myth. As a schoolboy I used to hear the belief in the existence of such a poet derided as "uncritical" and "unscholarly."

In spite of these terrifying epithets, the ballad theory never made any impression upon me; for it seemed to ignore the most conspicuous and vital fact about the poems, namely, the *style*, the noble, rapid, simple, vivid, supremely poetical style, — a style as individual and unapproachable as that of Dante or Keats. For an excellent characterization of it, read Matthew Arnold's charming essays On Translating Homer. The style is the man, and to suppose that this Homeric style ever came from a democratic multitude of minds, or from anything save one of those supremely endowed individual natures such as get born once or twice in a millennium, is simply to suppose a psychological impossibility. I remember once talking about this with George Eliot, who had lately been reading Frederick Paley's ingenious restatement of the ballad theory, and was captivated by its ingenuity. I told her I did not wonder that old dryasdust philologists should hold such views, but I was indeed surprised to find such a literary artist as herself ignoring the impassable gulf between Homer's language and that which any ballad theory necessarily implies. She had no answer for this except to say that she should have supposed an evolutionist like me would prefer to regard the Homeric poems as gradually evolved rather than suddenly created! A retort so clever and amiable most surely entitled her to the woman's privilege of the last word.

The Wolfian theory may now be regarded as a thing of the past; it has had its day and been flung aside. If Wolf himself were living, he would be the first to laugh at it. Its original prop has been knocked away, since it has become pretty clear that the art of writing was practiced about the shores of the Egean Sea long before 1000 B. C. Probably even Wolf would now admit that it might have been a real letter that Bellerophon carried to the father of Anteia.[1] All attempts to show a lack of unity in the design of the Iliad and the Odyssey have failed irretrievably, and the discussion has served only to make more and more unmistakable the work of the mighty master. The ballad theory is dead and buried, and he who would read its obituary may find keen pleasure, as well as many a wholesome lesson in sound criticism, in the sensible and brilliant book by Andrew Lang, on Homer and the Epic.

The Bacon-Shakespeare folly has never been set forth by scholars of commanding authority, like Wolf and Lachmann, or even Niese and Wilamowitz Moellendorff. Among Delia Bacon's followers not one can by any permissible laxity of speech be termed a scholar, and their theory has found acceptance with very few persons. Nevertheless, it illustrates as well as the Wolfian theory the way in which such notions grow. It starts from a false premise, hazily conceived, and it subsists upon arguments in which trivial facts are assigned higher value than facts of vital importance. Mr. Lang's remark upon certain learned Homeric commentators, that "they pore over the hyssop on the wall, but are blind to the cedar of Lebanon," applies with tenfold force to the Bacon-Shakespeare sciolists. In them we always miss the just sense of proportion which is one of the abiding marks of sanity. The unfortunate lady who first brought their theory into public notoriety in 1857 was then sinking under the cerebral disease of which she died two years later, and her imitators have been chiefly weak minds of the sort that thrive upon paradox, closely akin to the circle-squarers and inventors of perpetual motion. Underlying all the absurdities, however, there is something that deserves attention. Like many other

[1] Iliad, vi. 168.

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morbid phenomena, the Bacon-Shakespeare folly has its natural history which is instructive. The vagaries of Delia Bacon and her followers originated in a group of conditions which admit of being specified and described, and which the historian of nineteenth-century literature will need to notice. In order to understand the natural history of the affair, it is necessary to examine the Delia Bacon theory at greater length than it would otherwise deserve. Let us see how it is constructed.

It starts with a syllogism, of which the major premise is that the dramas ascribed to Shakespeare during his lifetime, and ever since believed to be his, abound in evidences of extraordinary book-learning. The minor premise is that William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon could not have acquired or possessed so much book-learning. The conclusion is that he could not have written those plays.

The question then arises, Which of Shakespeare's contemporaries had enough book-lore to have written them? No doubt Francis Bacon had enough. The conclusion does not follow, however, that he wrote the plays; for there were other contemporaries with learning enough and to spare, as for example George Chapman and Ben Jonson. These two men, to judge from their acknowledged works, were great poets, whereas in Bacon's fifteen volumes there is not a paragraph which betrays poetical genius. Why not, then, ascribe the Shakespeare dramas to Chapman or Jonson? The Baconizers endeavor to support their assumption by calling attention to similarities in thought and phrase between Francis Bacon and the writer of the dramas. Up to this point their argument consists of deductions from assumed premises; here they adduce inductive evidence, such as it is. We shall see specimens of it by and by. At present we are concerned with the initial syllogism.

And first, as to the major premise, it must be met with a flat denial. The Shakespeare plays do not abound with evidences of scholarship or learning of the sort that is gathered from profound and accurate study of books. It is precisely in this respect that they are conspicuously different from many of the plays contemporary with them, and from other masterpieces of English literature. Such plays as Jonson's Sejanus and Catiline are the work of a scholar deeply indoctrinated with the views and mental habits of classic antiquity; he has soaked himself in the style of Lucan and Seneca, until their mental peculiarities have become like a second nature to him, and are unconsciously betrayed alike in the general handling of his story and in little turns of expression. Or take Milton's Lycidas: no one but a man saturated in every fibre with Theocritus and Virgil could have written such a poem. An extremely foreign and artificial literary form has been so completely mastered and assimilated by Milton that he uses it with as much ease as Theocritus himself, and has produced a work that even the master of idyls had scarcely equaled. After the terrific invective against the clergy and the beautiful invocation to the flowers, followed by the triumphant hallelujah of Christian faith, observe the sudden reversion to pagan sentiment where Lycidas is addressed as the genius of the shore. Only profound scholarship could have written this wonderful poem, could have brought forth the Christian thought as if spontaneously through the medium of the pagan form.

Now there is nothing of this sort in Shakespeare. He uses classical materials or anything else under the sun that suits his purpose. He takes a chronicle from Holinshed, a biography from North's translation of Plutarch, a legend from Saxo Grammaticus through Belleforest's French version, a novel of Boccaccio, a miracle-play, — whatever strikes his fancy; he chops up his ma-

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terials and weaves them into a story without much regard to classical models; defying rules of order and unity, and not always heeding probability, but never forgetful of his abiding purpose, to create live men and women. These people may have Greek and Latin names, and their scene of action may be Rome or Mitylene, decorated with scraps of classical knowledge such as a bright man might pick up in miscellaneous reading; but all this is the superficial setting, the mere frame to the picture. The living canvas is human nature as Shakespeare saw it in London and depicted with supreme poetic faculty. Among the new books within his reach was Chapman's magnificent translation of the Iliad, which at a later day inspired Keats to such a noble outburst of encomium; and in Troilus and Cressida we have the Greek and Trojan heroes set before us with an incisive reality not surpassed by Homer himself. This play shows how keenly Shakespeare appreciated Homer, how delicately and exquisitely he could supplement the picture; but there is nothing in its five acts that shows him clothed in the garment of ancient thought as Milton wore it. Shakespeare's freedom from such lore is a great advantage to him; in Troilus and Cressida there is a freedom of treatment hardly possible to a professional scholar. It is because of this freedom that Shakespeare reaches a far wider public of readers and listeners than Milton or Dante, whose vast learning makes them in many places "caviare to the general." Book-lore is a great source of power, but one may easily be hampered by it. What we forever love in Homer is the freshness that comes with lack of it, and in this sort of freshness Shakespeare agrees with Homer far more than with the learned poets.

It is not for a moment to be denied that Shakespeare's plays exhibit a remarkable wealth of varied knowledge. The writer was one of the keenest observers that ever lived. In the woodland or on the farm, in the printing-shop or the alehouse, or up and down the street, not the smallest detail escaped him. Microscopic accuracy, curious interest in all things, unlimited power of assimilating knowledge, are everywhere shown in the plays. These are some of the marks of what we call *genius*, something that we are far from comprehending, but which experience has shown that books and universities cannot impart. All the colleges on earth could not by combined effort make the kind of man we call a genius, but such a man may at any moment be born into the world, and it is as likely to be in a peasant's cottage as anywhere.

There is nothing in which men differ more widely than in the capacity for imbibing and assimilating knowledge. The capacity is often exercised unconsciously. When my eldest son, at the age of six, was taught to read in the course of a few weeks of daily instruction, it was suddenly discovered that his four-year-old brother also could read. Nobody could tell how it happened. Of course the younger boy must have taken keen notice of what the elder one was doing, but the process went on without attracting attention until the result appeared.

This capacity for unconscious learning is not at all uncommon. It is possessed to some extent by everybody; but a very high degree of it is one of the marks of genius. I remember one evening, many years ago, hearing Herbert Spencer in a friendly discussion regarding certain functions of the cerebellum. Abstruse points of comparative anatomy and questions of pathology were involved. Spencer's three antagonists were not violently opposed to him, but were in various degrees unready to adopt his views. The three were Huxley, one of the greatest of comparative anatomists; Hughlings Jackson, a very eminent authority on the pathology of the nervous system; and George Henry

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Lewes, who, although more of an amateur in such matters, had nevertheless devoted years of study to neural physiology and was thoroughly familiar with the history of the subject. Spencer more than held his ground against the others. He met fact with fact, brought up points in anatomy the significance of which Huxley had overlooked, and had more experiments and clinical cases at his tongue's end than Jackson could muster. It was quite evident that he knew all they knew on that subject, and more besides. Yet Spencer had never been through a course of "regular training" in the studies concerned; nor had he ever studied at a university, or even at a high school. Where did he learn the wonderful mass of facts which he poured forth that evening? Whence came his tremendous grasp upon the principles involved? Probably he could not have told you. A few days afterward I happened to be talking with Spencer about history, a subject of which he modestly said he knew but little. I told him I had often been struck with the aptness of the historic illustrations cited in many chapters of his Social Statics, written when he was twenty-nine years old. The references were not only always accurate, but they showed an intelligence and soundness of judgment unattainable, one would think, save by close familiarity with history. Spencer assured me that he had never read extensively in history. Whence, then, this wealth of knowledge,— not smattering, not sciolism, but solid, well-digested knowledge? Really, he did not know, except that when his interest was aroused in any subject he was keenly alive to all facts bearing upon it, and seemed to find them whichever way he turned. When I mentioned this to Lewes, while recalling the discussion on the cerebellum, he exclaimed: "Oh, you can't account for it! It 's his genius. Spencer has greater instinctive power of observation and assimilation than any man since Shakespeare, and he is like Shakespeare for hitting the bull's-eye every time he fires. As for Darwin and Huxley, we can follow their intellectual processes, but Spencer is above and beyond all; he is inspired!"

Those were Lewes's exact words, and they made a deep impression upon me. The comparison with Shakespeare struck me as a happy one, and I can understand both Spencer and Shakespeare the better for it. Concerning Spencer one circumstance may be observed. Since his early manhood he has lived in London, and has had for his daily associates men of vast attainments in every department of science. He has thus had rare opportunities for absorbing an immense fund of knowledge unconsciously.

It is evident that the author of Shakespeare's plays possessed an extraordinary "instinctive power of observation and assimilation." There was nothing strange in such a genius growing up in a small Warwickshire town. The difficulty is one which the Delia-Baconians have created for themselves. As it is their chief stock in trade, they magnify it in every way they can think of. Shakespeare's parents, they say, were illiterate, and he did not know how to spell his own name. It appears as Shagspere, Shaxpur, Shaxberd, Chacsper, and so on through some thirty forms, several of which William Shakespeare himself used indifferently. The implication is that such a man must have been shockingly ignorant. The real ignorance, however, is on the part of those who use such an argument. Apparently they do not know that in Shakespeare's time such laxity in spelling was common in all ranks of society and in all grades of culture. The name of Elizabeth's great Lord Treasurer, Cecil, and his title, Burghley, were both spelled in half a dozen ways. The name of Raleigh occurs in more than forty different forms, and Sir

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Walter, one of the most accomplished men of his time, wrote it Rauley, Rawleyghe, Ralegh, and in yet other ways. The talk of the Baconizers on this point is simply ludicrous.

Equally silly is their talk about the dirty streets of Stratford. They seem to have just discovered that Elizabeth's England was a badly drained country, with heaps of garbage in the streets. Shakespeare's father, they tell us, was a butcher, and evidently from a butcher's son, living in an ill-swept town, and careless about the spelling of his name, not much in the way of intellectual achievement was to be expected! In point of fact, Shakespeare's parents belonged to the middle class. His father owned several houses in Stratford and two or three farms in the neighborhood. As a farmer in those days he would naturally have cattle slaughtered on his premises and would sell wool off the backs of his own flocks, whence the later tradition of his having been butcher and wool-dealer. That his social position was good is shown by the facts that he was chief alderman and high bailiff of Stratford, and justice of the peace, and was styled "Master John Shakespeare," or (as we should say) "Mr.," whereas had he been one of the common folk, his style had been "Goodman Shakespeare." A visit to his home in Henley Street, and to Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, shows that the two families were in eminently respectable circumstances. The son of the high bailiff would see the best people in the neighborhood. There was in the town a remarkably good free grammar school, where he might have learned the "small Latin and less Greek" which his friend Ben Jonson assures us he possessed. This expression, by the way, is usually misunderstood, because people do not pause to consider it. Coming from Ben Jonson, I should say that "small Latin and less Greek" might fairly describe the amount of those languages ordinarily possessed by a member of the graduating class at Harvard in good standing. It can hardly imply less than the ability to read Terence at sight, and perhaps Euripides less fluently. The author of the plays, with his unerring accuracy of observation, knows Latin enough at least to use the Latin part of English most skillfully; at the same time, when he has occasion to use Greek authors, such as Homer or Plutarch, he usually prefers an English translation. At all events, Jonson's remark informs us that the man whom he addresses as "sweet swan of Avon" knew *some* Latin and *some* Greek, — a conclusion which is so distasteful to one of our Baconizers, Mr. Edwin Reed, that he will not admit it. Rather than do so, he has the assurance to ask us to believe that by the epithet "sweet swan of Avon" Jonson really meant Francis Bacon! Dear me, Mr. Reed, do you really mean it? And how about the editor of Beaumont and Fletcher in 1647, when, in his dedication to Shakespeare's friend, the Earl of Pembroke, he speaks of "Sweet Swan of Avon Shakespear"? Was he, too, a participator in the little scheme for fooling posterity? Or was he one of those who were fooled?

Whether Shakespeare had other chances for book-lore than those which the grammar school afforded, whether there was any interesting parson at hand, as often in small towns, to guide and stimulate his unfolding thoughts, — upon such points we have no information. But there were things to be learned in the country town quite outside of books and pedagogues. There, while the poet listened to the "strain of strutting chanticleer," and watched the "sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary," putting on their rye-straw hats and making holiday with rustic nymphs, he could rejoice in

> "Earth's increase, foison plenty,
> Barns and garners never empty;
> Vines with clust'ring bunches growing;
> Plants with goodly burthen bowing;"

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there he could see the "unbacked colts" prick their ears, advance their eyelids, lift up their noses, as if they smelt music; there he knew, doubtless, many a bank where the wild thyme grew and on which the moonlight sweetly slept; there he watched the coming of "violets dim," "pale primroses," flower-de-luce, carnations, with "rosemary and rue" to keep their "savour all the winter long,"

"When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail."

Such lore as this no books nor college could impart.

It was this that Milton had in mind when he introduced Shakespeare and Ben Jonson into his poem L'Allegro. Milton was in his thirtieth year when Jonson, poet laureate, was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey; he was only a boy of eight years when Shakespeare died, but the beautiful sonnet, written fourteen years later, shows how lovingly he studied his works: —

"What needs my Shakespeare, for his honoured bones," etc.

The poem L'Allegro and its fellow Il Penseroso describe the delights of Milton's life at his father's country house near Windsor Castle. He used often to ride into London to hear music or pass an evening at the theatre, as in the following lines: —

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native woodnotes wild."

This accurate and happy contrast exasperates the Baconizers, for it spoils their stock in trade, and accordingly they try their best to assure us that Milton did not know what he was writing about. They asseverate with vehemence that in all the seven-and-thirty plays there is no such thing as a native woodnote wild.

But before leaving the contrast we may pause for a moment to ask, Where did Ben Jonson get his learning? He was, as he himself tells us, "poorly brought up" by his stepfather, a bricklayer. He went to Westminster School, where he was taught by Camden, and he may have spent a short time at Cambridge, though this is doubtful. His schooling was nipped in the bud, for he had to go home and lay brick; and when he found such an existence insupportable he went into the army and fought in the Netherlands. At about the age of twenty we find him back in London, and there lose sight of him for five years, when all at once his great comedy Every Man in his Humour is performed and makes him famous. Now, in such a life, when did Jonson get the time for his immense reading and his finished classical scholarship? Reasoning after the manner of the Delia-Baconians, we may safely say that he could not possibly have accumulated the learning which is shown in his plays: therefore he could not have written those plays; therefore Lord Bacon must have written them! There are daring soarers in the empyrean who do not shrink from this conclusion; a doctor in Michigan, named Owen, has published a pamphlet to prove, among other things, that Bacon was the author of the plays which were performed and printed as Jonson's.

To return to Shakespeare. Somewhere about 1585, when he was one-and-twenty, he went to London, leaving his wife and three young children at Stratford. His father had lost money, and the fortunes of the family were at the lowest ebb. In London we lose sight of Shakespeare for a while, just as we lose sight of Jonson, until literary works appear. The work first published is Venus and Adonis, one of the most exquisite pieces of diction in the English language. It was dedicated to Henry, Earl of Southampton, by William Shakespeare, whose authorship of the poem is asserted as distinctly as the title-page of David Copperfield

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proclaims that novel to be by Charles Dickens, yet some precious critics assure us that Shakespeare "could not" have written the poem, and never knew the Earl of Southampton. Some years ago, Mr. Appleton Morgan, who does not wish to be regarded as a Baconizer, published an essay on the Warwickshire dialect, in which he maintained that since no traces of that kind of speech occur in Venus and Adonis, therefore it could not have been written by a young man fresh from a small Warwickshire town. This is a specimen of the loose kind of criticism which prepares soil for Delia-Baconian weeds to grow in. The poem was published in 1593, seven or eight years after Shakespeare's coming to London; and we are asked to believe that the world's greatest genius, one of the most consummate masters of speech that ever lived, could tarry seven years in the city without learning how to write what Hosea Biglow calls "citified English"! One can only exclaim, with Gloster, "O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!"

In those years Shakespeare surely learned much else. It seems clear that he had a good reading acquaintance with French and Italian, though he often uses translations, as for instance Florio's version of Montaigne. In estimating what Shakespeare "must have" known or "could not have" known, one needs to use more caution than some of our critics display. For example, in The Winter's Tale the statue of Hermione is called "a piece . . . now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano." Now, since Romano is known as a great painter, but not as a sculptor, this has been cited as a blunder on Shakespeare's part. It appears, however, that the first edition of Vasari's Lives of the Painters, published in 1550 and never translated from its original Italian, informs us that Romano did work in sculpture. In Vasari's second edition, published in 1568 and translated into several languages, this information is not given. From these facts, the erudite German critic Dr. Karl Elze, who is not a bit of a Delia-Baconian, but only an occasional sufferer from *vesania commentatorum*, introduces us to a solemn dilemma: either the author of The Winter's Tale must have consulted the first edition of Vasari in the original Italian, or else he must have traveled in Italy and gazed upon statues by Romano. Ah! prithee not so fast, worthy doctor; be not so lavish with these "musts." It is highly improbable that Shakespeare ever saw Italy except with the eyes of his imperial fancy. On the other hand, there are many indications that he could read Italian, but among them we cannot attach much importance to this one. Why should he not have learned from *hearsay* that Romano had made statues? In the name of common sense, are there no sources of knowledge save books? Or, since it was no unusual thing for Italian painters in the sixteenth century to excel in sculpture and architecture, why should not Shakespeare have assumed without verification that it was so in Romano's case? It was a tolerably safe assumption to make, especially in an age utterly careless of historical accuracy, and in a comedy which provides Bohemia with a seacoast, and mixes up times and customs with as scant heed of probability as a fairy tale.

In arguing about what Shakespeare "must have" or "could not have" known, we must not forget that at no time or place since history began has human thought fermented more briskly than in London while he was living there. The age of Drake and Raleigh was an age of efflorescence in dramatic poetry, such as had not been seen in the twenty centuries since Euripides died. Among Shakespeare's fellow craftsmen were writers of such great and varied endowments as Chapman, Marlowe, Greene, Nash, Peele, Marston, Dekker, Webster, and Cyril Tourneur. During

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his earlier years in London Richard Hooker was master of the Middle Temple, and there a little later Ford and Beaumont were studying. The erudite Camden was master of Westminster School; among the lights of the age for legal learning were Edward Coke and Francis Bacon; at the same time, one might have met in London the learned architect Inigo Jones and the learned poet John Donne, both of them excellent classical scholars; there one would have found the divine poet Edmund Spenser, just come over from Ireland to see to the publication of his Faerie Queene; not long afterward came John Fletcher from Cambridge, and the acute philosopher Edward Herbert from Oxford; and one and all might listen to the incomparable table-talk of that giant of scholarship, John Selden. The delights of the Mermaid Tavern, where these rare wits were wont to assemble, still live in tradition. As Keats says: —

> "Souls of poets dead and gone,
> What Elysium have ye known,
> Happy field or mossy cavern,
> Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?"

It has always been believed that this place was one of Shakespeare's favorite haunts. By common consent of scholars it has been accepted as the scene of those contests of wit between Shakespeare and Jonson of which Fuller tells us when he compares Jonson to a Spanish galleon, built high with learning, but slow in movement, while he likens Shakespeare to an English cruiser, less heavily weighted, but apt for victory because of its nimbleness, — the same kind of contrast, by the way, as that which occurred to Milton.

But our Baconizing friends will not allow that Shakespeare ever went to the Mermaid or knew the people who met there; at least none but a few fellow dramatists. We have no documentary proof that he ever met with Raleigh, or Bacon, or Selden. Let us observe that while these sapient critics are in some cases ready to welcome the slightest circumstantial evidence, there are others in which they will accept nothing short of absolute demonstration. Did Shakespeare ever see a maypole? The word occurs just once in his plays, namely, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, where little Hermia, quarreling with tall Helena, calls her a "painted maypole;" but that proves nothing. I am not aware that there is any absolute documentary proof that Shakespeare ever set eyes on a maypole. It is nevertheless certain that in England, at that time, no boy could grow to manhood without seeing many a maypole. Common sense has some rights which we are bound to respect.

Now, Shakespeare's London was a small city of from 150,000 to 200,000 souls, or about the size of Providence or Minneapolis at the present time. In cities of such size everybody of the slightest eminence is known all over town, and such persons are sure to be more or less acquainted with one another; it is a very rare exception when it is not so. Before his thirtieth year Shakespeare was well known in London as an actor, a writer of plays, and the manager of a prominent theatre. It was in that year that Spenser, in his Colin Clout 's Come Home Again, alluding to Shakespeare under the name of Aëtion, or "eagle-like," paid him this compliment: —

> "And there, though last, not least, is Aëtion;
> A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found;
> Whose muse, full of high thought's invention,
> Doth, like himself, heroically sound."

Four years after this, in 1598, Francis Meres published his book entitled Palladis Tamia, a very interesting contribution to literary history. The author, who had been an instructor in rhetoric in the University of Oxford, was then living in London, near the Globe Theatre. In this book Meres tells his readers that "the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugared sonnets among

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his private friends, etc. . . . As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage: for comedy, witness his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love's Labour 's Lost, his Love's Labour 's Wonne,[1] his Midsummer Night's Dream, and his Merchant of Venice; for tragedy, his Richard II., Richard III., Henry IV., King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet. As Epius Stolo said that the Muses would speak with Plautus's tongue if they would speak Latin, so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine filed phrase if they would speak English." In other passages Meres mentions Shakespeare's lyrical quality, for which he likens him to Pindar and Catullus, and the glory of his style, for which he places him along with Virgil and Homer. It thus appears that at the age of thirty-four this poet from Stratford was already ranked by critical scholars by the side of the greatest names of antiquity. Let us add that the popularity of his plays was making *him a somewhat wealthy man*, so that he had relieved his father from pecuniary troubles, and had just bought for himself the Great House at Stratford where the last years of his life were spent. His income seems already to have been equivalent to $10,000 a year in our modern money. His position had come to be such that he could extend patronage to others. It was in 1598 that through his influence Ben Jonson obtained, after many rebuffs, his first hearing before a London audience, when *Every Man in his Humour* was brought out at Blackfriars Theatre, with Shakespeare acting one of the parts.

To suppose that such a man as this, in a town the size of Minneapolis, connected with a principal theatre, writer of the most popular plays of the day, a poet whom men were already coupling with Homer and Pindar, — to suppose that such a man was not known to all the educated people in the town is simply absurd. There were probably very few men, women, or children in London, between 1595 and 1610, who did not know who Shakespeare was when he passed them in the street; and as for such wits as drank ale and sack at the Mermaid, as for Raleigh and Bacon and Selden and the rest, to suppose that Shakespeare did not know them well — nay, to suppose that he was not the leading spirit and brightest wit of those ambrosial nights — is about as sensible as to suppose that he never saw a maypole.

The facts thus far contemplated point to one conclusion. The son of a well-to-do magistrate in a small country town is born with a genius which the world has never seen surpassed. Coming to London at the age of twenty-one, he achieves such swift success that within thirteen years he is recognized as one of the chief glories of English literature. During this time he is living in the midst of such a period of intellectual ferment as the world has seldom seen, and in a position which necessarily brings him into frequent contact with all the most cultivated men. Under such circumstances, there is nothing in the smallest degree strange or surprising in his acquiring the varied knowledge which his plays exhibit. The major premise of the Delia-Baconians has, therefore, nothing in it whatever. It is a mere bubble, an empty vagary, — only this, and nothing more.

Before leaving this part of the subject, however, there are still one or two points of interest to be mentioned. Shakespeare shows a fondness for the use of phrases and illustrations taken from the law; and on such grounds our Delia-Baconians argue that the plays must have been written by an eminent lawyer, such as the Lord Chancellor Bacon undoubtedly was. They feel

[1] The comedy afterward developed into All 's Well that Ends Well.

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that this is a great point on their side. One instance, cited by Nathaniel Holmes and other Baconizers, is the celebrated case of Sir James Hales, who committed suicide by drowning, and was accordingly buried at the junction of cross-roads, with a stake through his body, while all his property was forfeited to the Crown. Presently his widow brought suit for an estate by survivorship in joint-tenancy. Her case turned upon the question whether the forfeiture occurred during her late husband's lifetime: if it did, he left no estate which she could take; if it did not, she took the estate by survivorship. The lady's counsel argued that so long as Sir James was alive he had not been guilty of suicide, and the instant he died the estate vested in his widow as joint-tenant. But the opposing counsel argued that the instant Sir James voluntarily made the fatal plunge, and therefore before the breath had left his body, the guilt of suicide was incurred and the forfeiture took place. The court decided in favor of this view, and the widow got nothing.

There can be little doubt that this decision is travestied in the conversation of the two clowns in Hamlet with regard to Ophelia's right to Christian burial. The first clown makes precisely the point upon which the ingenious counsel for the defendant had rested his argument: "If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform." In making this distinction the counsel had maintained that the second branch, or the doing, was the only thing for the law to consider. The talk of the clowns brings out the humor of the case with Shakespeare's inimitable lightness of touch.

The report of the Hales case was published in the volume of Plowden's Reports which was issued in 1578; and Judge Holmes informs us that "there is not the slightest ground for a belief, on the facts which we know, that Shakespeare ever looked into Plowden's Reports." This is one of the cases where your stern Baconizer will not hear of anything short of absolute demonstration. Mere considerations of human probability might disturb the cogency of a neat little pair of syllogisms: —

(1.) The author of Hamlet must have read Plowden. Shakespeare never read Plowden. Therefore Shakespeare was not the author of Hamlet.

(2.) The author of Hamlet must have read Plowden. The lawyer, Bacon, must have read Plowden. Therefore Bacon wrote Hamlet.

With regard to the major premise here, one may freely deny it. The author of Hamlet might easily have got all the knowledge involved from an evening chat with some legal friend at an ale-house. Then as to the minor premise, what earthly improbability is there in Shakespeare's having dipped into Plowden? Can nobody but lawyers or law students enjoy reading reports of law cases? I remember that when I was about ten years old, a favorite book with me was one entitled Criminal Trials of All Countries, by a Member of the Philadelphia Bar. I read it and read it, until forbidden to read such a gruesome book, and then I read it all the more. One of the most elaborate reports in it was that of the famous case of Captain Donellan, tried in 1780 on a charge of poisoning; and if I did not forthwith write a play and take the occasion to ridicule the judge's charge to the jury, it was because I could not write a play, not because I did not fully appreciate the insult to law and common sense which that unfortunate case involved. In view of this and other experiences, when I now read a play or a novel that contains an intelligent allusion to some law case, I am far from feeling driven to the conclusion that it must have been written by a lord chancellor.

If Shakespeare's dramas are proved by such internal evidence to have been

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written by a lawyer, that lawyer, by parity of reasoning, could hardly have been Francis Bacon. For he was pre-eminently a chancery lawyer, and chancery phrases are in Shakespeare conspicuously absent. The word "injunctions" occurs five times in the plays, once perhaps with a reference to its legal use (Merchant of Venice, II. ix.); but nowhere do we find any exhibition of a knowledge of chancery law. His allusions to the common law are often very amusing, as when, in Love's Labour's Lost, at the end of a brisk punning-match between Boyet and Maria, he offers to kiss her, laughingly asking for a grant of pasture on her lips, and she replies, "Not so, my lips are no common, though several they be." Again, in The Comedy of Errors, "Dromio asserts that there is no time for a bald man to recover his hair. This having been written, the law phrase suggested itself, and he was asked whether he might not do it by fine and recovery, and this suggested the efficiency of that proceeding to bar heirs; and this started the conceit that thus the lost hair of another man would be recovered." [1] In such quaint allusions to the common law and its proceedings Shakespeare abounds, and we cannot help remembering that Nash, in his prefatory epistle to Greene's Menaphon, printed about 1589, makes sneering mention of Shakespeare as a man who had left the "trade of Noverint," whereunto he was born, in order to try his hand at tragedy. The "trade of Noverint" was a slang expression for the business of attorney, and this passage has suggested that Shakespeare may have spent some time in a law office, as student or as clerk, either before leaving Stratford, or perhaps soon after his arrival in London. This seems to me not improbable. On the other hand, The Merchant of Venice contains such crazy law that it is hard to imagine it coming even from a lawyer's clerk. At all events, we may safely say that the legal knowledge exhibited in the plays is no more than might readily have been acquired by a man of assimilative genius associating with lawyers. It simply shows the range and accuracy of Shakespeare's powers of observation.

Let us come now to the second part of the Delia Bacon theory. Having satisfied herself that William Shakespeare could not have written the poems and plays published under his name, she jumped to the conclusion that Francis Bacon was the author. Surely, a singular choice! Of all men, why Francis Bacon? [2] Why not, as I said before, George Chapman or Ben Jonson, men who were at once learned scholars and great poets? Chapman, like Marlowe, could write the "mighty line." Jonson had rare lyric power; his verses sing, as witness the wonderful "Do but look on her eyes," which Francis Bacon could no more have written than he could have jumped over the moon. To pitch upon Bacon as the writer of Twelfth Night or Romeo and Juliet is about as sensible as to assert that David Copperfield must have been written by Charles Darwin. After a familiar acquaintance of more than forty years with Shakespeare's works, of nearly forty years with Bacon's, the two men impress me as simply antipodal one to the other. A similar feeling was entertained by the late Mr. Spedding, the biographer and editor of Bacon; and no one has more happily hit off the vagaries of the Baconizers than the foremost Bacon scholar now living, Dr. Kuno Fischer, in his recent address before the Shakespeare Society at Weimar. [3] I used to wonder whether the Bacon-Shakespeare people really knew anything about Bacon, and

[1] Davis, The Law in Shakespeare, St. Paul, 1884.

[2] There is reason for believing that this choice was an instance of the megalomania developed by Miss Bacon's malady. She imagined a remote kinship between herself and Lord Bacon. Possibly there may have been such kinship.

[3] Fischer, Shakespeare und die Bacon-Mythen, Heidelberg, 1895.

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now that chance has led me to read their books I am quite sure they do not. To their minds his works are simply a storehouse of texts which serve them for controversial missiles, very much as scattered texts from the Bible used to serve our uncritical grandfathers.

Francis Bacon was one of the most interesting persons of his time, and, as is often the case with such many-sided characters, posterity has held various opinions about him. On the one hand, his fame has grown brighter with the years; on the other hand, it has come to be more or less circumscribed and limited. Pope's famous verse, "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," may be disputed in all its three specifications. Bacon's treatment of Essex, which formerly called forth such bitter condemnation, has been, I think, completely justified; and as for the taking of bribes, which led to his disgrace, there were circumstances which ought largely to mitigate the severity of our judgment. But if Bacon was far from being a mean example of human nature, it is surely an exaggeration to call him the wisest and brightest of mankind. He was a scholar and critic of vast accomplishments, a writer of noble English prose, and a philosopher who represented rather than inaugurated a most beneficial revolution in the aims and methods of scientific inquiry. He is one of the real glories of English literature, but he is also one of the most overrated men of modern times. When we find Macaulay saying that Bacon had "the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men," we need not be surprised to find that his elaborate essay on Bacon is as false in its fundamental conception as it is inaccurate in details. For a long time it was one of the accepted commonplaces that Bacon inaugurated the method by which modern discoveries in physical science have been made. Early in the present century such writers on the history of science as Whewell began to show the incorrectness of this notion, and it was completely exploded by Stanley Jevons in his Principles of Science, the most profound treatise on method that has appeared in the last fifty years. Jevons writes: "It is wholly a mistake to say that modern science is the result of the Baconian philosophy; it is the Newtonian philosophy and the Newtonian method which have led to all the great triumphs of physical science, and . . . the Principia forms the true Novum Organon." This statement of Jevons is thoroughly sound. The great Harvey, who knew how scientific discoveries are made, said with gentle sarcasm that Bacon "wrote philosophy like a lord chancellor;" yet Harvey would not have denied that the chancellor was doing noble service as the eloquent expounder of many sides of the scientific movement that was then gathering strength. Bacon's mind was eminently sagacious and fertile in suggestions, but the supreme creative faculty, the power to lead men into new paths, was precisely the thing which he did not possess. His place is a very high one among intellects of the second order; to rank him with such godlike spirits as Newton, Spinoza, and Leibnitz is simply absurd.

So much for Bacon himself. With regard to him as possible author of the Shakespeare poems and plays, it is difficult to imagine so learned a scholar making the kind of mistakes that abound in those writings. Bacon would hardly have introduced clocks into the Rome of Julius Cæsar; nor would he have made Hector quote Aristotle, nor Hamlet study at the University of Wittenberg, founded five hundred years after Hamlet's time; nor would he have put pistols into the age of Henry IV., nor cannon into the age of King John; and we may be pretty sure that he would not have made one of the characters in King Lear talk about Turks and Bedlam. In this severely realistic age of

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ours, writers are more on their guard against such anachronisms than they were in Shakespeare's time; in his works we cannot call them serious blemishes, for they do not affect the artistic character of the plays, but they are certainly such mistakes as a scholar like Bacon would not have committed.

Deeper down lies the contrast involved in the fact that Bacon was in a high degree a subjective writer, from whom you are perpetually getting revelations of his idiosyncrasies and moods, whereas of all writers in the world Shakespeare is the most completely objective, the most absorbed in the work of creation. In the one writer you are always reminded of the man Bacon; in the other the personality is never thrust into sight. Bacon is highly self-conscious; from Shakespeare self-consciousness is absent.

The contrast is equally great in respect of humor. I would not deny that Bacon relished a joke, or could perpetrate a pun; but the bubbling, seething, frolicsome, irrepressible drollery of Shakespeare is something quite foreign to him. Read his essays, and you get charming English, wide knowledge, deep thought, keen observation, worldly wisdom, good humor, sweet serenity; but exuberant fun is not there. In writing these essays Bacon was following an example set by Montaigne, but as contrasted with the delicate effervescent humor of the Frenchman his style seems sober and almost insipid. Only fancy such a man trying to write The Merry Wives of Windsor!

Both Shakespeare and Bacon were sturdy and rapacious purloiners. They seized upon other men's bright thoughts and made them their own without compunction and without acknowledgment; and this may account for sundry similarities which may be culled from the plays and from Bacon's works, upon which Baconizing text-mongers are wont to lay great stress as proof of common authorship. Some such resemblances may be due to borrowing from common sources; others are doubtless purely fanciful; others indicate either that Shakespeare cribbed from Bacon, or *vice versa*. Here are a few miscellaneous instances.

Where Bacon says, "Be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others" (Essay of Wisdom), Shakespeare says:

> "To thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."
> (Hamlet, I. iii.)

This looks as if one writer might have copied from the other. If so, it is Bacon who is the thief, for the lines occur in the quarto Hamlet published in 1603, whereas the Essay of Wisdom was first published in 1612.

Again, where Bacon, in the Essay of Gardens, says, "The breath of flowers comes and goes like the warbling of music," it reminds one strongly of the exquisite passage in Twelfth Night where the Duke exclaims: —

> "That strain again! it had a dying fall:
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour."

I have little doubt that Bacon had this passage in mind when he wrote the Essay of Gardens, which was first published in 1625, two years later than the complete folio of Shakespeare. This effectually disposes of the attempt to cite these correspondences in evidence that Bacon wrote the plays.

Another instance is from Richard III.: —

> "By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
> Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
> The waters swell before a boisterous storm."

Bacon, in the Essay of Sedition, writes, "As there are . . . secret swellings of seas before a tempest, so there are in states." But this essay was not published till 1625, so again we find him copying Shakespeare. Many such "parallelisms," cited to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's works, do really prove that he read them with great care

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and remembered them well, or else took notes from them.

An interesting illustration of the helpless ignorance shown by Baconizers is furnished by a remark of Sir Toby Belch, in Twelfth Night. In his instructions to that dear old simpleton Sir Andrew Aguecheek about the challenge, Sir Toby observes, "If thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss." In Elizabethan English, to address a man as "thou" was to treat him as socially inferior; such familiarity was allowable only between members of the same family or in speaking to servants, just as you address your wife, and likewise the cook and housemaid, by their Christian names, while with the ladies of your acquaintance such familiarity would be rudeness. The same rule for the pronoun survives to-day in French and German, but has been forgotten in English. In the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh in 1604, Justice Coke insulted the prisoner by calling out, "Thou viper! for I *thou* thee, thou traitor!" Now, one of our Baconizers thinks that his idol, in writing Twelfth Night, introduced Sir Toby's suggestion in order to recall to the audience Coke's abusive remark. Once more a little attention to dates would have prevented the making of a bad blunder. We know from Manningham's Diary that Twelfth Night had been on the stage nearly two years before Raleigh's trial. On the other hand, to say that the play might have suggested to Coke his coarse speech would be admissible, but idle, inasmuch as the expression "to *thou* a man" was an every-day phrase in that age.

Here it naturally occurs to us to mention the Promus, about which as much fuss has been made as if it really furnished evidence in support of the Bacon folly. There is in the British Museum a manuscript in Bacon's handwriting, entitled Promus of Formularies and Elegancies. "Promus" means "storehouse" or "treasury." A date at the top of the first page shows that it was begun in December, 1594; there is nothing, I believe, to show over how many years it extended. It is a scrap-book in which Bacon jotted down such sentences, words, and phrases as struck his fancy, such as might be utilized in his writings. These neatly turned phrases, these "formularies and elegancies," are gathered from all quarters, — from the Bible, from Virgil and Horace, from Ovid and Seneca, from Erasmus, from collections of proverbs in various languages, etc. As there is apparently nothing original in this scrap-bag, Mr. Spedding did not think it worth while to include it in his edition of Bacon's works, but in the fourteenth volume he gives a sufficient description of it, with illustrative extracts. In 1883 Mrs. Henry Pott published the whole of this Promus manuscript, and swelled it by comments and dissertations into a volume of 600 octavo pages. She had found in it several hundred expressions which reminded her of passages in Shakespeare, and so it confirmed her in the opinion which she already entertained, that Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's works. Thus, when the Promus has a verse from Ovid, which means, "And the forced tongue begins to lisp the sound commanded," it reminds Mrs. Pott of divers lines in which Shakespeare uses the word "lisp," as for example in As You Like It, "you lisp, and wear strange suits;" and she jumps to the conclusion that when Bacon jotted down the verse from Ovid, it was as a preparatory study toward As You Like It and any other play that contains the word "lisp:" therefore Bacon wrote all those plays, *Q. E. D.!* On the next page we find Virgil's remark, "Thus was I wont to compare great things with small," made the father of Falstaff's "base comparisons," and Fluellen's "Macedon and Monmouth," as well as honest Dogberry's "comparisons are odorous." When one reads such things, evidently printed in all seriousness, one

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feels like asking Mrs. Pott, in the apt words of Shakespeare's friend Fletcher, "What mare's nest hast thou found?" (Bonduca, V. ii.)

There are many phrases, however, in the Promus, which undoubtedly agree with phrases in the plays. They show that Bacon heard or read the plays with great interest, and culled from them his "elegancies" with no stinted hand. As for Mrs. Pott's bulky volume, it brings us so near to the final *reductio ad absurdum* of the Bacon theory that we hardly need spend many words upon the gross improbabilities which that theory involves. The plays of Shakespeare were universally ascribed to him by his contemporaries; many of them were published during his lifetime, with his name upon the title-page as the author; all were collected and published together by Hemminge and Condell, two of his fellow actors, seven years after his death; and for more than two centuries nobody ever dreamed of looking for a different authorship or of associating the plays with Bacon. But this Chimborazo of *prima facie* evidence becomes a mere mole-hill in the hands of your valiant Baconizer. It is all clear to him. Bacon did not acknowledge the authorship of these works, because such literature was deemed frivolous, and current prejudices against theatres and playwrights might injure his hopes of advancement at the bar and in political life. Therefore, by some sort of private understanding with the ignorant and sordid wretch Shakespeare,[1] at whose theatre they were brought out, their authorship was ascribed to him, the real author died without revealing the secret, and the whole world was deceived until the days of Delia Bacon.

But there are questions which even this ingenious hypothesis fails to answer. Why should Bacon have taken the time to write those thirty-seven plays, two poems, and one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, if they were never to be known as his works? Not for money, surely, for that grasping Shakespeare seems to have got the money as well as the fame; Bacon died a poor man. His principal aim in life was to construct a new system of philosophy; on this noble undertaking he spent such time as he could save from the exactions of his public career as member of Parliament, chancery lawyer, solicitor-general, attorney-general, lord chancellor; and he died with this work far from finished. The volumes which he left behind him were only fragments of the mighty structure which he had planned. We may well ask, Where did this overburdened writer find the time for doing work of another kind voluminous enough to fill a lifetime, and what motive had he for doing it without recompense in either fame or money? Baconizers find it strange that Shakespeare's will contains no reference to his plays as literary property. The omission is certainly interesting, since it seems to indicate that he had parted with his pecuniary interest in them,—had perhaps sold it out to the Globe Theatre. If this omission can be held to show that Shakespeare was lacking in fondness for the productions of his own genius, what shall be said of the notion that Bacon spent half his life in writing works the paternity of which he must forever disown?

This question is answered by Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, a writer who speculates with equal infelicity on all subjects, but never suffers for lack of boldness. He published in 1887 a book even bigger than that of Mrs. Pott, for it has nearly 1000 pages. Its title is The Great Cryptogram, and its thesis is that Bacon did claim the authorship of the Shakespeare plays. Only the claim was made in a cipher, and if you simply make some numbers mean some

[1] The Baconizers usually delight in berating poor Shakespeare, making much of the deer-stealing business, the circumstances of his marriage, etc.

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words, and other words mean other numbers, and perform a good many sums in addition and subtraction, you will be able to read this claim between the lines, along with much other wonderful information. Thus does Mr. Donnelly carry us quite a long stride nearer to the reductio ad absurdum, or suicide point, than we were left by Mrs. Pott.

But before we come to the jumping-off place, let us pause for a moment and take a retrospective glance at the natural history of the Bacon-Shakespeare craze. What was it that first unlocked the sluice-gates, and poured forth such a deluge of foolishness upon a sorely suffering world? It will hardly do to lay the blame upon poor Delia Bacon. Her suggestions would have borne no fruit had they not found a public, albeit a narrow one, in some degree prepared for them. Who, then, prepared the soil for the seeds of this idiocy to take root? Who but the race of fond and foolish Shakespeare commentators, with their absurd claims for their idol? During the eighteenth century Shakespeare was generally underrated. Voltaire wondered how a nation that possessed such a noble tragedy as Addison's Cato could endure such plays as Hamlet and Othello. In the days of Scott and Burns a reaction set in; and Shakespeare-worship reached its height when the Germans took it up, and, not satisfied with calling him the prince of poets, began to discover in his works all sorts of hidden philosophy and impossible knowledge. Of the average German mind Lowell good-naturedly says that "it finds its keenest pleasure in divining a profound significance in the most trifling things, and the number of mare's nests that have been stared into by the German *Gelehrter* through his spectacles passes calculation." (Literary Essays, ii. 163.) But the Germans are not the only sinners; let me cite an instance from near home. In the quarto Hamlet of 1603 we read: —

> "Full forty years are past, their date is gone,
> Since happy time joined both our hearts as one:
> And now the blood that filled my youthful veins
> Runs weakly in their pipes," etc.

Whereupon Mr. Edward Vining calls upon us to observe how Shakespeare, "to whom all human knowledge seems to be but a matter of instinct, in [these lines] asserts the circulation of the blood in the veins and 'pipes,' a truth which Harvey probably did not even suspect until at least thirteen years later," etc.[1] Does Mr. Vining really suppose that what Harvey did was to discover that blood runs in our veins? A little further study of history would have taught him that even the ancients knew that blood runs in the veins.[2] About fourteen hundred years before Hamlet was written, Galen proved that it also runs in the arteries. After Galen's time, it was believed that the dark blood nourishes such plebeian organs as the liver, while the bright blood nourishes such lordly organs as the brain, and that the interchange takes place in the heart; until the sixteenth century, when Vesalius proved that the interchange does not take place in the heart, and the martyr Servetus proved that it does take place in the lungs; and so on till 1619, when Harvey discovered that dark blood is brought by the veins to the right side of the heart, and thence driven into the lungs, where it becomes bright and flows into the left side of the heart, thence to be propelled throughout the body in the arteries. That it then grows dark and returns through the veins Harvey believed, but no one could tell how until, forty years later, Malpighi with his microscope detected the capillaries. Now, to talk about Shakespeare discerning as if by instinct a truth which Har-

[1] The Bankside Shakespeare, vol. xi. p. xi.

[2] The writings of Hippocrates abound in examples, as in his interesting explanation of congestion, extravasation, etc. (De Ventis, x.), to cite one instance out of a thousand.

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vey afterward discovered is simply silly. Instead of showing rare scientific knowledge, his remark about blood running in the veins is one that anybody might have made.

This is a fair specimen of the way in which doting commentators have built up an impossible Shakespeare, until at last they have provoked a reaction. Sooner or later the question was sure to arise, Where did your Stratford boy get all this abstruse scientific knowledge? The key-note was perhaps first sounded by August von Schlegel, who persuaded himself that Shakespeare had mastered "all the things and relations of this world," and then went on to declare that the accepted account of his life must be a mere fable. Thus we reach the point from which Delia Bacon started.

It may safely be said that all theories of Shakespeare's plays which suppose them to be attempts at teaching occult philosophical doctrines, or which endow them with any other meanings than those which their words directly and plainly convey, are a delusion and a snare. Those plays were written, not to teach philosophy, but to fill the theatre and make money. They were written by a practiced actor and manager, the most consummate master of dramatic effects that ever lived; a poet unsurpassed for fertility of invention, unequaled for melody of language, unapproached for delicacy of fancy, inexhaustible in humor, profoundest of moralists; a man who knew human nature by intuition, as Mozart knew counterpoint or as Chopin knew harmony. The name of that writer was none other than William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon.

It was inevitable that the Bacon folly, after once adopting such methods as those of Mrs. Pott and Mr. Donnelly, should proceed to commit suicide by piling up extravagances. By such methods one can prove anything, and accordingly we find these writers busy in tracing Bacon's hand in the writings of Greene, Marlowe, Shirley, Marston, Massinger, Middleton, and Webster. They are sure that he was the author of Montaigne's Essays, which were afterward translated into what we have always supposed to be the French original. Mr. Donnelly believes that Bacon also wrote Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. Next comes Dr. Orville Owen with a new cipher, which proves that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth by Robert Dudley, and that he was the author of the Faerie Queene and other poems attributed to Edmund Spenser. Finally we have Mr. J. E. Roe, who does not mean to be outdone. He asks us what we are to think of the notion that an ignorant tinker, like John Bunyan, could have written the most perfect allegory in any language. Perish the thought! Nobody but Bacon could have done it. Of course Bacon had been more than fifty years in his grave when Pilgrim's Progress was published as Bunyan's. But your true Baconizer is never stopped by trifles. Mr. Roe assures us that Bacon wrote that heavenly book, as well as Robinson Crusoe and the Tale of a Tub; which surely begins to make him seem ubiquitous and everlasting. If things go on at this rate, we shall presently have a religious sect, holding as its first article of faith that Francis Bacon created the heavens and the earth in six days, and rested on the seventh day.

John Fiske.

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CALEB WEST.

V.

AUNTY BELL'S KITCHEN.

THE storm was still raging, the wind beating in fierce gusts against the house and rattling the window-panes, when Sanford awoke in the low-ceiled room always reserved for him at Captain Joe's.

"Terrible dirty, ain't it?" the captain called, as he came in with a hearty good-morning and threw open the green blinds. "I guess she 'll scale off; it 's hauled a leetle s'uth'ard since daylight. The glass is a-risin', too. Aunty Bell says breakfas' 's ready jes' 's soon 's you be."

"All right, captain. Don't wait. I 'll come in ten minutes," replied Sanford, picking up his big sponge.

Outside the little windows a wide-armed tree swayed in the storm, its budding branches tapping the panes. Sanford drew aside the white dimity curtains and looked out. The garden was dripping, and the plank walk that ran to the swinging-gate was glistening in the driving rain.

These sudden changes in the weather did not affect Sanford's plans. Bad days were to be expected, and the loss of time at an exposed site like that of the Ledge was always considered in the original estimate of the cost of the structure. If the sea prevented the landing of stone for a day or so, the sloop, as he knew, could load a full cargo of blocks from the stone wharf across the road, now hidden by the bursting lilacs in the captain's garden; or the men could begin on the iron parts of the new derricks, and if it cleared, as Captain Joe predicted, they could trim the masts and fit the bands. Sanford turned cheerfully from the window, and began dressing for the day.

The furniture and appointments about him were of the plainest. There were a bed, a wash-stand and a portable tub, three chairs, and a small table littered with drawing materials. Dimity curtains hung at the windows, and the bureau was covered with a freshly laundered white Marseilles cover. On the walls were tacked mechanical drawings, showing cross-sections of the several courses of masonry, — prospective views of the concrete base and details of the cisterns and cellars of the lighthouse. Each of these was labeled "Shark Ledge Lighthouse. Henry Sanford, Contractor," and signed, "W. A. Carleton, Asst. Supt. U. S. L. Estb't." In one corner of the room rested a field level, and a pole with its red and white target.

The cottage itself was on the main shore road leading from the village to Keyport Light, and a little removed from the highway. It was a two-story double house, divided by a narrow hall with rooms on either side. In the rear were the dining-room and kitchen. Overlooking the road in front was a wide portico with sloping roof.

There were two outside doors belonging to the house. These were always open. They served two purposes, — to let in the air and to let in the neighbors. The neighbors included everybody who happened to be passing, from the doctor to the tramp. This constant stream of visitors always met in the kitchen, really the cheeriest and cosiest room in the house, — a low-ceiled, old-fashioned interior, full of nooks and angles, that had for years adapted itself to everybody's wants and ministered to everybody's comfort.

The fittings and furnishings of this delightful room were as simple as they were convenient. On one side, opposite the door, were the windows, looking out upon the garden, their sills filled with plants in winter. In the far corner stood a pine dresser painted bright green, decorated

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with rows of plates and saucers set up on edge, besides various dishes and platters, all glistening from the last touch of Aunty Bell's hand polish. Next to the dresser was a broad, low settle, also of pine and also bright green, except where countless pairs of overalls had worn the paint away. There were chairs of all kinds, — rockers for winter nights, and more restful straight-backs for meal-times. There was a huge table, with always a place for one more. There was a mantel-rest for pipes and knick-knacks, — never known to be without a box of matches, — and a nautical almanac. There were rows of hooks nailed to the backs of the doors, especially adapted to rubber coats and oilskins. And last of all, there was a fresh, sweet-smelling, brass-hooped cedar bucket, tucked away in a corner under the stairs, with a cocoanut dipper that had helped to cool almost every throat from Keyport Village to Keyport Light.

But it was the stove that made this room unique: not an ordinary, commonplace cooking-machine, but a big, generous, roomy arrangement, pushed far back out of everybody's way, with outriggers for broiling, and capacious ovens for baking, and shelves for keeping things hot, besides big and little openings on top for pots and kettles and frying-pans, of a pattern unknown to the modern chef; each and every one dearly prized by the little woman who burnt her face to a blazing red in its service. This cast-iron embodiment of all the hospitable virtues was the special pride of Aunty Bell, the captain's wife, a neat, quick, busy woman, about half the size of the captain in height, width, and thickness. Into its recesses she poured the warmth of her heart, and from out of its capacious receptacles she took the products of her bounty. Every kettle sang to please her, and every fire she built crackled and laughed at her bidding.

When Sanford entered there was hardly room enough to move. A damp, sweet smell of fresh young grass came in at an open window. Through the door could be seen the wet graveled walks, washed clean by the storm, over which hopped one or more venturesome robins in search of the early worm.

Carleton, the government inspector, sat near the door, his chair tilted back. In the doorway itself stood Miss Peebles, the schoolmistress, an angular, thin, mild-eyed woman, in a rain-varnished waterproof. She was protesting that she was too wet to come in, and could n't stop a minute. Near the stove stooped Bill Lacey, drying his jacket. Around the walls and on the window-sills were other waifs, temporarily homeless, — two from the paraphernalia dock (regular boarders these), and a third, the captain of the tug, whose cook was drunk. On the door-mat lay a dog that everybody stepped over, and under the dresser sat a silent, contemplative cat, with one eye on the table.

All about the place — now in the pantry, now in the kitchen, now with a big dish, now with a pile of dishes or a pitcher of milk — bustled Aunty Bell, with a smile of welcome and a cheery word for every one who came.

Nobody, of course, had come to breakfast, — that was seen from the way in which everybody insisted he had just dropped in for a moment out of the wet to see the captain, hearing he was home from the Ledge, and from the alacrity with which everybody, one after another, as the savory smells of fried fish and soft clams filled the room, forgot his good resolutions and drew up his chair to the hospitable board.

Most of them told the truth about wanting to see the captain. Since his sojourn among them, and without any effort of his own, he had filled the position of adviser, protector, and banker to about half the people along the shore. He had fought Miss Peebles's battle, when the school trustees wanted the girl from Norwich to have her place. He had recommended the tug captain to the tow-

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ing company, and had coached him overnight to insure his getting a license in the morning. He had indorsed Caleb West's note to make up the last payment on the cabin he had bought to put his young wife Betty in; and when the new furniture had come over from Westerly, he had sent two of his men to unload it, and had laid some of the carpets himself the Saturday Betty expected Caleb in from the Ledge, and wanted to have the house ready for his first Sunday at home.

When Mrs. Bell announced breakfast, Captain Joe, in his shirt-sleeves, took his seat at the head of the table, and with a hearty, welcoming wave of his hand invited everybody to sit down, — Carleton first, of course, he being the man of authority, representing to the working man that mysterious, intangible power known as the "government."

Carleton generally stopped in at the captain's if the morning were stormy; it was nearer his lodgings than the farmhouse where he took his meals — and then breakfast at the captain's cost nothing! He had come in on this particular day ostensibly to protest about the sloop's having gone to the Ledge without a notification to him. He had begun by saying, with much bluster, that he did n't know about the one stone that Caleb West was reported to have set; that nothing would be accepted unless he was satisfied, and nothing paid for by the department without his signature. But he ended in great good humor when the captain invited him to breakfast and placed him at his own right hand. Carleton liked little distinctions when made in his favor; he considered them due to his position.

The superintendent was a type of his class. His appointment at Shark Ledge Light had been secured through the efforts of a brother-in-law who was a custom-house inspector. Before his arrival at Keyport he had never seen a stone laid or a batch of concrete mixed. To this ignorance of the ordinary methods of construction was added an overpowering sense of his own importance coupled with the knowledge that the withholding of a certificate — the superintendent could choose his own time for giving it — might embarrass everybody connected with the work. He was not dishonest, however, and had no faults more serious than those of ignorance, self-importance, and conceit. This last broke out in his person: he wore a dyed mustache and a yellow diamond shirt-pin, and — was proud of his foot.

Captain Joe understood the superintendent thoroughly. "Ain't it cur'us," he would sometimes say, "that a man 's old 's him is willin' ter set round all day knowin' he don't know nothin', never larnin', an' yit allus afeard some un 'll find it out?" Then, as the helplessness of the man rose in his mind, he would add, "Well, poor critter, somebody 's got ter support him; guess the guv'ment 's th' best paymaster fur him."

When breakfast was over, the skipper of the Screamer dropped in to make his first visit, shaking the water from his oilskins as he entered.

"Pleased to meet yer, Mis' Bell," he said in his bluff, wholesome way, acknowledging the captain's introduction to Mrs. Bell, then casting his eyes about for a seat, and finally taking a vacant window-sill.

"Give me your hat an' coat, and do have breakfast, Captain Brandt," said Mrs. Bell in a tone as cheery as if it were the first meal she had served that day.

"No, thank ye, I had some 'board sloop," replied Captain Brandt.

"Here, cap'n, take my seat," said Captain Joe. "I 'm goin' out ter see how the weather looks." He picked up the first hat he came to, — as was his custom, — and disappeared through the open door, followed by nearly all the seafaring men in the room.

As the men passed out, each one

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reached for his oilskin hanging behind the wooden door, and waddling out like penguins they stood huddled together in the driving rain, their eyes turned skyward. Each man diagnosed the weather for himself. Six doctors over a patient with a hidden disease are never so impressive nor so obstinate as six seafaring men over a probable change of wind. The drift of the cloud-rack scudding in from the sea, the clearness of the air, the current of the upper clouds, were each silently considered. No opinions were given. It was for Captain Joe to say what he thought of the weather. Clearing weather meant one kind of work for them, — fitting derricks, perhaps, — a continued storm meant another.

If the captain arrived at any conclusion, it was not expressed. He had walked down to the gate and leaned over the palings, looking up at the sky across the harbor, and then behind him toward the west. The rain trickled unheeded down his sou'wester and fell upon his blue flannel shirt. He looked up and down the road at the passers-by tramping along in the wet: the twice-a-day postman, wearing an old army coat and black rubber cape; the little children huddled together under one umbrella, only the child in the middle keeping dry; and the butcher in the meat wagon with its white canvas cover and swinging scales. Suddenly he gave a quick cry, swung back the gate with the gesture of a rollicking boy, and opened both arms wide in a mock attempt to catch a young girl who sprang past him and dashed up the broad walk with a merry ringing laugh that brought every one to the outer door.

"Well, if I live!" exclaimed Mrs. Bell. "Mary Peebles, you jes' come here an' see Betty West. Ain't you got no better sense, Betty, than to come down in all this soakin' rain? Caleb 'll be dreadful mad, an' I don't blame him a mite. Come right in this minute and take that shawl off."

"I ain't wet a bit, Aunty Bell," laughed Betty, entering the room. "I got Caleb's high rubber boots on. Look at 'em. Ain't they big!" showing the great soles with all the animation of a child. "An' this shawl don't let no water through nowhere. Oh, but did n't it blow round my porch las' night!" Then turning to the captain, who had followed close behind, "I think you 're real mean, Cap'n Joe, to keep Caleb out all night on the Ledge. I was that dead lonely I could'er cried. Oh, is Mr. Sanford here?" she asked quickly, and with a little shaded tone of deference in her voice, as she caught sight of him in the next room. "I thought he 'd gone to New York. How do you do, Mr. Sanford?" with another laugh and a nod of her head, which Sanford as kindly returned.

"We come purty nigh leavin' everybody on the Ledge las' night, Betty, an' the sloop too," said Captain Joe, cocking his eye at the skipper as he spoke. Then in a more serious tone, "I lef' Caleb a-purpose, child. We got some stavin' big derricks to set, an' Mr. Sanford wants 'em up week arter next, an' there ain't nobody kin fix the anchor sockets but me an' Caleb. He 's at work on 'em now, an' I had to come back to git th' bands on 'em. He 'll be home for Sunday, little gal."

"Well, you jes' better, or I 'll lock up my place an' come right down here to Aunty Bell. Caleb warn't home but two nights last week, and it 's only the beginnin' of summer. I ain't like Aunty Bell, — she can't get lonely. Don't make no difference whether you 're home or not, this place is so chuck-full of folks you can't turn round in it; but 'way up where I live, you don't see a soul sometimes all day but a peddler. Oh, I jes' can't stand it, an' I won't. Land sakes, Aunty Bell, what a lot of folks you 've had for breakfast!"

Turning to the table, she picked up a pile of plates and carried them into the

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pantry to Miss Peebles, who was there helping in the wash-up.

Lacey, who had stopped to look after his coat when the men went out, watched her slender, graceful figure, and bright, cheery, joyous face, full of dimples and color and sparkle, the hair in short curls all over her head, the throat plump and white, the little ears nestling and half hidden.

She had been brought up in the next village, two miles away, and had come over every morning, when she was a girl, to Miss Peebles's school. Almost everybody knew her and loved her; Captain Joe cared for her as though she had been his own child. When Caleb gave up the light-ship Captain Joe established him with Betty's mother as boarder, and that was how the marriage came about.

When Betty returned to the room again, Carleton and Lacey were standing.

"Take this seat; you must be tired walking down so far," said Carleton, with a manner never seen in him except when some pretty woman was about.

"No, I'm not a bit tired, but I'll set down till I get these boots off. Aunty Bell, can you lend me a pair of slippers? One of these plaguy boots leaks."

"I'll take 'em off," offered Carleton, with a gesture of gallantry.

"You'll do nothin' of the kind!" she exclaimed, with a half-indignant toss of her head. "I'll take 'em off myself," and she turned her back, and slipped the boots from under her dress. "But you can take 'em to Aunty Bell an' swap 'em for her slippers," she added, with a merry laugh at the humor of her making the immaculate Carleton carry off Caleb's old boots. The slippers on, she thanked him, with a toss of her curls, and, turning her head, caught sight of Lacey.

"What are you doing here, Bill Lacey?" she asked. "Why ain't you at the Ledge?"

Although the young rigger had been but a short time on the captain's force, he had lost no part of it before trying to make himself agreeable, especially to the wives of the men. His white teeth flashed under the curling mustache.

"Captain wants me," he answered, "to fit some bands round the new derricks. We expect 'em over from Medford to-day, if it clears up."

"An' there ain't no doubt but what ye 'll get yer job, Billy," burst out the captain; "it 's breakin' now over Crotch Island," and he bustled again out of the open door, the men who had followed him turning back after him.

Carleton waited until he became convinced that no part of his personality burdened Betty's mind, and then, a little disconcerted by her evident preference for Lacey, joined Sanford in the next room. There he renewed his complaint about the enrockment block having been placed without a notification to him, and he became pacified only when Sanford invited him on the tug for a run to Medford to inspect Mrs. Leroy's new dining-room.

As Mrs. Bell and the schoolmistress were still in the pantry, a rattling of china marking their progress, the kitchen was empty except for Lacey and Betty. The young rigger, seeing no one within hearing, crossed the room to Betty, and, bending over her chair, said in a low tone, "Why did n't you come down to the dock yesterday when we was a-hoistin' the stone on the Screamer? 'Most everybody 'longshore was there."

"Oh, I don't know," returned Betty indifferently.

"Ye ought'er seen the old man," continued Lacey; "me an' him held the guy, and he was a-blowin' like a porpoise."

Betty did not answer. She knew how old Caleb was.

"Had n't been for me it would'er laid him out."

The girl started, and her eyes flashed. "Bill Lacey, Caleb knows more in a

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minute than you ever will in your whole life. You shan't talk that way about him, neither."

"Well, who 's a-talkin' ? " said Lacey, looking down at her, more occupied with the curve of her throat than with his reply.

"You are, an' you know it," she answered sharply.

"I did n't mean nothin', Betty. I ain't got nothin' agin him 'cept his gittin' *you*." Then in a lower tone, "You need n't take my head off, if I did say it."

"I ain't takin' your head off, Billy." She looked into his eyes for the first time, her voice softening. She was never angry with any one for long; besides, she felt older than he, and a certain boyishness in him appealed to her.

"You spoke awful cross," he said, bending until his lips almost touched her curls, "an' you know, Betty, there ain't a girl, married or single, up 'n' down this shore nor nowheres else, that I think as much of as I do you, an' if " —

"Here, now, Bill Lacey ! " came a quick, sharp voice.

The young rigger stepped back, and turned his head.

Captain Joe was standing in the doorway, *with one hand on the frame, an* ugly, determined expression filling his eyes.

"They want ye down ter the dock, young feller, jes' 's quick 's ye kin get there."

Lacey's face was scarlet. He looked at Captain Joe, picked up his hat, and walked down the garden path without a word.

Betty ran in to Aunty Bell.

When the two men reached the swinging-gate, Captain Joe laid his hand on Lacey's shoulder, whirled him round suddenly, and said in a calm, decided voice that carried conviction in every tone, "I don't say nothin', an' maybe ye don't mean nothin', but I 've been a-watchin' ye lately, an' I don't like yer ways, Bill Lacey. One thing, howsomever, I 'll tell ye, an' I don't want ye ter forgit it : if I ever ketch ye a-foolin' round Caleb West's lobster-pots, I 'll break yer damned head. Do ye hear ? "

VI.

A LITTLE DINNER FOR FIVE.

Sanford's apartments were in gala-dress. The divans of the salon were gay with new cushions of corn-yellow and pale green. The big table was resplendent in a new cloth, a piece of richly colored Oriental stuff that had been packed away and forgotten in an old wedding-chest that stood near one window. All the pipes, tobacco pouches, smoking-jackets, slippers, canes, Indian clubs, dumb-bells, and other bachelor belongings scattered about the rooms had been tucked out of sight, while books and magazines that had lain for weeks heaped up on chairs and low shelves, and unframed prints and photographs that had rested on the floor propped up against the wall and furniture, had been hidden in dark corners or hived in several portfolios.

On the table stood a brown majolica *jar taller than the lamp, holding a great* mass of dogwood and apple blossoms, their perfume filling the room. Every vase, umbrella jar, jug, and bit of pottery that could be pressed into service, was doing duty as flower-holder, while over the mantel and along the tops of the bookcases, and even over the doors themselves, streamed festoons of blossoms intertwined with smilax and trailing vines.

Against the tapestries covering the walls of the dining-room hung big wreaths of laurel tied with ribbons. The centre of one wreath was studded with violets, forming the initials H. S. The mantel was a bank of flowers. From the four antique silver church lamps suspended in the four corners of the room swung connecting festoons of

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smilax and blossoms. The dinner-table itself was set with the best silver, glass, and appointments that Sanford possessed. Some painted shades he had never seen before topped the tall wax candles.

Sanford smiled when he saw that covers had been laid for but five. That clever fellow Jack Hardy had been right in suggesting that so delicate a question as the choosing of the guests should be left in the hands of Mrs. Leroy. Her tact had been exquisite. Bock had been omitted, there were no superfluous women, and Jack could have his tête-à-tête with Helen undisturbed. With these two young persons happy, the dinner was sure to be a success.

Upon entering his office, he found that the decorative raid had extended even to this his most private domain. The copper helmet of a diving-dress — one he himself sometimes used when necessity required — had been propped up over his desk, the face-plate unscrewed, and the hollow opening filled with blossoms, their leaves curling about the brass buttons of the collar. The very drawing-boards had been pushed against the wall, and the rows of shelves holding his charts and detailed plans had been screened from sight by a piece of Venetian silk exhumed from the capacious interior of the old chest.

The corners of Sam's mouth touched his ears, and every tooth was lined up with a broad grin.

"Doan' ask me who done it, sah. I ain't had nuffin to do wid it, — wid nuffin but de table. I sot dat."

"Has Mrs. Leroy been here?" Sanford asked, coming into the dining-room, and looking again at the initials on the wall.

"Yaas 'r, an' Major Slocomb an' Mr. Hardy done come too. De gen'lemen bofe gone ober to de club. De major say he comin' back soon 's ever you gets here. But I ain't ter tell nuffin 'bout de flowers, sah. Massa Jack say ef I do he brek my neck, an' I 'spec's he will. But Lord, sah, dese ain't no flowers. Look at dis," he added, uncovering a great bunch of American Beauties, — "dat 's ter go 'longside de lady's plate. An' dat ain't ha'f of 'em. I got mos' a peck of dese yer rose-water roses in de pantry. Massa Jack gwine ter ask yer to sprinkle 'em all ober de table-cloth; says dat 's de way dey does in de fust famblies South."

Sanford, not wishing to betray his surprise further, turned towards the sideboard to fill his best decanter.

"Have the flowers I ordered come?" he asked.

"Yaas 'r, got 'em in de ice-chest. But Massa Jack say dese yere rose-water roses on de table-cloth 's a extry touch; don't hab dese high-toned South'n ladies ebery day, he say."

Sanford reëntered the salon and looked about. Every trace of its winter dress had gone. Even the heavy curtains at the windows had been replaced by some of a thin yellow silk. A suggestion of spring in all its brightness and promise was everywhere.

"That 's so like Kate," he said to himself. "She means that Helen and Jack shall be happy, at any rate. She 's missed it herself, poor girl. It 's an infernal shame. Bring in the roses, Sam: I 'll sprinkle them now before I dress. Any letters except these?" he added, looking through a package on the table, a shade of disappointment crossing his face as he pushed them back unopened.

"Yaas 'r, one on yo' bureau dat 's jus' come."

Sanford forgot his orders to Sam, and with a quick movement of his hand drew the curtains of his bedroom and disappeared inside. The letter was there, but he had barely broken the seal when the major's cheery, buoyant voice was heard in the outside room. The next instant the major pushed aside the curtains and peered in.

"Where is he, Sam? In here, did you say?"

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Not to have been able to violate the seclusion of even Sanford's bedroom at all times, night or day, would have grievously wounded the sensibilities of the distinguished Pocomokian; it would have implied a reflection on the closeness of their friendship. It was true he had met Sanford but half a dozen times, and it was equally true that he had never before crossed the threshold of this particular room. But these trifling formalities, mere incidental stages in a rapidly growing friendship, were immaterial to him.

"My dear boy, but it does my heart good to see you."

The major's arms, as he entered the room, were wide open. He hugged Sanford enthusiastically, patting his host's back with his fat hands over the spot where the suspenders crossed. Then he held him for a moment at arm's length.

"Let me look at you. Splendid, by gravy! fresh as a rose, suh, handsome as a picture! Just a trace of care under the eyes, though. I see the nights of toil, the hours of suffering. I wonder the brain of man can stand it. But the building of a lighthouse, the illumining of a pathway in the sea for those buffeting with the waves, — it is gloriously humane, suh!"

Suddenly his manner changed, and in a tone as grave and serious as if he were full partner in the enterprise and responsible for its success, the major laid his hand, this time confidingly, on Sanford's shirt-sleeve, and said, "How are we getting on at the Ledge, suh? Last time we talked it over, we were solving the problem of a colossal mass of — of — some stuff or other that" —

"Concrete," suggested Sanford, with *an air as serious as that of the major.* He loved to humor him.

"That 's it, — concrete; the name had for the moment escaped me, — concrete, suh, that was to form the foundation of the lighthouse."

Sanford assured the major that the concrete was being properly amalgamated, and discussed the laying of the mass in the same technical terms he would have used to a brother engineer, smiling meanwhile as the stream of the Pocomokian's questions ran on. He liked the major's glow and sparkle. He enjoyed most of all the never ending enthusiasm of the man, — that spontaneous outpouring which, like a bubbling spring, flows unceasingly, and always with the coolest and freshest water of the heart.

The major rippled on, new questions of his host only varying the outlet.

"And how is Miss Shirley?" asked the young engineer, throwing the inquiry into the shallows of the talk as a slight temporary dam.

"Like a moss rosebud, suh, with the dew on it. She and Jack have gone out for a drive in Jack's cart. He left me at the club, and I went over to his apartments to dress. I am staying with Jack, you know. Helen is with a school friend. I know, of cou'se, that yo'r dinner is not until eight o'clock, but I could not wait longer to grasp yo'r hand. Do you know, Sanford," with sudden animation and in a rising voice, "that the more I see of you, the more I" —

"And so you are coming to New York to live, major," said Sanford, dropping another pebble at the right moment into the very middle of the current.

The major recovered, filled, and broke through in a fresh place.

"Coming, suh? I have *come.* I have leased a po'tion of my estate to some capitalists from Philadelphia who are about embarking in a strawberry enterprise of very great magnitude. I want to talk to you about it later." (He had *rented one half of it* — the dry half, the half a little higher than the salt-marsh — to a huckster from Philadelphia, who was trying to raise early vegetables, and whose cash advances upon the rent had paid the overdue interest on the mortgage, leaving a margin hardly more

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than sufficient to pay for the suit of clothes he stood in, and his traveling expenses.)

By this time the constantly increasing pressure of his caller's enthusiasm had seriously endangered the possibility of Sanford's dressing for dinner. He glanced several times uneasily at his watch, lying open on the bureau before him, and at last, with a hurried "Excuse me, major," disappeared into his bath-room, and closed its flood-gate of a door, thus effectually shutting off the major's overflow, now perilously near the danger-line.

The Pocomokian paused for a moment, looked wistfully at the blank door, and, recognizing the impossible, called to Sam and suggested a cocktail as a surprise for Sanford when he appeared again. Sam brought the ingredients on a tray, and stood by admiringly (Sam always regarded him as a superior being) while the major mixed two comforting concoctions, — the one already mentioned for Sanford, and the other designed for the especial sustenance and delectation of the distinguished Pocomokian himself.

This done he took his leave, having infused, in ten short minutes, more sparkle, freshness, and life into the apartment than it had known since his last visit.

Sanford saw the cocktail on his bureau when he entered the room again, but forgot it in his search for the open letter he had laid aside on the major's entrance. Sam found the cocktail when dinner was over, and immediately emptied it into his own person.

"Please don't be cross, Henry, if you can't find all your things," the letter read. "Jack Hardy wanted me to come over and help him arrange the rooms as a surprise for the Maryland girl. He says there 's nothing between them, but I don't believe him. The blossoms came from Newport. I hope you had time to go to Medford and find out about my dining-room, and that everything is going on well at the Ledge. I will see you to-night at eight.

K. P. L."

Sanford, with a smile of pleasure, shut the letter in his bureau drawer, and entering the dining-room, he picked up the basket of roses and began those little final touches about the room and table which he never neglected. He lighted the tapers in the antique lamps that hung from the ceiling, readjusting the ruby glass holders; he kindled the wicks in some quaint brackets over the side-board; he moved the Venetian flagons and decanters nearer the centrepiece of flowers, — those he had himself ordered for his guests and their chaperon, — and cutting the stems from the rose-water roses sprinkled them over the snowy linen.

With the soft glow of the candles the room took on a mellow, subdued tone; the pink roses on the cloth, the rosebuds on the candle-shades, and the mass of Mermets in the centre being the distinctive features, and giving the key-note of color to the feast. To Sanford a dinner-table with its encircling guests was always a palette. He knew just where the stronger tones of black coats and white shirt-fronts placed beside the softer tints of fair shoulders and bright faces must be relieved by blossoms in perfect harmony, and he understood to a nicety the exact values of the minor shades in linen, glass, and silver, in the making of the picture.

The guests arrived within a few minutes of one another. Mrs. Leroy, in yellow satin and black bows, a string of pearls about her throat, came first. It was one of the nights when she looked barely twenty-five, and seemed the fresh, joyous girl Sanford had known before her marriage. The ever present sadness which her friends read in her face had gone. She was all gayety and happiness, and her eyes, under their long lashes, were purple as the violets which she wore. Helen Shirley was in white

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muslin, — not a jewel, — her fair cheeks rosy with excitement. Jack, hovering near her, was immaculate in white tie and high collar, while the self-installed, presiding genial of the feast, the major, appeared in a suit of clothes that by its ill-fitting wrinkles betrayed its pedigree, — a velvet-collared coat that had lost its dignity in the former service of some friend, and a shoestring cravat that looked as if it had belonged to Major Talbot himself (his dead wife's first husband), and that was now so loosely tied it had all it could do to keep its place.

While they awaited dinner, Jack, eager to show Helen some of Sanford's choicest bits, led her to the mantelpiece, over which hung a sketch by Smearly, — the original of his Academy picture; pointed out the famous wedding-chest and some of the accoutrements over the door; and led her into the private office, now lighted by half a dozen candles, one illumining the copper diving-helmet with its face-plate of flowers. Helen, who had never been in a bachelor's apartment before, thought it another and an enchanted world. Everything suggested a surprise and a mystery.

When she entered the dining-room on Sanford's arm, and saw on the wall the initials H. S., she gave a little start, colored, avoided Jack's gaze, then recovering herself said, "I never saw anything so charming. And H. S., — why, these are your initials, Mr. Sanford," looking up innocently into his eyes.

Sanford started, and a shade of cruel disappointment crossed Jack's face. Mrs. Leroy broke into a happy, contagious laugh, and her eyes, often so impenetrable in their sadness, danced with merriment.

The major watched them all with ill-disguised delight, and, beginning to understand the varying expressions flitting over his niece's face, said, with genuine emotion, emphasizing his outburst by kissing her rapturously on the cheek, "You dear little girl, you, don't you know your own name? H. S. stands for Helen Shirley, not Henry Sanford."

Helen blushed scarlet. She might have known, she said to herself, that Jack would do something lovely, just to surprise her. Why did she betray herself so easily?

Sanford looked at Mrs. Leroy. "No one would have thought of all this but you, Kate," he said.

"Don't thank me, Henry. All I did," she answered, still laughing, "was to put a few flowers about, and to have my maid poke a lot of man-things under the sofas and behind the chairs, and take away those horrid old covers and curtains. I know you'll never forgive me when you want something to-morrow you can't find, but Jack begged so hard I could n't help it. How do you like the candle-shades? I made them myself," she added, tipping her head on one side like a wren.

Helen turned and looked again at the wreath of violets on the wall. When, a moment later, in removing her glove, she brushed Jack's hand, lying on the table-cloth beside her own, the slightest possible pressure of her little finger conveyed her thanks.

Everybody was brimful of happiness: Helen radiant with the inspiration of new surroundings so unlike those of the simple home she had left the day before; Jack riding in a chariot of soap-bubbles, with butterflies for leaders, and drinking in every word that fell from Helen's lips; the major suave and unctuous, with an old-time gallantry that delighted his admirers, boasting now of his ancestry, now of his horses, now of his rare old wines at home; Sanford leading the distinguished Pocomokian into still more airy flights, or engaging him in assumed serious conversation whenever that obtuse gentleman insisted on dragging Jack down from his butterfly heights with Helen, to discuss with him some prosaic features of the club-house at Crab Island; while Mrs. Leroy,

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happier than she had been in weeks, watched Helen and Jack with undisguised pleasure, or laughed at the major's good-natured egotism, his wonderful reminiscences and harmless pretensions, listening between pauses to the young engineer by her side, whose heart was to her an open book.

Coffee was served on the balcony. Mrs. Leroy sat on a low camp-stool with her back to the railing, the warm tones of the lamp falling upon her dainty figure. Her prematurely gray hair, piled in fluffy waves upon her head and held in place by a long jewel-tipped pin, gave an indescribable softness and charm to the rosy tints of her skin. Her blue-gray eyes, now deep violet, flashed and dimmed under the moving shutters of the lids, as the light of her varying emotions stirred their depths. About her every movement was that air of distinction, of repose, and of grace which never left her, and which never ceased to have its fascination for her friends. Added to this were a sprightliness and a vivacity which, although often used as a mask to hide a heavy heart, were tonight inspired by her sincere enjoyment of the pleasure she and the others had given to the young Maryland girl and her lover.

When Sam brought the coffee-tray she insisted on filling the cups herself, dropping in the sugar with a dainty movement of her fingers that was bewitching, laughing as merrily as if there had never been a sorrow in her life. At no time was she more fascinating to her admirers than when at a task like this. The very cup she handled was instantly invested with a certain preciousness, and became a thing to be touched as delicately and as lightly as the fingers that had prepared it.

The only one who for the time was outside the spell of her influence was Jack Hardy. He had taken a seat on the floor of the balcony, with his back next the wall — and Helen.

"Jack, you lazy fellow," said Mrs. Leroy, with mock indignation, as she rose to her feet, "get out of my way, or I 'll spill the cup. Miss Shirley, why don't you make him get up? He 's awfully in the way here."

One of Jack's favorite positions, when Helen was near, was at her feet. He had learned this one the summer before at her house on Crab Island, when they would sit for hours on the beach.

"I 'm not in anybody's way, my dear Mrs. Leroy. My feet are tied in a Chinese knot under me, and my back has grown fast to the rain-spout. Major, will you please say something nice to Mrs. Leroy and coax her inside?"

Sam had rolled a small table, holding a flagon of cognac and some crushed ice, beside the major, who sat half buried in the cushions of one of Sanford's divans. The Pocomokian struggled to his feet.

"You must n't move, major," Mrs. Leroy called. "I 'm not coming in. I 'm going to stay out here in this lovely moonlight, if one of these very polite young gentlemen will bring me an arm-chair." She looked with pretended dignity at Jack and Sanford as she spoke, and added, "Thank you, Henry," when Sanford dragged one toward her.

"Take *my* seat," said Jack. with a laugh, springing to his feet, suddenly realizing Mrs. Leroy's delicate but pointed suggestion. "Come, Miss Helen," thinking of a better and more retired corner, "we won't stay where we are abused. Let us join the major." With an arm to Miss Shirley and a sweeping bow to Mrs. Leroy, Jack walked straight to the divan nearest the curtains.

When Helen and Jack were out of hearing, Mrs. Leroy looked toward the major, and, reassured of his entire absorption in his own personal comfort, turned to Sanford, saying in low, earnest tones, "Can the new sloop lay the stones, Henry? You have n't told me a word yet of what you have been

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doing for the last few days at the Ledge."

"I think so, Kate," replied Sanford, all the gayety of his manner gone. "We laid one yesterday before the easterly gale caught us. You got my telegram, did n't you?"

"Yes, but I was anxious for all that. Ever since I had that talk with General Barton I 've felt nervous over the laying of those stones. He frightened me when he said no one of the Board at Washington believed you could do it. It would be so awful if your plan should fail."

"But it 's not going to fail, Kate," he answered, with a decided tone in his voice, and that peculiar knitting of the eyebrows in which one could read his determination. "I can do it, and will. All I wanted was a proper boat, and I 've got that. I watched her day before yesterday. I was a little nervous until I saw her lower the first stone. Her captain is a plucky fellow, — Captain Joe likes him immensely. I wish you could have been there to see how cool he was, — not a bit flustered when he saw the rocks under the bow of his sloop."

Kate handed her empty coffee-cup to Sanford, and going to the edge of the balcony rested her elbows on the railing and looked down on the treetops of the square. When he joined her again she said, "Caleb West, of course, went down with the first stone, did n't he?" She knew Caleb's name as she did those of all the men in Sanford's employ. There was no detail of the work he had not explained to her. "And was the sea-bottom as you expected to find it?" she added.

"Even better," he answered, eager to discuss his anxieties with her. To Sanford, as to many men, there were times when the sympathy and understanding of a woman, the generous faith and ready belief of one who listens only to encourage, became a necessity. To talk to a man in this way would bore him, and would perhaps arouse a suspicion of Sanford's professional ability. He went over with her again, as he had done so many times before, all of his plans for carrying on the work and the difficulties that had threatened him. He talked of his hopes and fears, of his confidence in his men, his admiration for them, and his love for the work itself.

"Caleb says," he continued, "that as soon as he gets the first row of enrockment stones set, the others will lie up like bricks. And it 's all coming out exactly as we have planned it, too, Kate." Sanford now spoke with renewed energy; the comfort of his confidence and her understanding had done its work.

"I wonder what General Barton will think when he finds your plan succeeds? He says everywhere that you cannot do it," she added, with increased animation, a certain pride in her voice.

"I don't know and I don't care. It 's hard to get these old-time engineers to believe in anything new, and this foundation is new. But all the same, I 'd rather pin my faith to Captain Joe than to any one of them. What we are doing at the Ledge requires mental pluck and brute grit, — nothing else. Scientific engineering won't help us a bit."

Sanford, his back to the balcony rail, now stood erect, with face aglow and kindling eyes. Every tone of his voice showed a keen interest in the subject.

"And yet, after all, Kate, I realize that my work is mere child's play. Just see what other men have had to face. At Minot's Ledge, you know, — the light off Boston, — they had to chisel down a submerged rock into steps, to get a footing for the tower. But three or four men could work at a time, and then only at dead low water. They got but one hundred and thirty hours' work the first year. The whole Atlantic rolled in on top of them, and there was no shelter from the wind. Until

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they got the bottom courses of their tower bolted to the steps they had cut in the rock, they had no footing at all, and had to do their work from a small boat. Our artificial island helps us immensely; we have something to stand on. And it was even worse at Tillamook Rock, on the Pacific coast. There the men were landed on the rock, — a precipitous crag sticking up out of the sea, — through the surf, in breeches buoys slung to the masthead of a vessel, and for weeks at a time the sea was so rough that no one could reach them. They were given up for dead once. All that time they were lying in canvas tents lashed down to the sides of the crag to keep them from being blown into rags. All they had to eat and drink for days was raw salt pork and the rain-water they caught from the tent covers. And yet those fellows stuck to it day and night until they had blasted off a place large enough to put a shanty on. Every bit of the material for that light-house, excepting in the stillest weather, was landed from the vessel that brought it, by a line rigged from the masthead to the top of the crag; and all this time, Kate, she was thrashing around under steam, keeping as close to the crag as she dared. Oh, I tell you, there is something stunning to me in such a battle with the elements!"

Kate's eyes kindled as Sanford talked on. She was no longer the dainty woman over the coffee-cups, nor the woman of the world she had been a few moments before, eager for the pleasure of assembled guests.

"When you tell me such things, Henry, I am all on fire." Her eyes flashed with the intensity of her feelings. Then she paused, and there settled over her face a deepening shadow like that of a coming cloud. "The world is full of such great things to be done," she sighed, "and I lead such a mean little life, doing nothing, nothing at all."

Sanford, when she first spoke, had looked at her in undisguised admiration. Then, as he watched her, his heart smote him. He had not intended to wound her by his enthusiasm, nor to awaken in her any sense of her own disappointments; he had only tried to allay her anxieties over his affairs. He knew by the force of her outburst that he had unconsciously stirred those deeper emotions, the strength of which really made her the help she was to him, but he did not ever want them to cause her suffering.

These sudden transitions in her moods were not new to him. She was an April day in her temperament, and could often laugh the sunniest of laughs when the rain of her tears was falling. These moods he loved. It was the present frame of mind, however, that he dreaded, and from which he always tried to save her. It did not often show itself. She was too much a woman of the world to wear her heart on her sleeve, and too good and tactful a friend to burden even Sanford with her sorrow. He knew what inspired it, for he had known her for years. He had witnessed the long years of silent suffering which she had borne so sweetly, — even cheerfully at times, — had seen with what restraint and self-control she had cauterized by silence and patient endurance every fresh wound, and had watched day by day the slow coming of the scars that drew all the tighter the outside covering of her heart.

As he looked at her out of the corner of his eye, — she leaning over the balcony at his side, — he could see that the tears had gathered under her lashes. It was best to say nothing when she felt like this. He recognized that to have made her the more dissatisfied, even by that sympathy which he longed to give, would have hurt in her that which he loved and honored most, — her silence, and her patient loyalty to the man whose name she bore. "She 's had a letter from Leroy," he said to himself, "and he 's

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done some other disgraceful thing, I suppose;" but to Kate he made no reply.

Nothing had disturbed the other guests. From the softly lighted room where they sat came the clink of the major's glass, and the intermittent gurgle of the rapidly ebbing decanter as Sam supplied his wants. On the foreordained divan, half hidden by a curtain, Jack and Helen were studying the contents of a portfolio, — some of the drawings upside down. Now and then their low talk was broken by a happy, irrelevant laugh.

By this time the moon had risen over the treetops, the tall buildings far across the quadrangle breaking the sky-line. Below could be seen the night life of the Park. Miniature figures strolled about under the trees, flashing in brilliant light or swallowed up in dense shadow, as they passed through the glare of the many lamps scattered among the budding foliage and disappeared. Now it was a child romping with a dog, and now a group of men, or a belated woman wheeling a baby carriage home. The night was still, the air soft and balmy; only the hum of the busy street a block away could be heard where they stood.

Suddenly a figure darted across the white patch of pavement below them. Sanford leaned over the railing, a strange, unreasoning dread in his heart.

"What is it, Henry?" asked Mrs. Leroy.

"Looks like a messenger," Sanford answered.

Mrs. Leroy bent over the railing, and watched a boy spring up the low steps of the street door, ring the bell violently, and beat an impatient tattoo with his foot.

"Whom do you want?" Sanford asked gently.

The boy looked up, and, seeing the two figures on the balcony, answered, "Death message for Mr. Henry Sanford."

"A death message, did he say?" asked Mrs. Leroy. Her voice was almost a whisper.

"Yes; don't move," said Sanford to her, and as he laid a hand on her arm he pointed toward the group inside. He felt a quick, sharp contraction in his throat. "Sam," he called in a lowered tone.

"Yaas 'r, — comin' direc'ly."

"Sam, there 's a boy at the outside door with a telegram. He says it 's a death message. Get it, and tell the boy to wait. Go quietly, now, and let no one know. You will find me here."

Mrs. Leroy sank into a chair, her face in her hands. Sanford bent over her, the blood mounting to his face, his own heart beating, his voice still calm.

"Don't give way, Kate; we shall know in a moment."

She grasped his hand and held on, trembling. "Do you suppose it is Morgan? Will Sam *never* come?"

Sam reëntered the room, his breath gone with the dash up and down three flights of stairs. He walked slowly toward the balcony and handed Sanford a yellow envelope. Its contents were as follows: —

"Screamer's boiler exploded 7.40 tonight. Mate killed; Lacey and three men injured. JOSEPH BELL."

Sanford looked hurriedly at his watch, forgetting, in the shock, to hand Mrs. Leroy the telegram. For a moment he leaned back against the balcony, absorbed in deep thought.

"Twenty-three minutes left," he said to himself, consulting his watch again. "I must go at once; they will need me."

Mrs. Leroy put her hand on his arm. "Tell me quick! Who is it, Henry?"

"Forgive me, dear Kate, but I was so knocked out. It is no one who belongs to you. It is the boiler of the Screamer that has burst. Three men are hurt," reading the dispatch again mechanically. "I wonder who they are?" as if he expected to see their names added to its brief lines.

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She took the telegram from his hand. "Oh, Henry, I am so sorry, — and the boat, too, you counted upon. But look! read it again. Do you see? Captain Joe signs it, — he 's not hurt!"

Sanford patted her hand abstractedly, and said, "Dear Kate," but without looking at her or replying further. He was calculating whether it would be possible for him to catch the midnight train and go to the relief of his men.

"Yes, I can just make it," he said, half aloud, to himself. Then turning to Sam, his voice shaking in the effort to control himself, he said in an undertone, "Sam, send that boy for a cab, and get my bag ready. I will change these clothes on the train. Ask Mr. Hardy to step here; not a word, remember, about this telegram."

Jack came out laughing, and was about to break into some raillery, when he saw Mrs. Leroy's face.

Sanford touched his shoulder. "Jack, there has been an explosion at the work, and some of the men are badly hurt. Say nothing to Helen until she gets home. I leave immediately for Keyport. Will you and the major please look after Mrs. Leroy?"

Sanford's guests followed him to the door of the corridor: Helen radiant, her eyes still dancing; the major bland and courteous, his face without a ruffle; Jack and Mrs. Leroy apparently unmoved.

"Oh, I 'm so sorry you must go!" exclaimed Helen, holding out her hands. "Mr. Hardy says you do nothing but live on the train. Thank you ever so much, dear Mr. Sanford; I 've had such a lovely time."

"My dear suh," said the major, "this is positively cruel! This Hennessy" — he was holding his glass — "is like a nosegay; I hoped you would enjoy it with me. Let me go back and pour you out a drop before you go."

"Why not wait until to-morrow? This night traveling will kill you, old man," said Jack in perfunctory tones, the sympathetic pressure of his hand in Sanford's belying their sincerity.

Sanford smiled as he returned the pressure, and, with his eyes resting on Helen's joyous face, replied meaningly, "Thank you, Jack; it 's all right, I see." Helen's evening had not been spoiled, at all events.

Once outside in the corridor, — Sam down one flight of steps with Sanford's bag and coat, — Mrs. Leroy half closed the salon door, and laying her hand on Sanford's shoulder said, with a force and an earnestness that carried the keenest comfort straight to his heart, "I shall not worry, Henry, and neither will you. I know it looks dark to you now, but it will be brighter when you reach Keyport and get all the facts. I 've seen you in worse places than this; you always get through, and you will now. I am coming up myself on the early morning train, to see what can be done for the men."

VII.

BETTY'S FIRST PATIENT.

The wounded men lay in an empty warehouse which in the whaling-days had been used for the storing of oil, and was now owned by a friend of Captain Joe, an old whaler living back of the village.

Captain Joe had not waited for permission and a key when the accident occurred and the wounded men lay about him. He and Captain Brandt had broken the locks with a crowbar, improvised out of old barrels and planks an operating-table for the doctors, and dispatched messengers up and down the shore to pull mattresses from the nearest beds.

The room he had selected for the temporary hospital was on the ground floor of the building. It was lighted by four big windows, and protected by solid wooden shutters, now slightly ajar. Through the openings timid rays of

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sunlight, strangers here for years, stole down leaning ladders of floating dust to the grimy floor, where they lay trembling, with eyes alert, ready for instant retreat. From the overhead beams hung long strings of abandoned cobwebs encrusted with black soot, which the bolder breeze from the open door and windows swayed back and forth, the startled soot falling upon the white cots below. In one corner was a heap of rusty hoops and mouldy staves, unburied skeletons of old whaling-days. But for the accumulation of years of dust and grime the room was well adapted to its present use.

Lacey's cot was nearest the door. His head was bound with bandages; only one eye was free. He lay on his side, breathing heavily. He had been blown against the shrouds, and the iron footrest had laid open his cheek and forehead. The doctor said that if he recovered he would carry the scar the rest of his life. It was feared, too, that he had been injured internally.

Next to his cot were those of two of the sloop's crew, — one man with ribs and ankle broken, the other with dislocated hip. Lonny Bowles, the quarryman, came next. He was sitting up in bed, his arm in a sling, — Captain Brandt was beside him; he had escaped with a gash in his arm.

Captain Joe was without coat or vest, his sleeves rolled up above the elbows, his big brawny arms black with dirt. He had been up all night; now bending over one of the crew, lifting him in his arms as if he had been a baby, to ease the pain of his position, now helping Aunty Bell with the beds.

Betty sat beside Lacey, fanning him. Her eyes were red and heavy, her pretty curls matted about her head. She and Aunty Bell had not had their clothes off. Their faces were smudged with the soot and grime that kept falling from the ceiling. Aunty Bell had taken charge of the improvised stove, heating the water, and Betty had assisted the doctors — there were two — with the bandages and lint.

"It ain't as bad as I thought when I wired ye," said Captain Joe to Sanford, stopping him as he edged a way through the group of men outside. "It 's turrible hard on th' poor mate, jes' been married. Never died till he reached th' dock. There warn't a square inch o' flesh onto him, the doctor said, that warn't scalded clean off. Poor feller," and his voice trembled, "he ain't been married but three months; she 's a-comin' down on the express to-day. Cap'n Bob 's goin' ter meet 'er. The other boys is tore up some, but we 'll have 'em crawlin' 'round in a week or so. Lacey 's got th' worst crack. Doctor sez he kin save his eye if he pulls through, but ye kin lay yer three fingers in th' hole in his face. He won't be as purty as he was," with an effort at a smile, "but maybe that 'll do him good. Now that you 're here I 'll go 'board the sloop an' see how she looks."

Sanford crossed at once to Lacey's bed, and laid his hand tenderly on that of the sufferer. The young fellow opened his well eye, and a smile played for an instant about his mouth, the white teeth gleaming. Then it faded with the pain. Betty bent over him still closer and adjusted the covering about his chest.

"Has he suffered much during the night, Betty?" asked Sanford.

"He did n't know a thing at first, sir. He did n't come to himself till the doctor got through. He 's been easier since daylight." Then, with her head turned toward Sanford, and with a significant gesture, pointing to her own forehead and cheek, she noiselessly described the terrible wounds, burying her face in her hands as the awful memory rose before her. "Oh, Mr. Sanford, I never dreamed anybody could suffer so."

"Where does he suffer most?" asked Sanford in a whisper.

Lacey opened his eye. "In my back, Mr. Sanford."

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Betty laid her fingers on his hand. "Don't talk, Billy; doctor said ye were n't to talk."

The eye shut again wearily, and the brown, rough, scarred hand with the blue tattoo marks under the skin closed over the little fingers and held on.

Betty sat fanning him gently, looking down upon his bruised face. As each successive pain racked his helpless body she would hold her breath until it passed, tightening her fingers that he might steady himself the better. All her heart went out to him in his pain. Aunty Bell watched her for a moment; then going to her side, she drew her hand with a caressing stroke under the girl's chin, a favorite love-touch of hers.

"Cap'n says we got to go home, child, both of us. You 're tuckered out, an' I got some chores to do. We can't do no more good here. You come 'long an' get washed up 'fore Caleb comes. You don't want to let him see ye bunged up like this, an' all smudged and dirty with th' soot a-droppin' down. He 'll be here in half an hour. They 've sent the tug to the Ledge for him an' the men."

"I ain't a-goin' a step, Aunty Bell. I ain't sleepy a bit. There ain't nobody to change these cloths but me. Caleb knows how to get along," she answered, her eyes watching the quick, labored breathing of the injured man.

The mention of Caleb's name brought her back to herself. Since the moment when she had left her cottage, the night before, and in all her varying moods since, she had not once thought of her husband. At the sound of the explosion she had run out of her house bareheaded, and had kept on down the road, overtaking Mrs. Bell and the neighbors. She had not stopped even to lock her door. She only knew that the men were hurt, and that she had seen Captain Joe and the others working on the sloop's deck but an hour before. She remembered now Lacey's ghastly face as the lantern's light fell upon it, the limp body carried on the barrow plank and laid outside the warehouse door, and could still hear the crash of Captain Joe's iron bar when he forced off the lock. She would not leave the sufferer now that he had crawled back to life and needed her, — not, at least, until he was out of all danger. When Captain Joe passed with a cup of coffee for one of the sufferers, she was still by Lacey's side, fanning gently. He seemed to be asleep.

"Come, little gal," the captain called out, "you git along home. You done fust-rate, an' the men won't forgit ye for it. Caleb 'll be mighty proud when I tell 'im how you stood by las' night when they all piled in on top o' me. You run 'long now after Aunty Bell, an' git some sleep. I 'm goin' 'board the sloop to see how badly she 's hurted."

Betty only shook her head. Then she put her face against Captain Joe's strong arm and said, "No, please don't, Captain Joe. I can't go now."

She was still there, the fan moving noiselessly, when Mrs. Leroy and her maid and Major Slocomb entered the hospital, some hours later. The major had escorted Mrs. Leroy from New York, greatly to Sanford's surprise, and greatly to Mrs. Leroy's visible annoyance. All her protests the night before had only confirmed him in his determination to meet her at the train in the morning.

"Did you suppose, my dear suh," he said, in answer to Sanford's astonished look, as he handed the lady from the train on its arrival at Keyport, "that I would permit a lady to come off alone into a God-forsaken country like this, that raises nothin' but rocks and scrub pines?"

Mrs. Leroy seemed stunned when she saw the four cots upon which the men lay. She advanced a step toward Lacey's bed, and then, as she caught sight of the bandages and the ghastly face upon the blood-stained pillow, she stopped short and grasped Sanford's arm, and said in

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a tremulous whisper, "Oh, Henry, is that his poor wife sitting by him?"

"No; that 's the wife of Caleb West, the master diver. That 's Lacey lying there. He looks to be worse hurt than he is, Kate," anxious to make the case as light as possible.

Her eyes wandered over the room, up at the cobwebbed ceiling and down to the blackened floor.

"What an awfully dirty place! Are you going to keep them here?"

"Yes, until they can get to work again. The building is perfectly dry and healthy, with plenty of ventilation. We will have it cleaned up, — it needs that."

Betty merely glanced at the group as she sat fanning the sleeping man. Their entrance had made but little impression upon her; she was too tired to move, and too much absorbed in her charge to offer the fine lady a chair.

Something in the girl's face touched the visitor.

"Have you been here all the morning?" asked Mrs. Leroy, crossing to Betty's side of the cot, and laying a hand on her shoulder.

Betty raised her eyes, the rims red with her long vigil, and the whites all the whiter because of the fine black dust that had sifted down and discolored her pale cheeks.

"I 've been here all night, ma'am," she said sweetly and gently, drawn instinctively by her sympathetic face.

"How tired you must be! Can I do anything to help you?"

Betty shook her head.

After the first shock at the sight of the wounded men, the major had crossed over to the bed occupied by Lonny Bowles, the big Noank quarryman, whose arm was in a sling, and had sat down on the bed. No one had yet thought of bringing in chairs, except for those nursing the wounded. As the Pocomokian looked into Bowles's bronzed, ruddy face, at the wrinkles about his neck, as seamy as those of a young bull, the great broad hairy chest, and the arms and hands big and strong, he was filled with astonishment. Everything about the quarryman seemed to be the exact opposite of what he himself possessed. This almost racial distinction was made clearer when, in the kindness of his heart, he tried to comfort the unfortunate man.

"I 'm ve'y sorry," the major began, "at finding you injured in this way, suh. Has the night been a ve'y painful one? You seem better off than the others. How did you feel at the time?"

Bowles looked him all over with a curious expression of countenance. He was trying to decide in his mind, from the major's white tie, whether he was a minister, whose next remark would be a request to kneel down and pray with him, or a quack doctor who had come to do a little business on his own account. The evident sincerity and tenderness of the speaker disconcerted him for the moment. He hesitated for a while, and formulated a reply in his mind that would cover the case if his first surmise were correct, and might at the same time result in his being let alone.

"Wall, it was so damn' sudden," said the quarryman. "Fust thing I knowed I wuz in the water with th' wind knocked out'er me, an' the next wuz when I come to an' they hed me in here an' the doctor a-fixin' me up. I 'm drier 'n a lime-kiln. Say, cap," — he looked over toward the water-bucket, and called to one of the men standing near the door, — "fetch me a dipper."

To call a man "cap" around Keyport is to dignify him with a title which he probably does not possess, but which you think would please him if he did.

"Let me get you a drink," said the major, rising from the bed. He dipped the floating tin in the bucket and brought it to the thirsty man.

Bowles drained the dipper to its last drop. "He ain't no minister an' he ain't no sawbones," he said to himself, as he

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returned the empty tin to Slocomb with a "Thank ye, — much obleeged."

The reply satisfied the major, somehow, far more than the most elaborately prepared speech of thanks which he remembered ever to have received.

Then the two men continued to talk with each other freely, the one act of kindness having broken down the barrier between them. The Pocomokian told of his home on the Chesapeake, of his acquaintance with Sanford, of his coming up to look after Mrs. Leroy. "Could n't leave a woman without protection, you know," to which code of etiquette Bowles bobbed his head in reply. The major's tone of voice was as natural and commonplace as if he had been conversing with himself alone. The quarryman, in turn, talked about the Ledge, and what a rotten season it had been, — nothing but southeasters since work opened; last week the men only got three days' work. It was terrible rough on the boss (the boss was Sanford), paying out wages to the men and getting so little back; but it was n't the men's fault, — they were standing by day and night, catching the lulls when they came; they 'd make it up before the season was over; he and Caleb West had been up all the night before getting ready for the big derricks that Captain Joe was going to set up as soon as they were ready; did n't know what they were going to do now with that Screamer all tore up. He gave unconsciously a record of danger, unselfishness, loyalty, pluck, hard work, and a sense of duty that was a complete revelation to Slocomb, whose whole life had been one prolonged period of loafing, and whose ideas of the higher type of man were somehow inseparably interwoven with a veranda, a splint-bottomed chair, a palm-leaf fan, and somebody within call to administer to his personal wants.

When Captain Joe returned from an inspection of the sloop's injuries, Mrs. Leroy was still talking to Sanford, suggesting comforts for the men, and planning for mosquito nettings to be placed over their cots. The maid, a severe-looking woman in black, had taken a seat on an empty nail-keg which somebody had brought in, and which she had carefully dusted with her handkerchief before occupying. There was nothing she could possibly do for anybody.

Captain Joe looked at the party for a moment, noted Mrs. Leroy's traveling costume of blue foulard, ran his eye over the maid who was holding her mistress's dressing-case, then glanced at the major, in an alpaca coat, with white vest and necktie and gray slouch hat, and said in his calm, forceful, yet gentle way, "It was very nice of ye to come an' bring yer lady friend," pointing to the maid, "an' any o' Mr. Sanford's folks is allers welcome at any time; but we be a rough lot, an' the men 's rough, and ye kin see for yerself we ain't fixed up fur company. They 'll be all right in a week or so. Ef ye don't mind now, I 'm goin' to shet them shetters to keep the sun out an' git th' men quiet, — some on 'em ain't slep' any too much. The tug 'll be here to take ye over to Medford whenever ye 're ready; she 's been to th' Ledge fur th' men. Mr. Sanford said mebbe ye 'd be goin' over soon. Ye 're goin' 'long, did n't I hear ye say, sir?" Then addressing Slocomb, whose title he tried to remember, "We 've done th' best we could, colonel. It ain't like what ye 're accustomed to, — kind'er ragged place, — but we got th' men handy here where we kin take care on 'em, an' still look after th' work, an' we ain't got no time to lose this season; it 's been back'ard, blowin' a gale half the time. There 's the tug whistle now, ma'am," turning again to Mrs. Leroy.

Mrs. Leroy did not answer. She felt the justice of the captain's evident want of confidence in her, and realized at once that all of her best impulses could not save her from being an intrusion at this time. None of her former experience had equipped her for a situation of

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such gravity as this. With a curious feeling of half contempt for herself, she thought, as she looked around upon the great strong men suffering there silently, how little she had known of what physical pain must be. She had once read to a young blind girl in a hospital, during a winter, and she had sent delicacies for years to a poor man with some affliction of the spine. She remembered that she had been quite satisfied with herself and her work at the time; and so had the pretty nurses in their caps, and the young doctors whom she met, the head surgeon even escorting her to her carriage. But what had she done to prepare herself for a situation like this? Here was the reality of suffering, and yet with all her sympathy she felt within herself a fierce repugnance to it.

As she turned to leave the building, holding her dainty skirts in her hand to avoid the dirt, the light of the open door was shut out, and eight or ten great strong fellows in rough jackets and boots, headed by Caleb West, just landed by a tug from the Ledge, walked hurriedly into the room, with an air as if they belonged there and knew they had work to do.

Caleb stood by Lacey's bed and looked down on him. His cap was off, his hands were clasped behind his back, while his big beard fell over his chest. He felt his eyes filling, and a great lump rose in his throat. He never could see suffering unmoved.

The young rigger opened his well eye, and the pale cheek flushed scarlet as he saw Caleb's face bending over him.

"Where did it hit ye, sonny?" asked Caleb, bending closer, and slipping one hand into Betty's as he spoke.

Betty pointed to her own cheek. Lacey, she said, was too weak to answer for himself.

"I 've been afeard o' that b'iler," Caleb said, turning to one of the men, "ever sence I see it work."

Betty shook her head warningly, holding a finger to her lips. Caleb and the men stopped talking.

"You been here all night, Betty?" whispered Caleb, putting his mouth close to her ear, and one big hand on her rounded shoulder.

Betty nodded her head.

"Ye ought'er be mighty proud o' her, Caleb," said Captain Joe, joining the group, and speaking in a lowered tone. "Ain't many older women 'longshore would'er done any better. I tried ter git 'er to go home with Aunty Bell two hours ago, but she sez she won't."

Caleb's face was suffused with pride and his heart gave a quick bound as he listened to Captain Joe's praise of the girl wife that was all his own. His rough hand pressed Betty's shoulder the closer. Now, as he thought to himself, the men about him could see the strong womanly qualities which had attracted him. He had always known that the first great sorrow or anxiety that came into her life would develop all her nature and make a woman of her.

"Lemme take hold now, Betty," said Caleb, still whispering, and stooping over her again. "Ye 're nigh beat out, little woman."

He slipped his arm around her slender waist as if to lift her from the chair. Betty caught his fingers and loosened his hand from its hold.

"I 'm all right, Caleb. You go home. I 'll be 'long in a little while to get supper."

Caleb looked at her curiously. Her tone of voice was new to him. She had never loosened his arm before, not when she was tired and sick. She had always crept into his lap, and put her pretty white arms around his neck, and tucked her head down on his big beard.

"What 's the matter, child?" he asked anxiously. "Maybe it 's hungry ye be?"

"Yes, I guess I 'm hungry, Caleb," said Betty wearily.

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"I 'll go out, Betty, an' git ye some soup or somethin'. I 'll be back right away, little woman." He tiptoed past the cot, putting on his cap as he went.

Two of the men followed him with their eyes and smiled. One looked significantly at Lacey and then toward the retreating figure, and shook his head in a knowing way.

Betty had not answered Caleb. She did not even turn her head to follow his movements. She saw only the bruised, pale face before her as she listened to the heavy breathing of the sufferer. She would have dropped from her chair with fatigue and exhaustion but for some new spirit within her which seemed to hold her up, and to keep the fan still in her hand.

When Sanford, after escorting Mrs. Leroy to her home, returned to the improvised hospital, the lanterns had been lighted, the doctor had dressed the men's wounds, and had reported everybody on the mend. At Betty's urgent request he had made a careful examination of Lacey, and pronounced him positively out of danger. Only then had she left her post and gone to her own cottage with Caleb.

Captain Joe had followed Aunty Bell home for a few hours' rest, and all the watchers had been changed.

There was but one exception. Beside the cot upon which lay the sailor with the dislocated hip sat the major, with hat and coat off, his shirt-cuffs rolled up. He was feeding the sufferer from a bowl of soup which he held in his hand. He seemed to enjoy every phase of his new experience. It might have been that his sympathies were more than usually aroused, or it might have been that the spirit of vagabondage within him fitted him for every condition in life, making him equally at home among rich and poor, and equally agreeable to both. Certainly no newly appointed young surgeon in a charity hospital could have been more entirely absorbed in the proper running of the establishment than was Slocomb in the case of these rough men.

"I 'm going to take charge here to-night, major," said Sanford, going toward him, realizing for the first time that he had neglected his friend all day, and with a sudden anxiety as to where he should send him for the night. "Will you go to the hotel and get a room, or will you go to Captain Joe's cottage? You can have my bed. Mrs. Bell will make you very comfortable for the night."

The major turned to Sanford with an expression of profound sympathy for such misunderstanding in his face, hesitated for a moment, and said firmly, with a slight suggestion of wounded dignity in his manner, "By gravy, suh, you would n't talk about going to bed if you 'd been yere 'most all day, as I have, and seen what these po' men suffer. My place is yere, suh, an' yere I 'm going to stay."

Sanford had to look twice before he could trust his own eyes and ears. What was the matter with the Pocomokian?

"But, major," he continued in protest, determining finally in his mind that some quixotic whim had taken possession of him, "there is n't a place for you to lie down. You had better get a good night's rest, and come back in the morning. There 's nothing you can do here. I 'm going to sit up with the men to-night."

The major did not even wait for Sanford's reply. He placed the hot soup carefully on the floor, slipped one hand under the wounded man's head that he might swallow more easily, and then raised another spoonful to his lips.

F. Hopkinson Smith.

(*To be continued.*)

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SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT.

III.

KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE, as has been shown in my notes on an earlier letter, had taken part in a Jacobite plot. The Pretender, in spite of the failure of two risings in Scotland, was still buoyed up with hope. In the autumn of 1722, in a foolish manifesto, he called upon George I. to give up to him the throne of his fathers, and undertook in return to acknowledge him as king, instead of elector of Hanover. By the order of the two Houses of Parliament it was burnt by the common hangman. The habeas corpus act was suspended for a year, and many arrests were made. Chetwode was threatened with prosecution, as the next letter and the six following show.

XXVI.

DUBLIN. *Feb. 12th* 1722–3.

S^R^, — Upon my Return last October, after five months absence in the Country, I found a Letter of yours, which I believe was then 2 months old; it contained no Business that I remember, and being then out of Health and Humer, I did not think an Answer worth your Receiving; I had no other Letter from you till last Friday, which I could not answer on Saturday, that being a day when the Bishop saw no Company; however I was with him a few minutes in the Morning about signing a Lease and then I had onely time to say a little of your Business, which he did not seem much to enter into, but thought you had no Reason to Stir in it, and that you ought to stay till you are attacked, which I believe you never will be upon so foolish an Accusation. On Sunday when I usually see him, he was abroad against his Custom, and yesterday engaged in Business and Company. To-day he sees no body it being one of the two days in the week that he shuts himself up. I look upon the Whig Party to be a little colder in the Business of Prosecutions, than they formerly were, nor will they readily trouble a Gentleman who lyes quiet and minds onely his Gardens and Improvements. The Improbability of your Accusers Story will never let it pass, and the Judges have [having] been so often shamed by such Rascals, are not so greedy at swallowing Informations. I am here in all their Teeth which they have shewn often enough, and do no more. And the Ch. Just. [Chief Justice] who was as venomous as a Serpent was forced to consent that a noli prosequi should pass after he had layd his hand on his Heart in open Court and Sworn, that I designed to bring in the Pretender.

Do you find that your Trees thrive and your drained Bog gets a new Coat? I know nothing so well worth the Enquiry of an honest Man, as times run. I am as busy in my little Spot of a Town Garden, as ever I was in the grand monde; and if it were five or ten miles from Dublin I doubt I should be as constant a Country Gentleman as you. I wish you good success in your Improvements for as to Politicks I have long forsworn them. I am sometimes concerned for Persons, because they are my Friends, but for Things never, because they are desperate; I always expect tomorrow will be worse, but I enjoy today as well as I can. This is my Philosophy, and I think ought to be yours; I desire my humble Service to M^rs^
and am very sincerely
Your most obedient
humble Serv^t^
J. S.

Swift had published in 1720 A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacture, in which he said that "Ire-

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land would never be happy till a law were made for burning everything that came from England, except their people and their coals." The government, not being able to reach the author for want of proof, prosecuted the printer. "The jury," wrote Swift, "brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry. The Chief-Justice sent them back nine times and kept them eleven hours." Swift retaliated with satire. Among the bitter verses he wrote on this unjust judge the following are perhaps the bitterest: —

"In church your grandsire cut his throat;
To do the job too long he tarried;
He should have had my hearty vote
To cut his throat before he married."

XXVII.

S^R^, — I was yesterday with A. B [Archbishop], who tells me that it was not thought fit to hinder the Law from proceeding in the common form, but that particular Instructions were given that you should be treated with all possible Favor; and I have some very good Reasons to believe those Instructions will be observed: neither in this do I speak by Chance: which is all I can say — I am y^rs^ &c.

Feb 25th 1722-3.
Monday Morn.

XXVIII.

S^R^, — I sent a Messenger on Friday to M^r^ Forbes's Lodging, who had orders if he were not at home, to say that I should be glad to see him — but I did not hear of him, though I stayd at home on Saturday till past two a Clock. I think all y^r^ Comfort lyes in your Innocence, your Steddyness, and the Advice of y^r^ Lawyers. I am forced to leave the Town sooner than I expected.

I heartily wish you good Success, and am in hopes the Consequences will not be so formidable as you are apt to fear. You will find that Brutes are not to be too much provoked; they that most deserve Contempt are most angry at being contemned; I know it by Experience. It is worse to need Friends, than not to have them. Especially in Times when it is so hard, even for cautious men to keep out of harms way.

I hope when this Affair is over you will make y^r^ self more happy in y^r^ Domestick: that you may pass the rest of y^r^ Life in emproving the Scene and y^r^ Fortune, and exchanging y^r^ Enemyes for Friends.

I am &c.

June 2nd 1723.
Past twelve at night.

XXIX.

[Indorsed, "Swift without date abt my Prosecution and his sentiments on severall particulars abt it. K. C."]

S^R^, — I was just going out when I received y^r^ note; these proceedings make my head turn round; I take it that the Governments leave for you to move the King's Bench must signify something, or else instead of a Dilemma it is an Absurdity. I thought you had put in a Memoriall, which I also thought would have an Answer in form. I apprehend they have a mind to evade a Request which they cannot well refuse; will not y^r^ lawyer advise you to move the King's Bench? and will he not say that it was the Direction of the Government you should do so? and will the Government own an advice or order that is evasive? I talk out of my Sphere. Surely the Attorney cannot reconcile this. I imagined y^r^ request should [have] been offered to the Justices in a Body not to one and then to t'other, which was doing nothing. I am wholly at a Loss what to say further.

XXX.

S^R^, — I sd [said] all I possibly could to D^r^ C—— and it is your Part to cultivate it, and desire that he will make the A. B. soften the Judge — you want some strong credit with the L^t^ [Lord Lieutenant] or proper methods with those

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under him — As to putting you off, till the L^t^ goes; I think that can do no hurt. I suppose it is impossible for the Parl^t^ [Parliament] to rise till after Christmas, since they are now begining Bills that will pass with Difficulty, and if there be an Indemnity, then there will be an End. I believe all people agree with you, that y^r^ concern shocks you more than it does others. I am sure I saw my best friends very calm and easy when I was under worse difficultyes than you. A few good offices is all we can expect from others.

The calmness and easiness of Swift's friends when he was under difficulties can be justified by Johnson's reflection that "life occupies us all too much to leave us room for any care of others beyond what duty enjoins; and no duty enjoins sorrow or anxiety that is at once troublesome and useless."

It was perhaps his "best friends" that Swift had in mind when he wrote: —

> "In all distresses of our friends
> We first consult our private ends;
> While Nature kindly bent to ease us
> Points out some circumstance to please us."

His false friends he goes on to attack in the following lines: —

> "By innocence and resolution
> He bore continual persecution;
> While numbers to preferment rose
> Whose merits were to be his foes;
> When ev'n his own familiar friends,
> Intent upon their private ends,
> Like renegadoes now he feels
> Against him lifting up their heels."

XXXI.

S^R^, — I had not y^r^ lett^r^ [letter] till I returned home and if I had I could not have known what to do. I think you should have attended the Bishop, and pressed him to what I desired in my letter, for I could not speak more urgently nor could I am able [*sic*] to say much more with him than what I wrote. M^r^ Bernard is a favorite of the Times and might have credit with the Attor^y^ Gen^l^ [Attorney General] to agree that the Thing should be granted, but he lyes still, and onely leaves you to do that which he can better do himself. I w^d^ [would] do six times more than you desire even for a perfect stranger, if he were in Distress, but I have turned the Matt^r^ [Matter] a thousand times in my Thoughts in vain. I believe y^r^ wisest friends will think as I do, that the best way will be to move the Sec^try^ [Secretary] in that manner he likes best — I am this moment going to Prayers and so remain y^rs^ &c.

Thursday mor. 9 o'clock.

The way in which the secretary of the lord lieutenant liked best to be moved was probably a bribe. An earlier secretary, bribed by a thousand pounds, had given to another man a deanery promised to Swift.

XXXII.

DUBLIN. *Jul.* 14*th* 1724.

S^R^, — I had yours of Jun 27^th^ and have been hindred by a great variety of Silly Business and Vexation from answering you. I am over head and ears in Mortar — and with a number of the greatest Rogues in Irel^d^ [Ireland] which is a proud word; But besides I am at an uncertainty what to say to you on the Affair you mention: what new Reason you may have, or discovery you have made of foul Play I cannot but be a stranger to. All I know is, that any one who talked of y^r^ Prosecution while you were here, unanimously condemned it as villanous and unjust, which hath made me think that it would be better to lye in oblivion, for my Reason of agreeing formerly that an Account of it would be usefull, went onely on the Supposition, that you would be tryed &c. But I protest I am no fit Adviser in this matter, and therefore I would entreat you to consult other Friends, as I would do if it were my own case. If you are advised to go on and pursue that Advice, by drawing up the Account, pray do it in Folio, with the Margin as wide as the

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writing, and I shall add alter or correct according to my best Judgment and though you may not be advised to publish it, yet it may be some Amusement in wet winter Evenings. I hope you found y^r^ Plantations answer what you expected. You will hear that the Primate dyed yesterday at twelve o'Clock which will set the expecting Clergy all in a motion: and they say that Leving the Chief Justice dyed about the same Hour, but whether the Primate's death swallows up the other I cannot tell; for either it is false or not regarded; perhaps I shall know before this is closed. Ld [Lord] Oxford dyed like a great man, received visits to the last, and then 2 minutes before his Death, turned from his Friends, closed his own Eyes, and expired: M^r^ Stopford is returned from his Travells, the same Person he went, onely more Experience; he is the most in all regards the most valuable young Man of this Kingdom.

I am ever &c.

Leving is dead.

The Primate of Ireland was Lindsay, Archbishop of Armagh. King, Archbishop of Dublin, who had hoped to succeed him, was passed over on account of his age. When the new Primate called on him, he received him without rising from his chair. "'My Lord,' said he, 'I am certain your Grace will forgive me, because you know I am too old to rise.'" Swift's scorn of the bishops of the Irish Church is shown in the lines where, in the person of St. Patrick addressing Ireland, he likens them to magpies sent

> "from the British soil
> With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil;
> To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
> And haunt thy holy walls in white and black."

He wished to write the Earl of Oxford's life. "I have already taken care," he had written to him a few years earlier, "that you shall be represented to posterity as the ablest and faithfullest minister, and truest lover of your country that this age has produced." Posterity has formed its own judgment, and looks on his lordship as a shifty, pitiful creature. Even his colleague, Lord Chancellor Cowper, wrote of him, "His humour is to love tricks when not necessary, but from an inward satisfaction in applauding his own cunning."

"The most valuable young Man of this Kingdom," whom Swift thus put before Berkeley, became a bishop. Laurence Sterne was a boy of eleven. Burke and Goldsmith were not yet born.

XXXIII.

S^r^, — I have been above 7 weeks ill of my old Deafness and am but just recovered. Y^r^ Carrier has behaved himself very honorably, because you took Care to seal the Cords. Y^r^ Bergamot Pears are excellent, and the Orange Bergamots much best [*sic*] than those about this Town. Your Apples are very fair and good of their kind, and y^r^ Peaches and Nectarines as good as we could expect from the Year. But it is too great a Journy for such nice Fruit, and they are apt to take the Tast of the Moss. Y^r^ Cherry Brandy I depend on the goodness of, but would not suffer it to be tasted till another Time. I could find Fault with nothing but y^r^ Paper, which was so perfumed that the Company with me could not bear it.

There is a Draper very popular, but what is that to me — If Woods be disappointed it is all we desire.

Ld: Carteret is coming suddenly over.

I am y^r^ &c.

The Irish carrier of Swift's day was on the same level of honesty as are the conductors on the Italian railways of our time, against whose thievings the prudent traveler guards himself by cording his portmanteau and sealing the cord.

The "Draper" was the third of a series of letters by which Swift roused the Irish against the reception of a new

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copper currency which one Wood (not "Woods," as he calls him) had obtained a patent to coin. The letters were signed "M. B. Drapier."

Lord Carteret was coming over as lord lieutenant. Swift once had a dispute with him about the grievances of Ireland. "Carteret replied with a mastery and strength of reasoning, which Swift, not well liking, cried out in a violent passion: —'What the vengeance brought you among us? Get you back, get you back. Pray God Almighty send us our boobies again.'" In some verses written a few years later the dean describes him as not one of those

> "Who owe their virtues to their stations,
> And characters to dedications."

He concludes: —

> "I do the most that friendship can,
> I hate the viceroy, love the man."

XXXIV.

[Indorsed, "About H. C. ye Method of Parting, question of Allowance, Stopford and other materiall difficulties."]

DUBLIN. *Octr* 1724.

S^R^, — I received your longer Letter, and afterwards your shorter by M^r^ Jackmans. I am now relapsed into my old Disease of Deafness, which so confounds my Head, that I am ill qualifyed for writing or thinking. I sent your Letter sealed to M^r^ Stopford. He never showed me any Letter of y^rs^ nor talked of anything relating to you above once in his Life and that was some years ago, and so of [*sic*] little consequence that I have forgot it, and therefore I sent your Letter sealed to him by a common Messenger onely under the Inspection of a discret Servant. I have lived in good Friendship with him, but not in such an Intimacy as to interfere in his Business of any sort, and I am sure I should not be fond of it, unless I could be of Service — As to what you mention of my Proposall at the Deanery, as far as a confused Head will give me leave to think; I was always of opinion that those who are sure they cannot live well together, could not do a better thing than to part. But the Quantum of y^r^ Allowance must be measured by your Income and other Circumstances. I am of opinion that this might be best done by knowing fairly, what the Person her self would think the lowest that would be sufficient for what you propose, and the Conditions of the Place to reside in, wherein if you disapprove, you have Liberty to refuse, and in this M^r^ Stopford's Mediation would be most convenient. I desire you will give some Allowance to his Grief and Trouble in this Matter. I solemnly protest he hath not mentioned one Syllable of this to me, and if he should begin, I think I would interrupt him — It is a hard Thing to convince others of our Opinion, and I need not tell you how far a Brother may be led by his Affections. I am likewise of Opinion that such a thing as Parting, if it be agreed on, may be done without Noise, as if it were onely going to visit a Friend, and the Absence may continue by degrees, and little notice taken. As to the Affair of your Son, I can not imagine why M^r^ Stopford hath not answered y^r^ Letter; I do believe there is some what in that Business of his Amour, an Affair begun in much youth, and kept up perhaps more out of Decency and Truth than Prudence. But he is too wise to think of proceeding further before he gets into some Settlem^t^ [Settlement] which may not probably be in severall Years, and I prefer him as a Tutor absolutely before any of his Age or Standing at least. The Discipline in Oxford is more remiss than here — and since you design he shall live in this Kingdom (where M^r^ Jackmans tells me you are preparing so fine a Habitation for him) I think it better to habituate him to the Country where he must pass his Life, especially since many chargeable accidents have happened to you (besides your Building) which will press parsimony upon you, and 50^ll^ a year will

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maintain your Son a Commoner on which Conditions you will place him, if you intend he shall be good for Something.

You will allow for this confussed Paper for I have the noise of seven Watermills in my Ears and expect to continue so above a Month, but this sudden Return hath quite discouraged me. I mope at home and can bear no Company but Trebles and counterteners.

I am ever &c.

Your Perfumed Paper hath been ready to give me an Apoplexy either leave off these Refinements or we will send you to live on a mountain in Connaught.

So strong a disagreement had risen between Chetwode and his wife — the "Dame Plyant" of earlier letters, the mistress of that "little fire-side" to which Swift used to send kind messages — that they were thinking of separating. Stopford, as this letter shows, was her brother.

The discipline of Oxford from the Restoration onwards kept sinking and sinking, till it reached its lowest depth of degradation toward the close of the eighteenth century, — a memorable instance of the ruin that is brought on a seat of learning when it is placed under the government of a church. Swift once asked a young clergyman if he smoked. "Being answered that he did not, 'It is a sign,' said he, 'you were not bred in the University of Oxford, for drinking and smoking are the first rudiments of learning taught there; and in these two arts no university in Europe can outdo them.'" Nevertheless, in his Essay on Modern Education he says that though he "could add some hundred examples from his own observation of men who learnt nothing more at Oxford than to drink ale and smoke tobacco," there were others who made good use of their time there, "and were ready to celebrate and defend that course of education." In his Essay on the Fates of Clergymen he thus describes the course of an Oxford student who was destined to rise high in the Church: "He was never absent from prayers or lecture, nor once out of his college after Tom [the great Christ Church bell] tolled. He spent every day ten hours in his closet, in reading his courses, dozing, clipping papers, or darning his stockings; which last he performed to admiration. He could be soberly drunk at the expense of others with college ale, and at those seasons was always most devout. He wore the same gown five years without dragling or tearing. He never once looked into a playbook or a poem. He never understood a jest, or had the least conception of wit."

XXXV.

[Indorsed, "About James Stopford, and placing my son Vall: under his care in Coledge of Dublin."]

DUBLIN. *Decr* 19*th* 1724.

S^r^, — The Fault of my Eyes the Confusion of my Deafness and Giddyness of my Head have made me commit a great Blunder. I am just come from the Country where I was about 3 weeks in hopes to recover my Health; thither y^r^ last Letter was sent me, with the two inclosed, M^r^ Stopford's to you and yours to him. In reading them, I mistook and thought y^rs^ to him had been onely a Copy of what you had already sent to him so I burned them both as containing Things between y^r^selves, but I preserved y^rs^ to me to answer it, and now reading it again since my Return, I find my unlucky Error, which I hope you will excuse on Account of my many Infirmityes in Body and Mind. I very much approve of putting y^r^ Son under M^r^ Stopford's Care, and I am confident you need not apprehend his leaving the College for some years, or if he should, care may be taken to put the young Lad into good Hands, particularly under M^r^ King — I am utterly against his being a Gentleman Commoner on other Regards besides the Expence: and I believe 50^ll^ a Year (which is no small sum

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to a Builder) will maintain him very well a creditable Pensioner. I have not seen the L[t] [Lord Lieutenant] yet, being not in a Condition to converse with any Body, for want of better Ears, and better Health — I suppose you do not want Correspondents who send you the Papers Current of late in Prose and Verses on Woods, the *Juryes*, the Drapier &c. I think there is now a sort of Calm, except a very few of the lowest Grubstreet but there have been at least a Dozen worth reading — And I hope you approve of the grand Juryes Proceedings, and hardly thought such a Spirit could ever rise over this whole Kingdom.

I am &c.

Swift, in writing of a gentleman commoner, is applying to Dublin the term with which he had become familiar during his short residence in Oxford. The fellow commoner and pensioner of Dublin correspond to the gentleman commoner and commoner of the English university. The gentleman commoner, whose showy gown was very often seen in Oxford in my undergraduate days, is as extinct as the dodo. "In Dublin," as I am informed on high authority, "any one who chooses to pay his money foolishly can be a fellow commoner. He sits at the fellows' table and is distinguished by some points of college costume. Above him in rank is the son of a peer." It was as a gentleman commoner that Gibbon, about thirty years after the date of Swift's letter, entered Magdalen College, Oxford. He dined with the fellows, and was privileged to share in their "dull and deep potations," and to join in their conversation "as it stagnated in a round of college business, Tory politics, personal anecdotes, and private scandal." At Christ Church, Oxford, in 1769, "the expense of a commoner keeping the best company was near £200 a year; that of a gentleman commoner, at least £250." At other colleges a commoner could have lived in decent comfort on £100.

Of the verses on Wood many were written by Swift, — some of them brutal enough.

The grand jury, having thrown out the bill against the printer of the "Drapier's Letters," was discharged by the chief justice in a rage. A new one was summoned, which made a presentment drawn up by Swift against "the base metal coined, commonly called Wood's half-pence," of which they "had already felt the dismal effects."

XXXVI.

[Indorsed, "With advice abt H. C. and how to arrange our separation and her Residence."]

DUBLIN. *Janr* 18, 1724–5.

S[r], — I answer y[r] two Letters with the first opportunity of the Post. I have already often told you my Opinion, and after much Reflection — what I think it will be most prudent for you to do — I see nothing new in the case, but some displeasing Circumstances which you mention, and which I look upon as probable Consequences of that Scituation you are in — What I would do in such a Case I have told you more than once are: I would give that Person such an Allowance as was Suitable to my Ability, to live at a distance, where no Noise would be made. As to the Violences you apprehend you may be drawn to, I think nothing could be more unhappy for that would be vous mettre dans votre tort; which a wise Man would certainly avoyd. I do not wonder that you should see a neglect of domestic Care when all Reconciliation is supposed impossible, every body is encouraged or discouraged by *Motives*, and the meanest Servant will not act his Part if he be convinced that it will be impossible ever to please his Master. I am sure I have been more than once very particular in my Opinion upon this Affair; and have supposed any other Friend to be in the same case. There are many good Towns at a great distance from you, where People may board

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reasonably, and have the Advantage of a Church and a Neighbourhood —

But what Allowance you are content to give must depend upon what you are able. I think such a Thing may be continued without making much Noise, and the Person may be a good while absent as upon Health or Visits, till the Thing grows out of Observation or Discourse. I entirely approve of y^r^ Choice of a Tutor for your Son, and he will consult Cheapness as well as other Circumstances.

I have been out of Order about 5 months and am just getting out of a Cold when my Deafness was mending — Sending you Papers by the Post would be a great Expence, and Sometimes the Post master kept them. But if any Carrier plyed between you and us, they might be sent by Bundles. They say Cadogan is to lose some of his Employm^nts^, and I am told, that next Pacquet will tell us of Severall Changes — I was t'other day well enough to see the Ld. L^t^ and the Town has a thousand foolish Storyes of what passed between us; which indeed was nothing but old Friendship without a Word of Politicks.

According to one of the "foolish Storyes," Swift, at a full levee, pushed his way up to the lord lieutenant, and in a loud voice reproached him for issuing a proclamation against the Draper, — "'a poor shop-keeper whose only crime is an honest attempt to save his country from ruin. I suppose you expect a statue of copper will be erected to you for this service done to Wood.' The whole assembly were struck mute. The titled slaves shrunk into their own littleness in the presence of this man of virtue. For some time a profound silence ensued, when Lord Carteret made this fine reply in a line of Virgil: —

'Res duræ et regni novitas me talia cogunt Moliri.'"

("My cruel fate
And doubts attending an unsettled state
Force me.")

Lord Cadogan had succeeded Marlborough as commander-in-chief. "As the great Duke reviewed us," writes Esmond, "riding along our lines with his fine suite of prancing aides-de-camp and generals, stopping here and there to thank an officer with those eager smiles and bows of which his Grace was always lavish, scarce a huzzah could be got for him, though Cadogan, with an oath, rode up and cried, 'D—— you, why don't you cheer?'"

XXXVII.

[Indorsed, "A little before H. C. and I parted."]

S^r^, — Your letter come this moment to my Hand and the Messenger waits and returns tomorrow. You describe yourself as in a very uneasy way as to Burr. I know it not but I believe it will be hard to find any Place without some Objections. To be permitted to live among Relations, will have a fair face, and be looked on as generous and good-natured, and therefore I think you should comply, neither do I apprehend any Consequences from the Person if the rest of the Family be discreet, and you say nothing against that — I think it would be well if you had some Companions in your House with whom to converse, or else the Spleen will get the Better, at least in long winter Evenings, when you cannot be among your workmen nor allways amuse y^r^ self with reading.

We have had no new thing of any Value since the second Letter from Nobody (as they call it) the Author of those two Letters is sd to be a Lord's eldest son — The Drapier's five Letters and those two, and five or six Copyes of Verses are all that I know of, and those I suppose you have had.

The Talk now returns fresh that the Ld. L^t^ will soon leave us, and y^e^ D [Duke] of Newcastle succeed, and that Horace Walpole will be Sec^ry^ of State.

I am &c.

Jan 30th 1724–5.

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Swift's advice to Chetwode was like that given nearly forty years later by Dr. Johnson to a friend who had put away his wife: "Your first care must be to procure to yourself such diversions as may preserve you from melancholy and depression of mind, which is a greater evil than a disobedient wife."

The talk that the lord lieutenant was soon to leave was false. Some years after he had left, he wrote to Swift, "When people ask me how I governed Ireland, I say that I pleased D^{r} Swift."

Horace Walpole was the brother of Sir Robert Walpole, and uncle of the famous letter-writer, — "old Horace," as he was called later on. His nephew records how one day he left the House of Commons to fight a duel, and at once returned, "so little moved as to speak immediately upon the Cambrick Bill, which made Swinny say, 'That it was a sign he was not *ruffled*.'" Ruffles, then in fashion, were made of cambric.

XXXVIII.

[Indorsed, "About James Stopford's promise to indemnify me for debts of H. C.'s contracting."]

DUBLIN. *Febr. 20th* 1724–5.

S^{R}, — I extracted the Articles you sent me, and I sent them to M^{r} Stopford, and this morning he shewed me a Letter he intends for you to night, which I think shews he is ready to do all in his Power. That of contracting Debts he will give Bonds; for the others you can not well expect more than his Word, and you have the Remedy in your Power. So I hope no Difficulty will remain. I am very glad you are putting of your Land, and I hope you will contract things into as narrow a Circle as can consist with your Ease, since your Son and other Children will now be an Addition to your annuall Charge.

As soon as it is heard that I have been with Folks in Power, they get twenty Storyes about the Town of what has passed, but very little Truth. An English Paper in print related a Passage of two Lines writ on a Card, and the Answer, of which Story four parts in five is false — The Answer was writ by Sir W. Fownes. The real Account is a Trifle, and not worth the Time to relate. Thus much for that Passage in y^{r} Letter.

As to Company, I think you must endeavor to cotton with the Neighboring Clergy and Squires. The days are lengthening and you will have a long Summer to prepare y^{r}self for Winter. You should pass a month now and then with some County Friends, and play at whist for sixpence — I just steal this Time to write that you may have my Opinions at the same Time with M^{r} Stopford's Letter. I do think by all means he and you should be as well together as the Situation of Things will admit, for he has a most universal good reputation. I think above any young man in the Kingdom.

I am yr most obt &c. J. S.

Chetwode, who was to make his wife an allowance, feared she might incur debts for which the law would hold him answerable. Her brother was willing to give him bonds for repayment.

The "two Lines writ on a Card" may be those which Swift is said to have scratched on the window of the waiting-room in the castle: —

"My very good Lord, 'tis a very hard task,
For a man to wait here who has nothing to ask."

Under which Lord Carteret wrote: —

"My very good Dean, there are few who come here,
But have something to ask or something to fear."

Swift used to keep a record of his gains and losses at cards. "Whist" he sometimes spelled "whish," as the following account shows: —

	Won.
Nov 8th. Ombr. Percevl Barry . . .	5. 8.
" Ombr and whish. Raymd Morgan	2. 4.

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XXXIX.

May 27th 1725.

S^r^, — The Place I am in is 8 miles from the Post so it may be some days before I have convenience of sending this. I have recovered my hearing for some time, at least recovered it so as not to be troublesome to those I converse with, but I shall never be famous for acuteness in that Sense, and am in daily dread of Relapses; against which I prepare my mind as well as I can; and I have too good a Reason to do so; For my eyes will not suffer me to read small Prints; nor anything by Candle-light, and if I grow blind, as well as deaf, I must needs become very grave, and wise, and insignificant. The Weather has been so unfavourable, and continues so, that I have not been able to ride above once; and have been forced for Amuse-m^t^ to set Irish Fellows to work, and to oversee them — I live in a Cabin and in a very wild Country; yet there are some Agreeablenesses in it, or at least I fancy so, and am levelling Mountains and raising Stones, and fencing against inconveniencyes of a scanty Lodging, want of vittalls, and a thievish Race of People.

I detest the world because I am growing wholly unfit for it, and could be onely happy by never coming near Dublin, nor hearing from it, or anything that passes in the Publick.

I am sorry your Enemyes are so restless to torment you, and truly against the opinion of Philosophers I think, next to Health a man's Fortune is the tenderest Point; for life is a Trifle; and Reputation is supply'd by Innocence, but the Ruin of a man's Fortune makes him a Slave, which is infinitely worse than loss of Life or Credit; when a man hath not deserved either; and I repent nothing so much, as my own want of worldly wisdom, in squandring all I had saved on a Cursed Wall; although I had your Example to warn me, since I had often ventured to railly you for your Buildings; which have hindred you from that Command of money; you might otherwise have had. I have been told that Lenders of money abound; not from the Riches of the Kingdom, but by the want of Trade — but whether Chattles be good security I can not tell. I dare say M^r^ Lightburn will be able to take up what he wants, upon the Security of Land, by the Judgm^t^ of the H. [House] of Lords; and I reckon he is almost a Lawyer, and would make a very good Solliciter. I can give you no Encouragement to go out of your way for a visit to this dismal Place; where we have hardly room to turn our selves, and where we send five miles round for a lean sheep. I never thought I could battle with so many Inconveniencyes, and make use of so many Irish Expedients, much less could I invite any Friend to share in them; and we are 8 miles from Kells, the nearest habitable Place — These is the State of Affairs here. But I should be glad to know you had taken some Method to lump your Debts. I could have wished M^r^ Stopford had let me know his Intentions of travelling with Graham; I know not the Conditions he goes on, and there is but one Reason why I should approve of such a Ramble; I know all young Travellers are eager to travell again. But I doubt whether he consults his Preferment, or whether he will be able to do any Good to, un Enfant gaté, as Graham is. Pray desire him to write to me. I had rather your Son might have the Advantage of his Care, than of his Chambers.

I read no Prints. I know not whether we have a new King, or the old: much less any thing of Barber. I did not receive any Packet from you.

I am ever y^r^ &c.

The 6 months are over, so the Discoverer of the Draper will not get the 300^ll^ as I am told. I hope the Parlm^t^ will do as they ought, in that matter, which is the onely publick thing, I have in my mind.

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I hope you like Dr Delany's country Place and am glad to find you among such Acquaintances, especially such a Person as he.

Swift was staying in Dr. Sheridan's country retreat, "in a bleak spot among the wildest of the Cavan heaths," about fifty miles northwest of Dublin. He was, as he wrote to Pope, finishing his Gulliver's Travels. "The chief end I propose to myself in all my labours is to vex the world rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen."

His sight had been long failing. Twelve years earlier he had told how Vanessa

> "Imaginary charms can find
> In eyes with reading almost blind."

In some pretty lines to Stella on her birthday he said: —

> "For nature always in the right
> To your decay adapts my sight;
> And wrinkles undistinguished pass,
> For I 'm ashamed to use a glass;
> And till I see them with these eyes,
> Whoever says you have them, lies."

On another birthday he wrote to her:

> "This day then let us not be told
> That you are sick and I grown old;
> Nor think on our approaching ills,
> And talk of spectacles and pills."

He would not let art remedy the failings of nature; "for, having by some ridiculous resolution, or mad vow, determined never to wear spectacles, he could make little use of books in his latter years."

The work which he was overseeing was some improvements, at his own expense, on his friend's land, with which he hoped to surprise him. Sheridan had heard of what was going on, and on his arrival took not the slightest notice of the changes. "'Confound your stupidity;' said Swift, in a rage; 'why, you blockhead, don't you see the great improvements I have been making here?' 'Improvements! Mr. Dean,' and then he went on to make nothing of them."

Swift in this letter says that "next to Health a man's Fortune is the tenderest Point." Three years earlier he had written to Vanessa, "Remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth."

The "Cursed Wall" he had built, at a cost of £600, round a piece of ground he called Naboth's vineyard, close to the deanery house. "When the masons played the knave," he wrote, "nothing delighted me so much as to stand by while my servants threw down what was amiss."

The judgment in the House of Lords was in the case of the Rev. Stafford Lightburne, against some of Swift's cousins. It reversed certain decrees of the Irish Exchequer Court, and affirmed others. It seems to have confirmed land to Lightburne. Swift wrote to him congratulating him on his success.

To Mr. Stopford, in a letter dated, "Wretched Dublin, in miserable Ireland, Nov. 26, 1725," he wrote, "Come home by Switzerland; whence travel blindfold till you get here, which is the only way to make Ireland tolerable." It is clear that he placed Switzerland on much the same level as Ireland.

On the publication of the Drapier's Fourth Letter, dated October 23, 1724, a reward of £300 was offered for the discovery of the author.

To Dr. Delany Swift addressed some lines which begin: —

> "To you whose virtues, I must own
> With shame, I have too lately known;
> To you by art and nature taught
> To be the man I long have sought."

XL.

July 19th 1725.

S^R^, — I had y^rs^ of the 10^th^ and y^r^ former of earlye date. Can you imagine there is anything in this Scene to furnish a Letter? I came here for no

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other Purpose but to forget and to be forgotten. I detest all News or Knowledge of how the World passes. I am again with a Fitt of Deafness. The Weather is so bad and continues so beyond any Example in memory, that I cannot have the Beneffit of riding and I am forced to walk perpetually in a great Coat to preserve me from Cold and wett, while I amuse myself with employing and inspecting Laborers digging up and breaking Stones building dry Walls, and cutting thro Bogs, and when I cannot stir out, reading some easy Trash merely to divert me. But if the Weather does not mend, I doubt I shall change my Habitation to some more remote and comfortable Place, and there stay till y^e^ Parlm^t^ is over, unless it sits very late.

I send this directed as the former, not knowing how to do better but I wonder how you can continue in that Dirty Town. I am told there is very little Fruit in the Kingdom, and that I have but 20 Apples where I expected 500 — I hear Sale expected Harrison's whole Estate, and is much disappointed. Harrison's Life and Death were of a piece and are an Instance added to Millions how ridiculous a Creature is Man.

You agree with all my Friends in complaining I do not write to them, yet this goes so far that my averseness from it in this Place has made me neglect even to write on Affairs of great Consequence to my Self.

I am y^r^ most obd^t^ &c.

"How ridiculous a Creature is Man" Swift was at this time doing his best to show in his Gulliver's Travels. In this same year he described himself as "sitting like a toad in the corner of his great house, with a perfect hatred of all public actions and persons."

George Birkbeck Hill.

A GAME OF SOLITAIRE.

I.

THE lamp was lit, and the table drawn close to the fire. In Florence, when the tooth of December is set against the late roses, a fire is a good thing. Elizabeth, being an artist, was indulging herself in the damp luxury of living in an old palazzo, up five flights of stone stairs, and she tended her fire as if it were a shrine. Elizabeth's family had a slight inclination toward rheumatism, which justified her in the seeming luxury of a blaze.

Naturally, when Josephine Bromley tapped out a Spanish fandango-sort-of summons on the door, it cost Elizabeth, knowing immediately who it was, a moment of regret to be obliged to admit so unlooked-for and flighty a factor into her orderly evening.

"It rains," announced Phenie, shedding her wraps from her shoulders to the floor, as if they had been autumn leaves or detachable bits of bark that she had done with. "It rains, and it is as dark as Egypt, and you are a dear, Elizabeth!" she said, making straight to the fire and spreading out her thin hands before it.

"And you are a disgraceful tramp," responded Elizabeth, with more than a show of sincerity in her tone. "And besides that, you only call me 'a dear' because I happen to have common sense, and a fire for you to hover over."

"Yes, that's true; and whatever should we poor good-for-nothings do if it were not for you heaven-born worthy ones to look after us?" and Phenie, dropping to her knees, leaned forward

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in rapturous delight toward the blaze. "Yes, you are the dearest of dears, Elizabeth!"

The "dearest of dears" looked scornfully at the pile of wet wraps that lay by the door, and made no response to this flattery, but said, "I suppose, of course, your feet are wet?"

"Of course," admitted Phenie promptly, as she rose and held up one slim foot after the other, shaking her head with a look of disapprobation in her face, as if her feet had been guilty of an indiscretion against her own supervision.

"And your cough does n't get any better?"

"Not any better at all," assented Phenie in an alien, pitying tone which she often used toward herself.

"You ought to be sent to an asylum, or home," said Elizabeth, with asperity.

"I should like to go home," murmured Phenie plaintively, "if only to see my little great-grandmother once more."

Elizabeth sniffed. She thought she knew all of Phenie's wiles of manner, but she had never before heard of this little great-grandmother that was so dear. "I never heard you speak of your great-grandmother before." The tone seemed to convey a challenge.

"No, maybe not," said Phenie sweetly; "but you know I must have had one."

"I suppose so. I never gave the matter a thought before. You do without so many things that most people consider essential, I did not know what your ideas might be as to grandmothers."

"My great-grandmother must have been very much like me when she was young," Phenie went on meditatively.

"I wonder, then, that she ever lived to have great-grandchildren." This was said vengefully.

"Oh, she did n't! She only lived to have children."

"Then what in the name of common sense are you sentimentalizing over, with all this nonsense about going home to see her?"

"Why, I always go and visit her when I am at home. She lies in a sunny, cosy little graveyard on a hill. I love to go there. She must have been delightful when she was alive!"

"Like yourself, Phenie, as you mentioned a few minutes ago."

"Did I say that? Well, I am sure she must have been much like me. In the first place, she looks like me; there is a picture of her cut in the gray slate headstone. She is represented as lying in a pretty-shaped narrow coffin, and on her arm is the child that died with her. The inscription reads: 'In memory of Josephine, the wife of Adoniram Hinton, who departed this life December twenty-sixth, 1785, in the thirtieth year of her age. On her left arm lieth the infant which died with her.' Just at this season, Elizabeth; and is n't that a pretty thought, — she and her baby asleep all these years together?"

"You are cheerful to-night, Phenie," was Elizabeth's only reply.

Phenie held up her flexible hands and moved them rapidly from side to side before her face, "to make oak leaves out of the flames," she explained to Elizabeth. Then, rising abruptly, she caught up the guitar and waved it to and fro, Spanish fashion, brushing her fingers across it as it swung, making a sort of breathing harmony, to which she hummed an accompaniment in a high voice which was thin but vibrant. She was slender, almost meagre; her dark hair hung in wisps as it had dried after being wet by the rain. It gave her an elfish look, but, with all her uncanny thinness and unexpectedness, there was a fascination about her that baffled Elizabeth even more than did Phenie's faults, for it seemed to ward off criticism; and it vexed Elizabeth that she could not be *more* vexed at this wayward thing.

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Phenie never waited for other people's moods to set the pace. She was quite absorbed in her own guitar-swinging till the air reminded her of another Spanish song; then she threw herself into a crisp and saucy attitude, and broke into a *bolero* that ended in a high shrill note, which seemed to fill the room with matadors, señoritas, mantillas, and pomegranates, also with love and treason.

"Carmen," said Elizabeth grimly, "will you please tend to the fire?"

But Phenie did not stop her singing. Elizabeth put a fresh stick on the coals. From where she sat she could see that Phenie's dress was drawing wet hieroglyphics on the waxed floor. The dress was very shabby, — a beggar-skirt, — but worn with picturesque style.

"I am going to be married," abruptly announced Phenie, still thrumming on the guitar. "Yes, I remember now that is what I came in to tell you. I knew there was something I meant to speak of."

"And that is why you were so keen to go and see your little great-grandmother who lives in the churchyard and is so like you!"

"Perfectly natural in me. I was wondering how she felt when she was engaged to be married, — before she was the wife of Adoniram Hinton and had earned her little epitaph!"

"Don't tell me, Phenie, that you are going to marry Smith, — the dismal Smith who ought never to have come over here to ruin canvas! He ought to be back to-day in Vermont, helping his father on the farm. He never will earn enough to buy a bushel of potatoes by art."

"Smithy? Little Smithy? Oh no! He 's gone, you know, — gone away, disappeared, nobody knows where. Paid all his debts and disappeared, — improvident fellow!"

"Do you sleep well nights, Phenie, with all your moral responsibilities?"

"No, I don't sleep very well. I have nightmares." This, again, in her grieved and pitying tone. She was busy building up a vast and comfortable nest near the fire, and she did not seem to notice the air of disapprobation that radiated from Elizabeth.

Phenie's accessories always favored her. That was one reason why it was so hard to attach any ethical obligation to her. Even her atmosphere defied one to attribute responsibilities. Elizabeth was almost the only person who ever tried to, and she failed. She watched her now as she propped up the cushions against the copper *brocca*. This proving insecure, the fire-screen was tilted back, the cushions were heaped up, and into them sank Phenie, with a contented "There!"

"I suppose, then," remarked Elizabeth, after a pause, "that you are going to throw yourself away on that count who has been dangling round wherever you have been this fall. He is, if possible, one degree worse than Smith. Smith was respectable."

"No, I could n't bring myself to marry the count. I tried to; really I did," replied Phenie, as if hoping that Elizabeth would condone her failure in view of her efforts.

"The only other alternative is, then, an old, rich man. You have sold yourself."

"Never! Elizabeth, I am pained. This is an old friend of my mother's."

"I knew it," said Elizabeth dejectedly. "I knew it would be, of course, some one who was shiftless, bad, or rich and old."

"An old friend of my mother's," went on Phenie undisturbedly. "I met him years and years ago in America, when mother was living. He came to see us, and he took a great fancy to me. I was only a child then; besides, he had a wife," added she, with one of her sudden smiles that always exasperated Elizabeth; they meant so much or so little, according to the next remark. Phenie's smile always left one feeling that how-

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ever it was construed, the opposite would be found to be true.

"Now his wife is dead, and he wants to marry me," continued Phenie.

"Where have you been seeing him?"

"That 's part of the fun of it. I have n't been seeing much of him. We have mostly corresponded."

"Oh!" groaned Elizabeth.

"We shall be married in January," Phenie went on, "here in Florence. He lives in London, but he will go to America to live if I want him to, — or anywhere else, for that matter. I am getting my trousseau ready. I bought a dear, delightful brass kettle to-day, — big and so comfortable-looking."

Elizabeth laughed in spite of her indignation. "I suppose you will have towers and domes and frescoes in your trousseau; they would be so useful in America."

"I did buy a Madonna to-day," said Phenie impressively, raising herself and clasping her knees with her thin, enthusiastic fingers, "a real old cracked Madonna, with the loveliest little Christus you ever saw. I cleaned it off with my own fingers. I worked for hours over it. I rubbed off all the old sticky varnish (Smithy taught me how just before he disappeared, poor dear!), and then I steamed it over an alcohol bath, and the cracks all drew together, and then I varnished it freshly, and now it is my own beautiful Madonna, — all my own! And I am going to buy a hundred-franc frame for it. I paid — just think, Elizabeth, and don't scold — I paid five hundred francs for the picture alone. Oh, is n't it glorious to be rich!"

Elizabeth looked at the frayed bottom of Josephine's dress, and her wholesome common sense revolted against this mothlike creature's burning its wings in the awful *to be*.

"Phenie," said she, "either don't tell me any more of your doings, or else let me advise you. You will ruin yourself. How dare you spend five hundred francs for anything, — anything except actual necessities? And where are you to get your bread and butter if this thing falls through?"

"'This thing,' as you curiously call my engagement, is not going to fall through; and besides, I never did care much for bread and butter; and so, just for once in my life, I am going to spend every cent I have, or can get hold of, and I am going to spend it for luxuries, and I am going to enjoy it. Now to-morrow," said she, as she picked up her wet wraps and surveyed them at arm's length with loathing, "to-morrow I shall buy myself a fur wrap, long, ample, and exclusive, with a dash of the sumptuous to it. No, Elizabeth, you may save your sermon; I am going now to be happy and look rich. Later I shall be rich and look happy."

A week later, Phenie's vivacious face blossomed above a fur wrap whose collar just revealed her pink ears. She looked both rich and happy.

II.

"Elizabeth," said Phenie, a few days after she had announced her engagement, "would you have dreamed that one could actually buy and have and hold forever, for one's very own, a great splendid cathedral lamp, that has been burning for nobody knows how many centuries, before some saint? Well, believe it or not, I 've done it, and I am going to try to live up to it, — in spiritual faith and constancy, you know. I shall have it hung right over my dressing-table when I get settled in my new home in America. I mean to put every scrap that I have collected here in Italy in my own room, so that I shall never forget how happy I have been here, — here in the land of joy!"

"When is your fiancé coming?"

"Oh, to-morrow, or yesterday, or some time. You see, he was to have come

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last week, but it fell through, all along o' some sister of his. Elizabeth, he is rich, actually rich! It is almost ridiculous, my marrying a rich man."

"Quite," was the short reply. "Do you love him?"

"Of course I do! What a question! Only — well, I do not mind confiding to you, dear, that I am just a little disappointed to find he does n't seem to care one bit about Madonnas. He says they are all trash and bigotry, and I am afraid he is too old to change. I wrote to him yesterday that he must try to look at Madonnas as purely decorative. I am hoping that that will appeal to him."

"Phenie, you are intolerable! You don't deserve to be happy. You are too shallow for anything. I wish something could make you serious!"

"Why, Elizabeth! I thought you, of all people, would look on marriage as serious. Why, my dear, just being engaged has utterly changed me. I have become conventional. I don't even think of going out shopping without a maid, and you must remember how I used to roam about. The other day when I went to meet Mr. Griffith, I took Adela along, — truly I did."

"Meet him? Meet Mr. Griffith? When and where have you been meeting him?"

"Why, I meant to tell you that he was to have been here last Friday. He wrote that he would arrive by the eleven-thirty train, — in the morning, you know. We were all ready for him to breakfast with us. Such a pretty salad! — all green and gold; I arranged it myself in my old majolica bowl, with lots of flowers and fixings. Then came a telegram saying that he must hurry right through Florence on an earlier train, so as to meet his sister, who had been very ill somewhere in Egypt, and was on her way to Naples. He arranged it for me to meet him at the train; and then he begged me to go on with him as far as that place with the queer name, where they meet the incoming train from Rome, you know. Of course I went. Sister Maggie could n't go; I would n't let her go to the station with me, but I took Adela, and put her in the second-class compartment. And I did have a perfect dream of a time! Oh, Elizabeth, is n't joy easy to bear? And I know I looked well in my fur cloak!"

"How old is Mr. Griffith?"

"Oh, I am sure I don't know, — some tedious age, I suppose; there is nothing so tedious as age. We ought to begin at the other end and wind up as babies; I have always thought so."

"Some of us do."

"Oh, if you mean me — I am old, old, old!" Phenie did look a little withered and tired for the moment.

This was on a Sunday afternoon near the end of December. She had dropped in to dine with Elizabeth, as was her wont on Sundays. It was the habit of the "boys," as they called the American art students, to call for them later in the afternoon and take them for long walks or to the picture-galleries.

"Miss Josephine looks like a dove today," remarked the tall Johnson to Elizabeth, as they strolled through the Boboli Gardens.

"A dove?" said Elizabeth questioningly. She was apt to see things in an ethical light, and it was not without an effort that she disassociated looking and being.

"Yes. You see she has on all the colors, graded from gray to soft fawn, and capped by that iridescent thing round her neck. Her head moves above it just like a dove's head."

"Methinks it is a cat," said Steinway, who prided himself on being rude.

Elizabeth, who was loyal, resented this. "I wonder," said she, "how any one dares to speak of a woman as if she were a piece of bric-à-brac, a picture, or an animal?"

"Oh, now, Miss Dunning, don't be too

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hard. We fellows don't mean anything, you know. It is only so-called artistic slang."

"And really," joined in Anderson, "it is curious, Miss Elizabeth, but one does get to looking even at one's friends as if they were posing. Just see Miss Josephine now, — how she flattens out into a fresco against that white wall, in full sunlight. Why, if I painted her so, the donkeys who write the art criticisms would say I had filched from the old frescoes. But would n't it make a sensation in the Salon if I could only hit it off!" Anderson was young.

"Do you know," drawled Spellman to Elizabeth, "when Miss Bromley sings with her guitar, Spanish fashion, I regularly fall deeply in love with — some one else!"

"I wonder who?" thought Elizabeth. She only said, "Let us walk faster, please." That was almost the only time she did not know exactly what she wanted.

Bragdon, "the Baltimore Oriole," as he was popularly called, — he was very dashing, and inclined to a bit of flame-color in his cravat, — was walking with Phenie, and saying impressively: "I don't know what I shall do for the dramatic element when you go away from here. It will cost us fellows a heap of money for theatre tickets, to keep us amused then, and it won't be half so artistic."

"You can go to church for nothing," said the dove, with serenity.

Soon after this Sunday, Maggie, Phenie's sister, came in for a long talk with Elizabeth. She had been so busy with all the shopping and the making up of Josephine's wardrobe that she was brimming over with bottled-up emotions. Besides that, nobody who knew Elizabeth ever considered any undertaking fully begun or done without having had it out with her.

"You never in all your life knew any one so utterly generous as Phenie is," began Maggie; "and what do you think she has just done? She says she will have money enough after her marriage, so she has not only made over to me her half of the farm down in Kennebunk, but she has actually sent over to the savings-bank and drawn out all her money, and has given me five hundred dollars! She won't have a cent left after she has paid for all her dresses and for all those queer things she dotes on so much. I tell her she is no Christian, but a perfect heathen in her tastes. She only laughs; she does nothing but laugh and sing nowadays. Why, Elizabeth, the brass things alone that she has bought would fill a ship, I should think; and they smell so brassy! Besides that, she has bought a lot of inlaid chairs and tables and things. I really don't know as I ought to tell you, if *she* has n't already; but you know all about that Italian count who wanted to marry her? Well, he failed (he was a gambler; is n't it awful?), he failed, and then shot himself; and now Phenie has gone and bought up most of his old furniture at auction or of some dealer. She says that it has a sentiment for her, and that she is so grateful to have had the dance without paying the piper. I never half understand her, and I can't imagine how we ever came to be born in the same family. But you must come over and see Phenie's clothes. Every dress is copied from some old picture, and she has no end of old beads and jewelry. I feel as if I were living in a dream. I almost dread to wake up. And to think — in a month it will all be over!"

"I should suppose Mr. Griffith would remember that you too are the daughter of his old friend."

"Yes," assented Maggie vaguely; "but it is n't as if he had seen me."

"To be candid with you, Maggie" (as if, given half a chance, Elizabeth could ever have been anything but candid), "what puzzles me is that Mr. Griffith dared to think of marrying so young

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a girl as Phenie. And if he wanted to, why did n't he come down to Florence and get acquainted with her first? He must be nearly twice as old as she."

"Do you know, Elizabeth, it seems queer to me, but he does n't look so very old. I know he must be; he can't be as young as he looks. I 've been over it again and again in my mind, and he can't be less than sixty, but he does n't look thirty-five."

"Oh, you 've seen him, then!" Elizabeth had a momentary sense of relief, immediately followed, however, by an uncomfortable feeling that at last Phenie was caught in a fib, for she certainly had said several times that Maggie had not seen Mr. Griffith.

Maggie hurried to say, "No, I have n't seen him, but Phenie has his photograph on her dressing-table. She puts fresh violets before it every day. His picture does not look old. Phenie is twenty-three, you know, and I am twenty-seven, and mother would have been fifty-seven if she had lived." (Maggie knew to a day just how old everybody was; that was her strong point, — almost her only one.) "Now if mother would have been fifty-seven, he must be older; but he does n't look anything like it. He is handsome, too."

A thousand little doubts were assailing Elizabeth, each one so small that it took a whole swarm of them to make a cloud thick enough to be palpable; but the cloud was getting somehow like a gray mist before her mind's eye.

"Miss Bromley has an aptitude for her future rôle of great lady," said Spellman to Elizabeth one day. "Do you know what she has just done? She has bought Bragdon's Arno by Moonlight, and he is so grateful he cannot speak of it without — well, doing what, if he were a girl, we should call crying; and he is the most undemonstrative fellow in the world. He means to stay over here for three more months of study. It will be the making of him."

"Good Lord!" said Elizabeth under her breath. All at once she had a vision of Phenie as she had appeared that night when she came in wet, nervous, and willful, and announced her engagement to Mr. Griffith, while she twanged on her guitar, her shabby gown dripping with rain; and now, only a few weeks later, she was buying pictures, playing fairy godmother to Bragdon.

Elizabeth's face was a study. Spellman answered what he thought he read in it, and said, "Oh, she 's all right. She is going to marry money, is n't she? I don't mean, of course, marrying *for* money. Marrying money and marrying *for* money are very different things."

"Yes, it 's different from marrying for money," assented Elizabeth gravely.

All the same, that night she took out her bank-book, and made a long and careful computation. "For," said she aloud, as good people will who live much alone, and whose imaginations need the reinforcement of words, "for, as sure as guns, I shall have to use something soon for friendship's sake. I feel shaky about Phenie. I can't help it, — I feel very shaky."

III.

Phenie was ready to be married, — gowns, brass kettles, Madonnas, and all. She looked a trifle worn, but she was in the gayest of spirits, and more full than ever of her vagaries. She was either exasperatingly gentle after doing the most reprehensible things, or else sweetly contrary; always being of the opposite mood, whatever was expected. She gave teas and lunches at her rooms, where her new artistic belongings created the impression of the fifteenth century having kaleidoscoped with the nineteenth.

Every day she had some new and grotesquely inappropriate possession to exploit, ofttimes bemoaning her inability to buy the little iron Devil that presided over the market-place, — alas that it was

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not for sale! That alone, she declared, would be worth more to her than all her Madonnas.

Josephine was quite the sensation of Florence at this time, and it agreed wonderfully well with her.

One night Elizabeth was summoned suddenly by a wide-eyed Italian maid, with more emotion than power of speech. She brought a slip of paper from Josephine's sister Maggie, saying, "Come at once; Phenie is very ill." More than this could not be gathered from the maid, whose Neapolitan dialect was beyond the range of Elizabeth's studies.

Maggie stood shivering by the door when they reached her apartment. She was haggard with distress. "Mr. Griffith is dead," said she, "and I think Phenie will die too! What shall I do? She had a letter this afternoon from his sister in London. He died suddenly, and — Oh, Elizabeth, this is the awakening! Phenie is almost crazy. She fainted away when she read the letter. She had been restless and excited all day, as if she felt that something was going to happen; and she dropped down in a heap on the floor with the letter in her hand. Afterwards she laughed and cried horribly. I was afraid of her. I sent for the doctor, and he could n't do anything with her till he gave her something to put her to sleep; and even now she starts and calls out. I know she will die! What shall I do?" And poor Maggie laid her head on Elizabeth's shoulder, and had the first cry that she had found time for since the news had come.

While Elizabeth tried to comfort her, she herself was going through a certain self-chastisement. She was blaming herself for not feeling the grief of the circumstances more sympathetically, more spontaneously. She was sorry enough for the sobbing Maggie, but there was not that whole-souled oneness in her sympathy for the two desolated sisters that she felt there ought to be. "I wonder," she thought, "if I have been orderly and methodical so long that I have left no room for the expansions of pity." And worse than the distrust of her capacity for sympathy was the black swarm of doubts, which had increased so that they made a cloud in her brain through which Phenie and her dramatic troubles looked farcical and unreal. She seemed to see herself going through some grotesque drama, at the bottom of which there was no reality.

To Maggie, however, there was no unreality, either in Phenie's illness, called by the doctor a "nervous collapse," or in their financial position. The five hundred dollars so generously bestowed upon her by Phenie had long ago melted down to less than a third; and in the days that followed, the remaining portion melted like the snow on Monte Morello.

Life was very real to Maggie. Phenie's health mended slowly, and their finances not at all. Doctors' bills, tradesmen's bills, and all the little luxuries of sickness sucked their slender stream dry. One new expense, as Phenie recovered, threatened to bring them to utter and irretrievable ruin. Phenie was obliged to be out for hours driving in the Cascine, where, wrapped in her gray rabbits' fur cloak, with roses tucked in near her pale face, she received the admiring pity of the voluble Italians who had followed in every detail the poor signorina's drama.

It was now March, and Elizabeth came to a decision. Action followed always immediately on her decisions. She spent several hours in writing a letter. This letter was addressed to Mr. J. C. Griffith. After writing it she inclosed it in another carefully worded letter to her bankers in London, asking them to forward it to Mr. J. C. Griffith, if it were possible to obtain that gentleman's address; also asking them, as a favor, to write a letter to him themselves, introducing her, as she was consulting him on a matter of importance, but had

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not the honor of an acquaintance with him.

She received a letter in reply from her bankers, stating that they had delivered the letter to J. C. Griffith, Esq., who happened to be well known to them, having been for many years a customer of theirs, so that there was no delay in transmitting the letter, with one of introduction as requested.

Then Elizabeth waited; and while she waited she tided over the affairs of the two sisters in her usual orderly, methodical, and practical manner; but she did not think it necessary to tell them that she had written to J. C. Griffith, Esq., and that she awaited with deep interest a letter from him. Occasionally she thanked Heaven devoutly that she knew what she wanted, and was practical enough to get it.

Her letter to Mr. Griffith had been a plain and full statement of the affairs of the two Bromley sisters, including all she knew of Phenie's engagement. She began by asking if the Mr. Griffith she was now addressing was the Mr. J. C. Griffith who had formerly been a friend of Mrs. Bromley's in America, saying: "If you are that friend, the following circumstances are of importance to you. Assuming that you are, I will give them to you as I see them, and I hope that you may help me in my efforts to send the two daughters back to America." She told him that early in the winter Josephine had announced her engagement to a Mr. J. C. Griffith, an old friend of her mother's, and that several weeks had been passed in preparing for the marriage; also, that all the fortune of the two girls had been spent. She explained to him that in some adroit manner, either by accident or by design, no one but Josephine had ever seen Mr. Griffith, and the engagement had ostensibly been arranged by letter; and that this engagement had been suddenly and shockingly broken off by the news of the death of Mr. Griffith, communicated to Josephine by the sister of the man, also by letter. She went on to tell him how ill Josephine had been and still was, and ended by saying: "The whole affair is to me a matter of confusion and, I frankly say, mystery. It is, however, borne in upon me that the Mr. Griffith to whom Josephine was or was supposed to be engaged was not the old friend of her mother's, and, acting on that impression, I write to put the matter in your hands. If you are that friend, will you aid the daughters on their way to America, and may I let you know when they pass through London? As to what you may think it is your duty to do in unraveling the mystery that surrounds the use of your name in the tragedy of Josephine's life, that is a matter outside of my power to suggest. I need not tell you that they do not know of my intercession with you on their behalf. On the receipt of your answer to this, I shall do as circumstances dictate in the matter of making known to them how I came into communication with you."

One day a letter came to Elizabeth from J. C. Griffith. He avowed himself to be the one who had been honored as the friend of Mrs. Bromley, "the most beautiful and fascinating woman I ever met or expect to meet." He said that he remembered Josephine as giving promise to be much like her mother, and that nothing in the world could exceed his delight in putting himself at their (he had first written "her," and then substituted "their") service. He added: "Miss Josephine inspires me with great interest. In her, evidently, a trace of the mother lives, even in the aptitude of her feet for somewhat tangled paths. I am proud to be of service to her."

"Good gracious!" said Elizabeth, "I've fixed it now. The old fool will marry Phenie, as sure as my name is Elizabeth Dunning!"

And he did marry Phenie Bromley in just three months after he met her in London.

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It was a long time before Elizabeth could make herself write to Josephine after receiving an erratic little note from her announcing her happy engagement to Mr. J. C. Griffith, without a single reference to the past, or a single explanation of who this Mr. Griffith was. And when Elizabeth did write, it could hardly be called a congratulatory letter. In fact, it read: —

"Phenie Bromley, will you tell me whose photograph you had standing on your dressing-table here in Florence, framed in old ivory and silver, before which you put fresh violets every day?"

And Phenie answered by return mail:

"Why, Elizabeth, you dear old thing, that was only a card that I used in my game of solitaire! Yours,

PHENIE BROMLEY GRIFFITH."

Madelene Yale Wynne.

THE COMING LITERARY REVIVAL.

I.

IT is said that the age of genius in literature, like the age of miracles in religious history, is past. A daring German critic of the last generation declared that the world no longer required a great poet after Goethe, and even ventured to set up a system by which poetry of the first order could be produced as if by machinery. Another philosopher, a man of wide fame, has maintained that the process of reducing all human nature to the level of comfortable mediocrity is already so far advanced that a time can be predicted when art will be for all men what the stage farce of an evening is now for the weary man of business. These are doubtless extreme views, but they are not without mild support in the words that escape more cautious writers. They indicate, at all events, that there is reason for doubt as to the future of letters, as well as room for the discussion of serious questions.

These questions belong, perhaps, to the domain of science rather than to that of the literary essayist. Scientific men have already shown interest in the matter by their investigations concerning the heredity of genius, concerning the relation between genius and insanity, and by varied psychological studies. If these aspects of the subject be left to those competent to depict them, there still remain problems of historical evolution, to solve which may lead, not to the origin of genius in the individual, but to a general law governing its opportunities.

Grant to those who assert it that there have been mute, inglorious Miltons, then the alternative between genius silent and genius vocal must be one of historical necessity. The man of genius is the product of an inevitable evolution. It is easy to say this and to believe it in the light of prevalent scientific opinions. It is not so easy to illustrate it. There can be, this side of Milton's chaos, nothing more confused or meaningless than the history of the world's literature estimated as a gradual process, step by step, toward perfection. The endless activity satirized by the Hebrew maxim-maker is lighted here and there by the glow of creative power; all the rest is a dull glimmer as of subterranean gnomes or cabiri busy at their forges. Criticism misleads because there is a deceitful brilliance about the achievements of one's own age. They are too near to be properly viewed. This lack of perspective may be corrected in some degree by the effort to imagine how contemporary or very recent writers will look to people one hundred or three hundred or a thousand years hence. In

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this way the mind may forecast the actual processes of history similar to those by which the settled literary verdicts of the past have been reached.

There are some points in literary history about which there can be no dispute. For example, the world has not made a step forward in epic since the time of Homer; it has not improved the drama since Shakespeare ceased to write; it has not bettered the novel, unless morally, since Fielding laid down the pen; it has not surpassed Chaucer in humorous narrative verse, nor Petrarch in sonnet, nor Dante in philosophic satire, nor Milton in expressing the emotion of the infinite, nor Goethe in the power of impersonating an epoch. There is no possibility of comparing these writers among themselves, or of saying from the purely literary criteria which they give whether the world advanced from Homer to Goethe, or went backward in that long interval. Men of the highest genius stand separate from one another. It cannot be said of any one of these creative minds that he was greater than the rest. The standard by which they are to be measured is new in each case, and there is no gradation from one to the next. It is true of some, at least, with whom history has made us familiar, that they stand at the apex in a group where the rise and fall in power of thought and observation can be traced. All that is decipherable in the way of direct evolution in literature can be seen most distinctly in the Elizabethan drama, where there is a manifest increase of skill and power from the rude, inchoate mediæval forms of histrionic art until the climax is reached, followed by a declension, with occasional sallies of brilliant wit and high technical skill; and this declension has lasted to the present day, with no signs of a recurrence to anything like the profound thought, the insight into human nature, the deep originality of Shakespeare. The conditions, national and international, which environed Shakespeare have often been described. It took a world to make him, and the forces of a world were really turned upon the England of his time. But his case is not solitary. It is noteworthy that, with all the toil of the literary rank and file of a race, the crowning genius never emerges without an external shock and pressure and strain which force him to his place, and unite the nation as it were under his feet. Whether this shock be delivered in war, as has most frequently been the case in the past, or in less violent ways, it is indispensable. Look over the lives of men of acknowledged genius and see if there can be found one who truly created his own opportunity.

Meanwhile, another line of instances deserves inspection. Apparently a relation of antecedent and consequent, more rarely of cause and effect, exists between the rise of systems of philosophy and the outbreak of national literary enthusiasm in which genius becomes active. To each age, to every century, belongs a philosophy peculiar to itself. The tendencies of one age, though they result from the thinking and doing of its predecessors, are its own. They give rise to new thoughts and to new problems, and the first to attack the new problems or to utter the new thoughts are the philosophers of the new time. For this reason, philosophy, like literature, moves toward what must be deemed its ultimate goal, not by a steady advance, but by irregular approaches. It may even seem to recede at times, and at other times to be motionless and dead. It cannot transcend the processes of civilization, and, like literature again, it has for its background the general history of culture. It has no other problems than those which arouse and embarrass man and society at a given time, and no material for the solution of these problems except what lies in the general consciousness of the time. Scientific discovery, religious awakening, artistic creativeness, social and political unrest, are fruitful in new

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impulses for philosophy, and they determine the outlines of its task, though not of its achievement. Where the relation between the various factors of human life, individual, social, political, and the philosophy to which they appeal is simple, the latter is just the expression of the knowledge which the age has of itself. This was never better evinced than in the eclecticism of Cicero, which was the forerunner of the still more elegant literary eclecticism of Virgil and Horace.

On the other hand, an age in which the forces of culture are divergent can find its philosophic expression only in the strife of opinions. In this case civilization fosters the growth of systems of thought which, specious as they are at first glance, are soon seen to be mere makeshifts. But these sports of philosophy are of the highest value in unraveling the history of literature, for it is they that presage by their eccentricities the special phases of intuition and fantasy for which mankind in general is at the moment keeping the sharpest outlook. The more permanent forms of philosophy, since they are deeply imbued with the individuality of their originators, or with some quality to which that name is given for lack of a better, and because they are effective in long reaches of time, find little response in the hearts of the contemporary multitude. In any case, owing to the mutability of human affairs, to the mere fact that men grow old, the conditions in which a philosophy germinates are not those surrounding it at its completion. Its own influence on its votaries and opponents has precluded such uniformity. It has put in words aspirations that were latent. It has formulated thoughts that were strange and foreign to the age just departed, but which seem as familiar as their own perceptions to men who have grown to maturity with it. Tendencies too slight for general observation a little while ago have become dominant, and because the philosopher felt them first, he said, no doubt awkwardly and pedantically, what others must say after him with such smoothness as they can attain, until final expression is reached in the words of a master in literature. Or, again, the tendencies in a philosophy, becoming the tendencies of an age, produce results which imperatively demand expression even in those forms of literature to which philosophy is abhorrent. Thus the process is one in which the thinker leads, and the poet follows; and this is fit, for after the true poet what is there to say? Study of the successive revivals of the literary spirit in the history of the world — we are forbidden to amass details — will show that philosophy gropes first in the environment which genius comes later to light up and to inhabit.

In such a study of philosophical movements care must be given to the limits of the inference. There are cases, for example that of Dante, where philosophical development stands to a given literary phenomenon as cause to effect. This is not usual. Were it possible to prove so much, it would not be necessary. What is required is to show that in the whole series of important literary instances there was a significant philosophical forerunning which presaged the advent of genius. This anticipatory stir of minds, however, is not a cause, but an effect of conditions which prepared the way for what was to come. It revealed the sensitiveness of men of thought to obscure tendencies which could become manifest and clear only in the man of intuition, the poet, the artist, the dramatist, or the romancer. Now, the moment this effort is made to trace the relationship between philosophy and literature, it dawns upon one that beneath and above the chaotic perturbations, the renascence and decadence of learning, there is, after all, a unity in the aspirations of the highest genius. Consciously or unconsciously, it must strive to utter, not a mere individual thought, nor the thought of a nation, but

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the characteristic thought of humanity at the time.

Since history began, this thought has always been cleft in two. The East thinks one way, the West another, and no single mind has yet been able to grasp this divided thought in its entirety and to express it in its primeval oneness. Nevertheless, all the great poets of the West and nearly all the great philosophers have felt themselves confronted by this profoundest of all Eastern Questions. It is the sole reason for the existence of Homer and Herodotus. It causes Virgil to turn his epic into a romance. It is the very crux in Dante's science of history and in Milton's theology. It complicates for Shakespeare the characters of Othello and Shylock, and it adds one at least to the puzzles in Goethe's Faust. It stirs in the most significant myths of Plato. It is exorcised by Aristotle with a Pecksniffian wave of the hand toward his semi-Oriental predecessors, only to return supreme in neo-Platonism. It furnishes the problems on which Scholasticism goes to pieces. It answers Descartes with Spinoza, and Locke with Berkeley. At the very last, it is conspicuous by its absence from the aims of Kant. He stumbles over it in the literature of thought which it is his task to reduce to a critical unity, but he ignores it. In short, he gives little or no premonition, not even such as is manifest in Goethe's West-Eastern Divan, of phases of intellectual activity that were to be of absorbing interest within a few decades after his death. This was all the more remarkable because the so-called Enlightenment of the eighteenth century had unveiled once for all the cosmopolitan character of literary and philosophical effort at its best. But the Enlightenment was too artificial, too much constrained by rule, to exemplify its own teaching. A reaction was inevitable, and yet no reaction would serve to put the world back into the unconsciousness that had once been broken. Thenceforth genius must achieve what it could, in the full knowledge that its task was to recast the whole of the world's thought.

The proclamation of this fact almost in so many words, toward the close of the eighteenth century, resounded arrogantly in Germany. Still, it was not arrogance. It was the settled conviction of men who knew themselves capable of great achievement. Nevertheless, the literature which they produced was, taken as a whole, mainly a presage of the future. The Oriental side of civilization is meagrely set forth by the best of them. What they accomplished was to bring all the literary motives, just as Kant brought all the philosophical motives, of the European past to clear presentation on a single canvas, so to speak, with everything in fair perspective. Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages, and the beginnings of modern life are seen in Faust; while there is only a hint here and there of the other phases of human activity beyond the horizon of Hellenism. The most noteworthy instance is the character of Lynceus in the Helena. There the Orientalism is vivid enough, but it is the Orientalism of those wild races which almost destroyed antique culture before they learned its value. In this meagreness of conception as regards the oldest and most stable aspects of humanity lies the refutation of those who say that after Goethe mankind no longer requires a transcendent poetic genius. When a voice as round and full as that of Dante shall speak for all the earth and all the ages, as Dante spoke for one great period, then the hope of further artistic and poetic achievement may be abandoned.

A common, perhaps an incorrect opinion is that the world is now passing through one of the comparatively dull periods in its literary history. The alleged decadence, it is said, pervades all European civilization. Yet the age is prolific enough. The censure is merely that its productions never rise above me-

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diocrity when measured in the scale of genius, though to this censure is added by some a curious array of pathological conjectures. If this generation had been the first to be criticised in this way, the cry of decadence might fill one with melancholy forebodings. The fact is that these prosaic intervals are the rule, and the visits of genius to the world the rare exception. For example, an acute though academic critic has pointed out that the drama has bloomed in perfection only twice since history began to be recorded; but this remark has nothing to do with the fact that there are at this moment more playwrights on earth than ever before at any given time since Euripides retired to his cave.

The cavilers must acknowledge that certain fields of literary endeavor were never better cultivated than they are now. Some of these lie in the realm where profound learning, acute and patient observation, and minutely attentive thought supply the place of genius. They produce often works that deserve permanent fame on account of excellence of style. But usually style is a secondary affair with specialists. The incessant outpour of books, monographs, and articles on scientific topics which has been in progress for many years, and bids fair to continue for a long time to come, resembles the deluge of theological and philosophical treatises in the mediæval centuries and at the era of the Reformation. Deeply interesting as these tomes were to the men for whom they were written, they are now useless except to a few investigators. A similar fate awaits the scientific libraries of this day, when results which are now the aim of patient effort shall be part of the experience of humanity.

Not merely in this respect does modern life seem to have entered upon a period mediæval in its analogies. For instance, fiction has been marvelously compressed and shortened of late. Looking back over literary history since the first days of printing, one finds that the abbreviating process has been very gradual. The massive romances of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries gave way slowly to the less heroic narrative with more study of character in fewer words, and this to something better and shorter, and so on, until the short story — one episode of life beautifully told, every character clearly drawn, every word fitly chosen, every sentence carefully modeled for its place with the rest — has become the most charming of modern literary products. It is characteristic of modern life — that is, since the Enlightenment — that this result has been attained by conscious effort, though accompanied with an uneasy feeling that the world will never see long novels again as good as those of Fielding and Thackeray. In less conscious fashion and in ruder forms this alternation between the short story and the long novel has been observed in past times, and the short story has always been a marked feature of an age that was looking out for something larger than it had in hand, and something at least different from what it recognized as great in the past. The age of the short story has also been the age of the polished minor poet, whether he wrote social idyls in Alexandria, Latin goliards in a mediæval monastery, songs of love in a Provençal castle, or stanzas and sonnets for a modern magazine.

There are short stories and little poems which will live forever; but, on the whole, these two classes in literary art lack seriousness, if considered as an end in themselves. They are characteristic of a tentative, a waiting age. The Middle Ages were a time of waiting for the great work that was bound to come. This work, when it came, was a revelation of new form in poesy. The laws of classic verse were broken and new laws enforced by a triumphant example. The present, too, is an age of waiting. The recurrent question, Who is to write

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the great American novel, or the great American drama, or the great American epic? is one which has been asked and answered with all degrees of uncertainty. It may never be answered in terms. The American who is to be reckoned the peer of Dante and Shakespeare may have to perfect a form of literature now undreamed of, to which the novel as we know it will be as foreign as the epic or the drama. Besides, this much-desiderated American may never emerge from the obscurity of mute, inglorious Miltonhood, if the following tentative outline of the opportunities of genius is approximately correct: —

First. A literary revival is always a local or national reaction to external influences. It is perfectly good science to say that no effect is ever produced by a single cause acting alone. The inference here drawn excludes none of the impulses attributed to heredity or to abnormal physiological or psychological conditions. It does not conflict with such facts of observation as the fertility of ancient Attica or Renaissance Tuscany in men of mind, as compared with regions hardly a day's march away from Athens or Florence. It is merely a supplemental necessity of the case.

Second. The greater the force applied from without, the more important the reaction within and the works that belong to it. This proposition may be looked on as a corollary of the ordinary scientific maxim that action and reaction are equal. But it is impossible to apply the rule in all its strictness to literature without the most minute and laborious investigation.

Third. No purely civil convulsion ever evoked a transcendent genius in art or poetry. A possible reason for this is that such a disturbance implies just the lack of that unity which is indispensable to genius. For genius is not scattered, it is concentrated effort.

Fourth. No nation incapable of an original movement in philosophy has ever produced imaginative genius of the highest rank. The only possible exception to this is Homer, and Homer's antecedents are unknown. The inference does not traverse the instinctive prejudice of the artist against the uninspired, plodding thinker. Everybody knows that systematized æsthetic is like apples of Sodom to the man of intuition. Nevertheless, the race that cannot rise to the level where it may form and express its own theory of beauty will never rise to that higher level where in the works of some master it must make its ideal of beauty actual. No original philosopher, no original genius. This is absolute.

Fifth. The progress of philosophy often indicates the course of national development which creates the environment appropriate to genius. It does not follow, however, that because the mould is ready the statue will be forthcoming. There are contingencies intervening which can be dealt with only by students of heredity and psychology and climate and habitat.

Sixth. The evolution of both philosophy and literature is incidental to the course of national life, and in the long run, doubtless, to that of all humanity. That is to say, neither grows up of its own accord. The background of all literary revivals lies in the history of that universal culture to which literature bears as transient a relation as that of the foliage to the tree. The tree lives long; the leaves flourish and decay year by year.

Seventh. But within itself the literary revival follows strictly the law of growth; or, if the phrase be more pleasing, the law of evolution and devolution. A noteworthy fact is, however, that growth appears less gradual than decay. The truth may be that much of the process preliminary to the advent of genius escapes observation. After the fact, many presages are remembered which in their own time passed unnoticed.

Eighth. The reaction passes away

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without prevision of what is to follow. Perhaps the most signal example of this is the disappearance of the old Republican literature in Rome without a hint of the outburst which heralded and attended the Empire. But there is a chasm equally great, in recent times, between the older literature of America with its colonial impulses and that of the period of growing nationality from Irving to Lowell, and in England between the product of the disturbed Georgian period culminating in Byron and the mild melancholy of Tennyson and the group to which he belonged.

Ninth. But the reaction often projects itself upon other nations or localities, causing a new reaction, and sometimes creating new forms of literature. An instance of this is the Chaucerian cycle in England, affected as it was by motives which had just ceased to be active in Italy and France. French romanticism, the Dantean allegory, and Boccaccio's novel take a form very different, under the hand of Chaucer, from that which they wore originally. Observe, too, in a later time, what a metamorphosis is shown in the teachings of Locke and the smooth humanity of Pope after they have been transferred to France by Voltaire.

The question remains whether these dicta can be applied to conditions existing at the present day. As to the impact of nation upon nation, even to the point of conflict, it is hardly necessary to say more than that no intelligent man lives anywhere in the bounds of civilization who fails to look "nights and mornings" now for signs of war. There are even some who seem to be afflicted with visions of Armageddon. This aside, who shall stand as philosopher of the age? That is an inquiry in which the estimate the age puts upon itself cuts some figure. Whether it is just to itself in adopting a tone of self-depreciation is not important. That the tone is to be heard, and that it is only one signal of a turn of thought generally pessimistic, are significant facts. Optimism can hardly be said to exist as a philosophy at the present time. Evolutionary theories based wholly on physical facts, with a mechanical formula as the goal of the universe expressible in the strictest mathematical way, have driven it to the merely negative hope that everything will turn out for the best. Recent efforts at directing attention anew to Leibnitz attest the lack of initiative among thinkers of optimist preferences. Mr. Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy is now a complete system, and the amount of comfort it gives to the world is very small. In fact, about the only comfort it gives is that it is open to criticism. The tendencies of recent literature — Zola, Tolstoi, Kidd in Social Evolution, Nordau in Degeneration — are so well known that it is needless to specify them. All this has really little value in practical life. Human nature never yet gave up a struggle because of despair, nor ever deemed a hope attained worth a fraction of the unattainable. The true import of pessimism lies in the hint it gives that, unconsciously, mankind is reaching out toward a future as different as possible from the present and the past of which it is weary. It is along this line on which humanity seems to be moving toward a phase of existence different from all, if not better than any, through which it has passed before, that search must be made for philosophic presages of what is to come.

To any one who looks over the systems offered to the present age, it must be obvious that the promise of most of them is very limited, or that it depends on contingencies more or less remote. Thus one sees little of the influence of Herbart, strong thinker as he was, out side of the methods of pedagogy. His individual realism is expounded to deaf ears in the midst of the socialist and pantheistic tendencies of the time. Lotze's remarkably penetrating thought

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is just now in process of transmutation through secondary minds. It has a long future, but it may be a remote one, in fee. Scottish philosophy is a mere survival. Besides, it has had its man of genius. If it once proclaimed Rousseau as its ally, it cannot deny Burns.

In America there are advocates of all philosophies, but there is no philosophy. This is not an individual opinion; it is the universal criticism on American learning. America has had one original metaphysician, and he belonged to the time when the social unity of the colonies had not yet given way to the chaos of modern life in the United States. This, again, is no individual dictum. But his thought has already worked itself out in literature. Perhaps somebody may be found to dispute the critical estimate of Hawthorne and Poe as the truly creative American minds in the field of imagination. Nevertheless, the estimate is not at all eccentric. It is based on much the same kind of reasoning as that which, according to a familiar anecdote, established the political and military primacy of Themistocles among the Greeks. The intellectual antecedents of many American men of letters in past generations can be traced largely to the Old World. This is not true of Hawthorne and Poe. The former in particular carried his Puritan environment with him to Italy, as that wonder-work The Marble Faun shows. But the fatalism of these two men in the study of character, a nemesis as unerring as that of the Greeks, is the artistic, emotional counterpart of the stern, unswerving thought of Jonathan Edwards. Whatever may be said of the ethics of The Raven or The Scarlet Letter, it is certain that they never would have emerged except from the culture which also produced A Careful and Strict Inquiry into the Modern Notion of Free-Will.

If the hypothesis suggested in these pages be correct, America needs to start a new intellectual cycle; and it is superfluous to say that the way to start is not to rest in the boasted excellence of some light form of literature, for example the American short story. It will take larger effort than this, and effort along lines ill-beset, to bring out the American rival of Homer and Dante and Virgil and Goethe and Shakespeare. There is a deal of meaning in the remark attributed to Horace Greeley, that what the United States needed was a sound thrashing, but that, unfortunately, no other nation on earth was big enough to give it to them. The Old World is well-worn. It is gradually approaching, from sheer weariness, a social if not a political federalism, in which America must be teacher, not pupil. But the only lesson which America is now teaching the world in the ideal realm is precisely the lesson which von Hartmann has already put in words, namely, that the literature of the future is to be as the farce which the Berlin business man goes to see of an evening by way of recreation. It is doing its best to prove that, after Goethe, the rôle of transcendent genius is no longer to be played. By way of bringing about a new movement in letters, it would be an excellent thing if some profoundly one-sided thinker should arise to shake to pieces the eminently respectable but fatally monotonous philosophy of the American schools.

In another article we shall search for our philosopher over a somewhat wider area.

J. S. Tunison.

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PENELOPE'S PROGRESS.

HER EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND.

PART FIRST. IN TOWN.

IV.

LIFE at Mrs. M'Collop's apartments in 22 Breadalbane Terrace is about as simple, comfortable, dignified, and delightful as it well can be.

Mrs. M'Collop herself is neat, thrifty, precise, tolerably genial, and "verra releegious."

Her partner, who is also the cook, is a person introduced to us as Miss Diggity. We afterwards learned that this is spelled Dalgety, but it is considered rather vulgar, in Scotland, to pronounce the names of persons and places as they are written. When, therefore, I allude to the cook, which will be as seldom as possible, I shall speak of her as Miss Diggity-Dalgety, so that I shall be presenting her correctly both to the eye and to the ear, and giving her at the same time a hyphenated name, a thing which is a secret object of aspiration in Great Britain.

In selecting our own letters and parcels from the common stock on the hall table, I perceive that most of our fellow lodgers are hyphenated ladies, whose visiting-cards diffuse the intelligence that in their single persons two ancient families and fortunes are united. On the ground floor are the Misses Hepburn-Sciennes (pronounced Hebburn-Sheens); on the floor above us are Miss Colquhoun (Cohoon) and her cousin Miss Cockburn-Sinclair (Coburn-Sinkler). As soon as the Hebburn-Sheens depart, Mrs. M'Collop expects Mrs. Menzies of Kilconquhar, of whom we shall speak as Mrs. Mingess of Kinyukkar. There is not a man in the house; even the Boots is a girl, so that 22 Breadalbane Terrace is as truly a *castra puellarum* as was ever the Castle of Edinburgh with its maiden princesses in the olden time.

We talked with Miss Diggity-Dalgety on the evening of our first day at Mrs. M'Collop's, when she came up to know our commands. As Francesca and Salemina were both in the room I determined to be as Scotch as possible; for it is Salemina's proud boast that she is taken for a native of every country she visits.

"We shall not be entertaining at present, Miss Diggity," I said, "so you can give us just the ordinary dishes, — no doubt you are accustomed to them: scones, baps or bannocks with marmalade, finnan-haddie or kippered herrings, for breakfast, — tea, of course (we never touch coffee in the morning), porridge, and we like them well boiled, please" (I hope she noted the plural pronoun; Salemina did, and blanched with envy); "minced collops for luncheon, or a nice little black-faced chop; Scotch broth, peas brose or cockyleekie soup, at dinner, and haggis now and then, with a cold shape for dessert. That is about the sort of thing we are accustomed to, — just plain Scotch living."

I was impressing Miss Diggity-Dalgety, — I could see that clearly; but Francesca spoiled the effect by inquiring, maliciously, if we could sometimes have a howtowdy wi' drappit eggs, or her favorite dish, wee grumphie wi' neeps.

Here Salemina was obliged to poke the fire in order to conceal her smiles, and the cook probably suspected that Francesca found howtowdy in the Scotch dictionary; but we amused each other vastly, and that is our principal object in life.

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Miss Diggity-Dalgety's forbears must have been exposed to foreign influences, for she interlards her culinary conversation with French terms, and we have discovered that this is quite common. A "jigget" of mutton is of course a *gigot*, and we have identified an "ashet" as an *assiette*. The "petticoat tails" she requested me to buy at the confectioner's were somewhat more puzzling, but when they were finally purchased by Susanna Crum they appeared to be ordinary little cakes; perhaps, therefore, though incorrectly, *petites gatelles*.

"That was a remarkable touch about the black-faced chop," laughed Salemina, when Miss Diggity-Dalgety had retired; "not that I believe they ever say it."

"I am sure they must," I asserted stoutly, "for I passed a flesher's on my way home, and saw a sign with 'Prime Black-Faced Mutton' printed on it. I also saw 'Fed Veal,' but I forgot to ask the cook for it."

"We ought really to have kept house in Edinburgh," observed Francesca, looking up from the Scotsman. "One can get a 'self-contained residential flat' for twenty pounds a month. We are such an irrepressible trio that a self-contained flat would be everything to us; and if it were not fully furnished, here is a firm that wishes to sell a 'composite bed' for six, and a 'gent's stuffed easy' for five pounds. Added to these inducements there is somebody who advertises that parties who intend 'displenishing' at the Whit Term would do well to consult him, as he makes a specialty of second-handed furniture and 'cyclealities.' What are 'cyclealities,' Susanna?" (She had just come in with coals.)

"I couldna say, mam."

"Thank you; no, you need not ask Mrs. M'Collop; it is of no consequence."

Susanna Crum is a most estimable young woman, clean, respectful, willing, capable, and methodical, but as a Bureau of Information she is painfully inadequate. Barring this single limitation she seems to be a treasure-house of all good practical qualities; and being thus clad and panoplied in virtue, why should she be so timid and self-distrustful?

She wears an expression which can mean only one of two things: either she has heard of the national tomahawk and is afraid of violence on our part, or else her mother was frightened before she was born. This applies in general to her walk and voice and manner, but is it fear that prompts her eternal "I couldna say," or is it perchance Scotch caution and prudence? Is she afraid of projecting her personality too indecently far? Is it the influence of the "catecheesm" on her early youth? Is it the indirect effect of heresy trials on her imagination? Does she remember the thumb-screw of former generations? At all events, she will neither affirm nor deny, and I am putting her to all sorts of tests, hoping to discover finally whether she is an accident, an exaggeration, or a type.

Salemina thinks that our American accent may confuse her. Of course she means Francesca's accent and mine, for she has none; although we have tempered ours so much that we can scarcely understand each other. As for Susanna's own accent, she comes from the heart of Aberdeenshire, and her language is beyond my power to reproduce.

We naturally wish to identify all the national dishes; so, "Is this cockle soup, Susanna?" I ask her, as she passes me the plate at dinner.

"I couldna say."

"This vegetable is new to me, Susanna; is it perhaps sea-kail?"

"I canna say, mam."

Then finally, in despair, as she handed me a boiled potato one day, I fixed my searching Yankee brown eyes on her blue-Presbyterian, non-committal ones and asked, "What is this vegetable, Susanna?"

In an instant she withdrew herself

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her soul, her ego, so utterly that I felt myself gazing at an inscrutable stone image, as she replied, "I couldna say, mam."

This was too much! Her mother may have been frightened, very badly frightened, but this was more than I could endure without protest. The plain boiled potato is practically universal. It is not only common to all temperate climates, but it has permeated all classes of society. I am confident that the plain boiled potato has been one of the chief constituents in the building up of that frame in which Susanna Crum conceals her opinions and emotions. I remarked, therefore, as an apparent afterthought, "Why, it is a potato, is it not, Susanna?"

What do you think she replied, when thus hunted into a corner, pushed against a wall, driven to the very confines of her personal and national liberty? She subjected the potato to a second careful scrutiny, and answered, "I wouldna say it 's no!"

Now there is no inherited physical terror in this. It is the concentrated essence of intelligent reserve, caution, and obstinacy; it is a conscious intellectual hedging; it is a dogged and determined attempt to build up barriers of defense between the questioner and the questionee: it must be, therefore, the offspring of the catechism and the heresy trial.

Once again, after establishing an equally obvious fact, I succeeded in wringing from her the reluctant admission "It depends," but she was so shattered by the bulk and force of this outgo, so fearful that in some way she had imperiled her life or reputation, so anxious concerning the effect that her reluctant testimony might have upon unborn generations, that she was of no real service the rest of the day.

I wish that the Lord Advocate, or some modern counterpart of Braxfield, the hanging judge, would summon Susanna Crum as a witness in an important case. He would need his longest plummet to sound the depths of her consciousness.

I have had no legal experience, but I can imagine the scene.

"Is the prisoner your father, Susanna Crum?"

"I couldna say, my lord."

"You have not understood the question, Susanna. Is the prisoner your father?"

"I couldna say, my lord."

"Come, come, my girl! you must answer the questions put you by the court. You have been an inmate of the prisoner's household since your earliest consciousness. He provided you with food, lodging, and clothing during your infancy and early youth. You have seen him on annual visits to your home, and watched him as he performed the usual parental functions for your younger brothers and sisters. I therefore repeat, is the prisoner your father, Susanna Crum?"

"I wouldna say he 's no, my lord."

"This is really beyond credence! What do you conceive to be the idea involved in the word 'father,' Susanna Crum?"

"It depends, my lord."

And this, a few hundred years earlier, would have been the natural and effective moment for the thumb-screws.

I do not wish to be understood as defending these uncomfortable appliances. They would never have been needed to elicit information from me, for I should have spent my nights inventing matter to confess in the daytime. I feel sure that I should have poured out such floods of confessions and retractations that if all Scotland had been one listening ear it could not have heard my tale. I am only wondering if, in the extracting of testimony from the common mind, the thumb-screw might not have been more necessary with some nations than with others.

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V.

We were on the eve of our first dinner-party; for invitations had been pouring in upon us since the delivery of our letters of introduction. Francesca had performed this task voluntarily, ordering a private victoria for the purpose, and arraying herself in purple and fine linen.

"Much depends upon the first impression," she had said. "Miss Hamilton's 'party' may not be gifted, but it is well dressed. My hope is that some of the people will be looking from the second-story front windows. If they are, I can assure them in advance that I shall be a national advertisement."

It is needless to remark that it began to rain heavily as she was leaving the house, and she was obliged to send back the open carriage, and order, to save time, one of the public cabs from the stand in the Terrace.

"Would you mind having the lāmiter, being first in line?" asked Susanna of Salemina, who had transmitted the command.

When Salemina fails to understand anything, the world is kept in complete ignorance, — least of all would she stoop to ask a humble maid servant to translate her vernacular; so she replied affably, "Certainly, Susanna, that is the kind we always prefer. I suppose it is covered?"

Francesca did not notice, until her coachman alighted to deliver the first letter and cards, that he had one club foot and one wooden leg; it was then that the full significance of "lāmiter" came to her. He was covered, however, as Salemina had supposed, and the occurrence gave us a precious opportunity of chaffing that dungeon of learning. He was tolerably alert and vigorous, too, although he certainly did not impart elegance to a vehicle, and he knew every street in the New Town, and every close and wynd in the Old Town. On this our first meeting with him, he faltered only when Francesca asked him last of all to drive to "Kildonan House, Helmsdale;" supposing not unnaturally that it was as well known an address as Morningside House, Tipperlinn, whence she had just come. The lāmiter had never heard of Kildonan House nor of Helmsdale, and he had driven in the streets of Auld Reekie for thirty years. None of the drivers whom he consulted could supply any information; Susanna Crum couldna say that she had ever heard of it, nor could the M'Collop nor Miss Diggity-Dalgety. It was reserved for Lady Baird to explain that Helmsdale was two hundred and eighty miles north, and that Kildonan House was ten miles from the Helmsdale railway station, so that the poor lāmiter would have had a weary drive even had he known the way. The friends who had given us letters to Mr. and Mrs. Jamison-Inglis (Jimmyson-Ingals) must have expected us either to visit John O'Groats on the northern border, and drop in on Kildonan House en route, or to send our note of introduction by post and await an invitation to pass the summer. At all events, the anecdote proved very pleasing to Edinburgh society. I hardly know whether, if they should visit America, they would enjoy tales of their own stupidity as hugely as they did the tales of ours, but they really were very appreciative in this particular, and it is but justice to ourselves to say that we gave them every opportunity for enjoyment.

But I must go back to our first dinner-party in Scotland. We were dressed at quarter past seven, when, in looking at the invitation again, we discovered that the dinner-hour was eight o'clock, not seven-thirty. Susanna did not happen to know whether Fotheringay Crescent was near or far, but the maiden Boots affirmed that it was only two minutes' drive, so we sat down in front of the fire to chat.

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It was Lady Baird's birthday feast to which we had been bidden, and we had done our best to honor the occasion. We had prepared a large bouquet tied with the Maclean tartan (Lady Baird is of the Maclean family), and had printed in gold letters on one of the ribbons "Another for Hector," the battle-cry of the clan. We each wore a sprig of holly, because it is the "suaicheantas" or badge of the Macleans, while I added a girdle and shoulder-knot of tartan velvet to my pale green gown, and borrowed Francesca's emerald necklace, persuading her that she was too young to wear such jewels in the old country.

Francesca was miserably envious that she had not thought of tartans first. "You may consider yourself 'gey and fine,' all covered over with Scotch plaid, but I would n't be so 'kenspeckle' for worlds!" she said, using expressions borrowed from the M'Collop; "and as for disguising your nationality, do not flatter yourself that you look like anything but an American. I forgot to tell you the conversation I overheard in the tram this morning, between a mother and daughter, who were talking about us, I dare say. 'Have they any proper frocks for so large a party, Bella?' asked the mother.

"'I thought I explained in the beginning, mamma, that they are Americans.'

"'Still, you know they are only traveling, — just passing through, as it were; they may not be familiar with our customs, and we do want our party to be a smart one.'

"'Wait until you see them, mamma, and you will probably feel like hiding your diminished head! It is my belief that if an American lady takes a half-hour journey in a tram she carries full evening dress and a diamond necklace, in case anything should happen on the way. I am not in the least nervous about their appearance. I only hope that they will not be too exuberant; American girls are so frightfully vivacious and informal, I always feel as if I were being taken by the throat!'"

"It does no harm to be perfectly dressed," said Salemina consciously, putting a steel embroidered slipper on the fender and settling the holly in the silver folds of her gown; "then when they discover that we are all well bred, and that one of us is intelligent, it will be all the more credit to the country that gave us birth."

"Of course it is impossible to tell what country did give *you* birth," retorted Francesca, "but that will only be to your advantage — away from home!"

Francesca is inflexibly, almost aggressively American, but Salemina is a citizen of the world. If the United States should be involved in a war, I am confident that Salemina would be in front with the other Gatling guns, for in that case a principle would be at stake; but in all lesser matters she is extremely unprejudiced. She prefers German music, Italian climate, French dressmakers, English tailors, Japanese manners, and American — American something, — I have forgotten just what; it is either the ice-cream soda or the form of government, — I can't remember which.

"I wonder why they named it 'Fotheringay' Crescent," mused Francesca. "Some association with Mary Stuart, of course. Poor, poor, pretty lady! A free queen only six years, and think of the number of beds she slept in, and the number of trees she planted; we have seen, I am afraid to say how many already! When did she govern, when did she scheme, above all when did she flirt, with all this racing and chasing over the country? Mrs. M'Collop calls Anne of Denmark a 'sad scattercash' and Mary an 'awfu' gadabout,' and I am inclined to agree with her. By the way, when she was making my bed this morning, she told me that her mother claimed descent from the Stewarts of Appin, whoever they may be. She apolo-

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gized for Queen Mary's defects as if she were a distant family connection. If so, then the famous Stuart charm has been lost somewhere, for Mrs. M'Collop certainly possesses no alluring curves of temperament."

"I am going to select some distinguished ancestors this very minute, before I go to my first Edinburgh dinner," said I decidedly. "It seems hard that they should have everything to do with settling our nationality and our position in life, and we not have a word to say. How nice it would be to select one's own after one had arrived at years of discretion, or to adopt different ones according to the country one chanced to be visiting! I am going to do it; it is unusual, but there must be a pioneer in every good movement. Let me think: do help me, Salemina! I am a Hamilton to begin with; I might be descended from the logical Sir William himself, and thus be the idol of the university set!"

"He died only about thirty years ago, and you would have to be his daughter: that would never do," said Salemina. "Why don't you take Thomas Hamilton, Earl of Melrose and Haddington? He was Secretary of State, King's Advocate, Lord President of the Court of Sessions, and all sorts of splendid things. He was the one King James used to call 'Tam o' the Cowgate.'"

"Perfectly delightful! I don't care so much about his other titles, but 'Tam o' the Cowgate' is irresistible. I will take him. He was my — what was he?"

"He was at least your great-great-great-great-grandfather; that is a safe distance. Then there 's that famous Jenny Geddes who flung her fauld-stule at the Dean in St. Giles's, — she was a Hamilton, too, if you fancy her!"

"Yes, I 'll take her with pleasure," I responded thankfully. "Of course I don't know why she flung the stool, — it may have been very reprehensible; but there is always good stuff in stool-flingers; it 's the sort of spirit one likes to inherit in diluted form. Now whom will you take?"

"I have n't even a peg on which to hang a Scottish ancestor," said Salemina disconsolately.

"Oh, nonsense! think harder. Anybody will do as a starting-point; only you must be honorable and really show relationship, as I did with Jenny and Tam."

"My aunt Mary-Emma married a Lindsay," ventured Salemina hesitatingly.

"That will do," I answered delightedly.

"'The Gordons gay in English blude
They wat their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire aboot
Till a' the fray was dune.'

You must be one of the famous 'licht Lindsays,' and you can look up the particular ancestor in your big book. Now, Francesca, it 's your turn!"

"I am American to the backbone," she declared, with insufferable dignity. "I do not desire any foreign ancestors."

"Francesca!" I expostulated. "Do you mean to tell me that you can dine with a lineal descendant of Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Baronet, of Duart and Morven, and not make any effort to trace your genealogy back further than your parents?"

"If you goad me to desperation," she answered, "I will wear an American flag in my hair, declare that my father is a railway conductor, and talk about the superiority of our checking system and hotels all the evening. I don't want to go, anyway. It is sure to be stiff and ceremonious, and the man who takes me in will ask me the population of Chicago and the amount of wheat we exported last year, — he always does."

"I can't see why he should," said I. "I am sure you don't look as if you knew."

"My looks have thus far proved no protection," she replied sadly. "Salemina is so adaptable, and you are so dra-

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matic, that you enter into all these experiences with zest. You already more than half believe in that Tam o' the Cowgate story. But there 'll be nothing for me in Edinburgh society; it will be all clergymen" —

"Ministers," interjected Salemina.

— "all ministers and professors. My Redfern gown will be unappreciated, and my Worth evening frocks worse than wasted!"

"There are a few thousand medical students," I said encouragingly, "and all the young advocates, and a sprinkling of military men, — they know Worth frocks."

"And," continued Salemina bitingly, "there will always be, even in an intellectual city like Edinburgh, a few men who somehow escape all the developing influences about them, and remain commonplace, conventional manikins, devoted to dancing and flirting. Never fear, they will find you!"

This sounds harsh, but nobody minds Salemina, least of all Francesca, who well knows she is the apple of that spinster's eye. But at this moment Susanna announces the cab (in the same tone in which she would announce a burglar); we pick up our draperies, and are whirled off by the lāmiter to dine with the Scottish nobility.

VI.

It was the Princess Dashkoff who said, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, that of all the societies of men of talent she had met with in her travels, Edinburgh's was the first in point of abilities.

One might make the same remark today, perhaps, and not depart widely from the truth. One does not find, however, as many noted names as are associated with the annals of the Cape and Poker Clubs or the Crochallan Fencibles, those famous groups of famous men who met for relaxation (and intoxication, I should think) at the old Isle of Man Arms or in Dawney's Tavern in the Anchor Close. These groups included such shining lights as Robert Fergusson, the poet, and Adam Ferguson, the historian and philosopher, Gavin Wilson, Sir Henry Raeburn, David Hume, Erskine, Lords Newton, Gillies, Monboddo, Hailes, and Kames, Henry Mackenzie, and the ploughman poet himself, who has kept alive the memory of the Crochallans in many a jovial verse like that in which he describes Smellie, the eccentric philosopher and printer:

"Shrewd Willie Smellie to Crochallan came,
The old cocked hat, the grey surtout the same,
His bristling beard just rising in its might;
'T was four long nights and days to shaving night;"

or the characteristic picture of William Dunbar, a wit of the time, and the merriest of the Fencibles: —

"As I cam by Crochallan
I cannily keekit ben;
Rattlin', roarin' Willie
Was sitting at yon boord en';
Sitting at yon boord en',
And amang guid companie!
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye 're welcome hame to me!"

or the verses on Creech, Burns's publisher, who left Edinburgh for a time in 1789. The "Willies," by the way, seem to be especially inspiring to the Scottish balladists.

"Oh, Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco slight!
Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight
And trig and braw;
But now they 'll busk her like a fright —
Willie 's awa'!"

I think perhaps the gatherings of the present time are neither quite as gay nor quite as brilliant as those of Burns's day, when

"Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
An' Rob an' Allan cam to pree;"

but the ideal standard of those meetings seems to be voiced in the lines: —

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'Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!"

As they sit in their chairs nowadays to the very end of the feast, there is doubtless joined with modern sobriety a *soupçon* of modern dullness and discretion.

To an American the great charm of Edinburgh is its leisurely atmosphere: "not the leisure of a village arising from the deficiency of ideas and motives, but the leisure of a city reposing grandly on tradition and history; which has done its work, and does not require to weave its own clothing, to dig its own coals or smelt its own iron."

We were reminded of this more than once, and it never failed to depress us properly. If one had ever lived in Pittsburg, Fall River, or Kansas City, I should think it would be almost impossible to maintain one's self-respect in a place like Edinburgh, where the citizens "are released from the vulgarizing dominion of the hour." Whenever one of Auld Reekie's great men took this tone with me, I always felt as though I were the germ in a half-hatched egg, and as if he were an aged and lordly cock gazing at me pityingly through my shell. He, lucky creature, had lived through all the struggles which I was to undergo; he, indeed, was released from "the vulgarizing dominion of the hour;" but I, poor thing, must grow and grow, and keep pecking at my shell, in order to achieve existence.

Sydney Smith says in one of his letters, "Never shall I forget the happy days passed there [in Edinburgh], amidst odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers, excellent hearts, and the most enlightened and cultivated understandings." His only criticism of the conversation of that day (1797–1802) concerned itself with the prevalence of that form of Scotch humor which was called *wut*, and with the disputations and dialectics. We were more fortunate than Sydney Smith, because Edinburgh has outgrown its odious smells, barbarous sounds, and bad suppers, and, wonderful to relate, has kept its excellent hearts and its enlightened and cultivated understandings. As for mingled *wut* and dialectics, where can one find a better foundation for dinner-table conversation?

The hospitable board itself presents no striking differences from our own, save the usual British customs of serving sweets in soup-plates with dessert-spoons, of a smaller number of forks on parade, of the invariable fish-knife at each plate, of the prevalent "savory" and "cold shape," and the unusual grace and skill with which the hostess carves. Even at very large dinners one occasionally sees a lady of high degree severing the joints of chickens and birds most daintily, while her lord looks on in happy idleness, thinking, perhaps, how greatly customs have changed for the better since the ages of strife and bloodshed, when Scottish nobles

"Carved at the meal with gloves of steel,
And drank their wine through helmets barred."

The Scotch butler is not in the least like an English one. No man could be as respectable as he looks, not even an elder of the kirk, whom he resembles closely. He hands your plate as if it were a contribution-box, and in his moments of ease, when he stands behind the "maister," I am always expecting him to pronounce a benediction. The English butler, when he wishes to avoid the appearance of listening to the conversation, gazes with level eye into vacancy; the Scotch butler looks distinctly heavenward, as if he were brooding on the principle of coördinate jurisdiction with mutual subordination. It would be impossible for me to deny the key of the wine-cellar to a being so steeped in sanctity, but it has to be done, I am told, in certain rare and isolated cases.

As for toilets, the men dress like all other men (alas, and alas, that we should say it, for we were continually hoping for a kilt!), though there seems to be no survival of the finical Lord Napier's

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spirit. Perhaps you remember that Lord and Lady Napier arrived at Castlemilk in Lanarkshire with the intention of staying a week, but announced next morning that a circumstance had occurred which rendered it indispensable to return without delay to their seat in Selkirkshire. This was the only explanation given, but it was afterwards discovered that Lord Napier's valet had committed the grievous mistake of packing up a set of neckcloths which did not correspond *in point of date* with the shirts they accompanied!

The ladies of the "smart set" in Edinburgh wear French fripperies and *chiffons* as do their sisters everywhere, but the other women of society dress a trifle more staidly than their cousins in London, Paris, or New York. The sobriety of taste and severity of style that characterize Scotswomen may be due, like Susanna Crum's dubieties, to the haar, to the shorter catechism, or perhaps in some degree to the presence of three branches of the Presbyterian church among them; the society that bears in its bosom three separate and antagonistic kinds of Presbyterianism at the same time must have its chilly moments.

In Lord Cockburn's day the "dames of high and aristocratic breed" must have been sufficiently awake to feminine frivolities to be both gorgeously and extravagantly arrayed. I do not know in all literature a more delicious and lifelike word-portrait than Lord Cockburn gives of Mrs. Rocheid, the Lady of Inverleith, in the Memorials. It is quite worthy to hang beside a Raeburn canvas; one can scarce say more.

"Except Mrs. Siddons in some of her displays of magnificent royalty, nobody could sit down like the Lady of Inverleith. She would sail like a ship from Tarshish, gorgeous in velvet or rustling silk, done up in all the accompaniments of fans, ear-rings and finger-rings, falling sleeves, scent-bottle, embroidered bag, hoop, and train; managing all this seemingly heavy rigging with as much ease as a full-blown swan does its plumage. She would take possession of the centre of a large sofa, and at the same moment, without the slightest visible exertion, cover the whole of it with her bravery, the graceful folds seeming to lay themselves over it, like summer waves. The descent from her carriage, too, where she sat like a nautilus in its shell, was a display which no one in these days could accomplish or even fancy. The mulberry-colored coach, apparently not too large for what it contained, though she alone was in it; the handsome, jolly coachman and his splendid hammer-cloth loaded with lace; the two respectful liveried footmen, one on each side of the richly carpeted step, — these were lost sight of amidst the slow majesty with which the Lady of Inverleith came down and touched the earth."

My right-hand neighbor at Lady Baird's dinner was surprised at my quoting Lord Cockburn. One's attendant squires are always surprised when one knows anything; but they are always delighted, too, so that the amazement is less trying. True, I had read the Memorials only the week before, and had never heard of them previous to that time; but that detail, according to my theories, makes no real difference. The woman who knows how and when to "read up," who reads because she wants to be in sympathy with a new environment; the woman who has wit and perspective enough to be stimulated by novel conditions and kindled by fresh influences, who is susceptible to the vibrations of other people's history, is bound to be fairly intelligent and extremely agreeable, if only she is sufficiently modest. I think my neighbor found me thoroughly delightful after he discovered my point of view. He was an earl; and it always takes an earl a certain length of time to understand me. I scarcely know why, for I certainly should not think it courteous to interpose any bar-

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riers between the nobility and that portion of the "masses" represented in my humble person.

It seemed to me at first that he did not apply himself to the study of my national peculiarities with much assiduity, but wasted considerable time in gazing at Francesca, who was opposite. She is certainly very handsome, and I never saw her lovelier than at that dinner; her eyes were like stars, and her cheeks and lips a splendid crimson, for she was quarreling with her attendant cavalier about the relative merits of Scotland and America, and they ceased to speak to each other after the salad.

When the earl had sufficiently piqued me by his devotion to his dinner and his glances at Francesca, I began a systematic attempt to achieve his (transient) subjugation. Of course I am ardently attached to Willie Beresford, and prefer him to any earl in Britain, but one's self-respect demands something in the way of food! I could see Salemina at the far end of the table radiant with success, the W. S. at her side bending ever and anon to catch the pearls that dropped from her lips. "Miss Hamilton appears simple" (I thought I heard her say); "but in reality she is as deep as the Currie Brig!" Now where did she get that allusion? And again, when the W. S. asked her whither she was going when she left Edinburgh, "I hardly know," she replied pensively. "I am waiting for the shade of Montrose to direct me, as the Viscount Dundee said to your Duke of Gordon." The entranced Scotsman little knew that she had perfected this style of conversation by long experience with the Q. C.'s of England. Talk about my being as deep as the Currie Brig (whatever it may be); Salemina is deeper than the Atlantic Ocean! I shall take pains to inform her Writer to the Signet, after dinner, that she eats sugar on her porridge every morning: that will show him her nationality conclusively.

The earl took the greatest interest in my new ancestors, and approved thoroughly of my choice. He thinks I must have been named for Lady Penelope Belhaven, who lived in Leven Lodge, one of the country villas of the Earls of Leven, from whom he himself is descended. "Does that make us relatives?" I asked. "Relatives, most assuredly," he replied, "but not too near to destroy the charm of friendship."

He thought it a great deal nicer to select one's own forbears than to allow them all the responsibility, and said it would save a world of trouble if the method could be universally adopted. He added that he should be glad to part with a good many of his, but doubted whether I would accept them, as they were "rather a scratch lot." (I use his own language, which I thought delightfully easy for a belted earl.) He was charmed with the story of Francesca and the lāmiter, and offered to drive me to Kildonan House, Helmsdale, on the first fine day. I told him he was quite safe in making the proposition, for we had already had the fine day, and we understood that the climate had exhausted itself and retired for the season.

At this moment Lady Baird glanced at me, and we all rose to go into the drawing-room; but on the way from my chair to the door, whither the earl escorted me, he said gallantly, "I suppose the men in your country do not take champagne at dinner? I cannot fancy their craving it when dining beside an American woman!"

That was charming, though he did pay my country a compliment at my expense!

When I remember that he offered me his ancestors, asked me to drive two hundred and eighty miles, and likened me to champagne, I feel that, with my heart already occupied and my hand promised, I could hardly have accomplished more in the course of a single dinner-hour.

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VII.

Francesca's experiences were not so fortunate; indeed, I have never seen her more out of sorts than she was during our long chat over the fire, after our return to Breadalbane Terrace.

"How did you get on with your delightful minister?" inquired Salemina of the young lady, as she flung her unoffending wrap over the back of a chair. "He was quite the handsomest man in the room; who is he?"

"He is the Reverend Ronald Macdonald, and the most disagreeable, condescending, ill-tempered prig I ever met!"

"Why, Francesca!" I exclaimed. "Lady Baird speaks of him as her favorite nephew, and says he is full of charm."

"He is just as full of charm as he was when I met him," returned the young lady nonchalantly; "that is, he parted with none of it this evening. He was incorrigibly stiff and rude, and oh! so Scotch! I believe if one punctured him with a hat-pin, oatmeal would fly into the air!"

"Doubtless you acquainted him, early in the evening, with the immeasurable advantages of our sleeping-car system, the superiority of our fast-running elevators, and the height of our buildings?" observed Salemina.

"I mentioned them," Francesca answered evasively.

"You naturally inveighed against the Scotch climate?"

"Oh, I alluded to it; but only when he said that our hot summers must be insufferable."

"I suppose you repeated the remark you made at luncheon, that the ladies you had seen in Princes Street were excessively plain?"

"Yes, I did!" she replied hotly; "but that was because he said that American girls generally looked bloodless and frail. He asked if it were really true that they ate chalk and slate pencils. Was n't that unendurable? I answered that those were the chief solid articles of food, but that after their complexions were established, so to speak, their parents often allowed them pickles and native claret."

"What did he say to that?" I asked.

"Oh, he said, 'Quite so, quite so;' that was his invariable response to all my witticisms. Then when I told him casually that the shops looked very small and dark and stuffy here, and that there were not as many tartans and plaids in the windows as we had expected, he remarked that as to the latter point, the American season had not opened yet! Presently he asserted that no royal city in Europe could boast ten centuries of such glorious and stirring history as Edinburgh. I said it did not appear to be stirring much at present, and that everything in Scotland seemed a little slow to an American; that he could have no idea of push or enterprise until he visited a city like Chicago. He retorted that, happily, Edinburgh was peculiarly free from the taint of the ledger and the counting-house; that it was Weimar without a Goethe, Boston without its twang!"

"Incredible!" cried Salemina, deeply wounded in her local pride. "He never could have said 'twang' unless you had tried him beyond measure!"

"I dare say; he is easily tried," returned Francesca. "I asked him, sarcastically, if he had ever been in Boston. 'No,' he said, 'it is not necessary to *go* there! And while we are discussing these matters,' he went on, 'how is your American dyspepsia these days, — have you decided what is the cause of it?'

"'Yes,' said I, as quick as lightning, 'we have always taken in more foreigners than we could assimilate!' I wanted to tell him that one Scotsman of his type would upset the national digestion anywhere, but I restrained myself."

"I am glad you did restrain yourself

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— once," exclaimed Salemina. "What a tactful person the Reverend Ronald must be, if you have reported him faithfully! Why did n't you give him up, and turn to your other neighbor?"

"I did, as soon as I could with courtesy; but the man on my left was the type that always haunts me at dinners; if the hostess has n't one on her visiting-list, she imports one for the occasion. He asked me at once of what material the Brooklyn bridge is made. I told him I really did n't know. Why should I? I seldom go over it. Then he asked me whether it was a suspension bridge or a cantilever. Of course I did n't know; I am not a bridge-builder."

"You are so tactlessly, needlessly candid," I expostulated. "Why did n't you say boldly that the Brooklyn bridge is a wooden cantilever? He did n't know, or he would n't have asked you. He could n't find out until he reached home, and you would never have seen him again; and if you had, and he had taunted you, you could have laughed vivaciously and said you were chaffing. That is my method, and it is the only way to preserve life in a foreign country. Even my earl, who did not thirst for information (fortunately), asked me the population of the Yellowstone Park, and I simply told him three hundred thousand, at a venture."

"That would never have satisfied my neighbor," said Francesca. "Finding me in such a lamentable state of ignorance, he explained the principle of his own stupid Forth bridge to me. When I said I understood perfectly, the Reverend Ronald joined in the conversation, and asked me to repeat the explanation to him. Naturally I could n't, so the bridge man (I don't know his name, and don't care to know it) drew a diagram of the Forth bridge on his dinner-card and gave a dull and elaborate lecture upon it. Here is the card, and now that three hours have intervened I cannot tell which way to turn the drawing so as to make the bridge right side up; if there is anything puzzling in the world, it is these plans and diagrams. I am going to pin it to the wall, and ask the Reverend Ronald which way it goes."

"Will he call upon us?" we shrieked in concert.

"He asked if he might come and continue our 'stimulating' conversation, and as Lady Baird was standing by I could hardly say no. I am sure of one thing: that before I finish with him I will widen his horizon so that he will be able to see something beside Scotland and his little insignificant Fifeshire parish! I told him our country parishes in America were ten times as large as his. He said he had heard that they covered a good deal of ground, and that the ministers' salaries were sometimes paid in pork and potatoes. That shows you the style of his retorts!"

"I really cannot decide which of you was the more disagreeable," said Salemina; "if he calls, I shall not remain in the room."

"I would n't gratify him by staying out," retorted Francesca. "He is extremely good for the circulation; I think I was never so warm in my life as when I talked with him; as physical exercise he is equal to bicycling. The bridge man is coming to call, too. I gave him a diagram of Breadalbane Terrace, and a plan of the hall and staircase, on my dinner-card. He does n't add perceptibly to the gayety of the nations, but he is better than the Reverend Ronald. I forgot to say that when I chanced to be speaking of doughnuts that 'unconquer'd Scot' asked me if a doughnut resembled a peanut! Can you conceive such ignorance?"

"I think you were not only aggressively American, but painfully provincial," said Salemina, with some warmth. "Why in the world should you drag doughnuts into a dinner-table conversation in Edinburgh? Why not select topics of universal interest?"

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"Like the Currie Brig or the shade of Montrose," I murmured slyly.

"To one who has ever eaten a doughnut, the subject is of transcendent interest; and as for one who has not — well, he should be made to feel his limitations," replied Francesca, with a yawn. "Come, let us forget our troubles in sleep; it is after midnight."

About half an hour later she came to my bedside, her dark hair hanging over her white gown, her eyes still bright.

"Penelope," she said softly, "I did not dare tell Salemina, and I should not confess it to you save that I am afraid Lady Baird will complain of me; but I was dreadfully rude to the Reverend Ronald! I could n't help it; he roused my worst passions. It all began with his saying he thought international marriages presented even more difficulties to the imagination than the other kind. *I* had n't said anything about marriages nor thought anything about marriages of any sort, but I told him *instantly* I considered that every international marriage involved two national suicides. He said that he should n't have put it quite so forcibly, but that he had n't given much thought to the subject. I said that *I* had, and I thought we had gone on long enough filling the coffers of the British nobility with American gold."

"*Frances!*" I interrupted. "Don't tell me that you made that vulgar, cheap newspaper assertion!"

"I did," she said stoutly, "and at the moment I only wished I could make it stronger. Then he said the British nobility merited and needed all the support it could get in these hard times, and asked if we had not cherished some intention in the States, lately, of bestowing it in greenbacks instead of gold! Then I threw all manners to the winds, and said that there were no husbands in the world like American men, and that foreigners never seemed to have any proper consideration for women. Now were my remarks any worse than his, after all, and what shall I do about it, anyway?"

"You should go to bed first," I said sleepily; "if you ever have an opportunity to make amends, which I doubt, you should devote yourself to showing the Reverend Ronald the breadth of your own horizon instead of trying so hard to broaden his. As you are extremely pretty, you may be able to do it; man is human, and I dare say in a month you will be advising him to love somebody more worthy than yourself. (He could easily do it!) Now don't kiss me again, for I am displeased with you; I hate international bickering!"

"So do I," said Francesca virtuously, as she plaited her hair, "and there is no spectacle so abhorrent to every sense as a narrow-minded man who cannot see anything outside of his own country. But he is awfully good-looking, — I will say that for him; and if you don't explain me to Lady Baird, I will write to Mr. Beresford about the earl. There was no bickering there; it was looking at you two that made us think of international marriages."

"It must have suggested to you that speech about filling the coffers of the British nobility," I replied sarcastically, "inasmuch as the earl has twenty thousand pounds a year, probably, and I could barely buy two gold hairpins to pin on the coronet. There, do go away, and leave me in peace!"

"Good-night again, then," she said, as she rose reluctantly from the foot of the bed. "I doubt if I can sleep for thinking what a pity it is that such an egotistic, bumptious, pugnacious, prejudiced, insular, bigoted person should be so handsome! And who wants to marry him, anyway, that he should be so distressed about international alliances?"

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE DWARF GIANT.

I CANNOT help irreverently wondering at times what the Folk-Lorelei of some centuries hence will make out of the fairy tales of Mr. Frank R. Stockton. I willingly leave this bewildering speculation, however, to pay a debt of gratitude to Mr. Stockton, of many years' standing, for one of his fairy stories has helped me more than half the volumes of philosophy I have read. It was written in the most charming, whimsical Stocktonese, and was all about Giant Dwarfs, Ordinary People, and Dwarf Giants.

It seems that the King of the Dwarfs was considered a giant, and therefore was much looked up to, as he was head and shoulders taller than his countrymen. Of course he was not a real giant; for though quite the largest and handsomest person in the kingdom, he shared the essential littleness of his people, and was, instead, a Giant Dwarf.

Now, when his daughter had arrived at the age of sixteen (she, too, was a Giant Dwarf), the king decided that she should devote a month or two to her education. But as there was in his own realm no institution of learning which came up to his enlarged ideas, he determined to take the princess to a neighboring kingdom where Ordinary People lived, and enter her in the great university which was devoted exclusively to the education of the young prince of that nation. So with the princess and a small retinue of dwarfs he set out. When he arrived at the capital, however, he found to his intense chagrin that he, the Giant Dwarf, was no taller than an Ordinary Person, and that, far from receiving the attention to which his rank entitled him, he was looked upon as a traveling showman, and his daughter was refused permission to enter the university. The rage of the King of the Dwarfs can be imagined. Day after day he strode through the streets, telling his wrongs to every one he met, and protesting that he was not an Ordinary Person at all, but a Giant Dwarf.

One lucky day he happened on another foreigner, who at first looked noway different from an Ordinary Person, but, on watching him closely, you gradually became aware of several peculiarities. In the first place, he had a habit of unconsciously looking upward from time to time; and then there was a calmness in his eyes when he gazed at the Ordinary People about, a largeness of manner and nobility of gesture, that under the circumstances were almost grotesque. He was, in reality, a Dwarf Giant, and through his sympathetic aid the daughter of the Giant Dwarf obtained permission to spend a week at the young prince's university; in the end, as happens in every well-regulated fairy tale, she married the prince.

The moral of this story did not occur to me when I read it; and not till long afterward, in a wholly unexpected fashion, did I realize it with any distinctness, — not, in fact, till Nicholas Boylston made it all clear.

Every one liked Boylston, but I am not quite sure that he returned the compliment unreservedly. He was a rather shy fellow, and in a noisy crowd always the quietest. He detested the conventions of society, and yet his own unassuming manners were the perfection of good taste. The only way in which he distressed those of us in whose particular circle he nominally belonged was by constantly wandering about with queer-looking people whom we did not know, and who seemed to us hopelessly commonplace. If you took a country walk

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of a Sunday afternoon, you were sure to find Boylston strolling along with one of his odd fish, gravely discussing some problem of Idealism; or if you happened to row up the river, and shot into an unexpected nook, there was Boylston sprawled on the grassy bank, his hat over his face, with some pale enthusiast reading him manuscript verses.

One day, as he was about to start off and was tucking a book in his pocket, I complained bitterly. "Why on earth do you prowl around with Thingabob?" I protested; "he 's so confoundedly ordinary!" (I think I wanted him to play tennis with me.)

"My dear fellow," he replied, — his voice was always very pleasant and grave,— "in the first place, you don't know anything about Thingabob; and in the second, I have the best of reasons, — he 's a Dwarf Giant."

I could have hugged Boylston on the spot. Not only had he given me, as he said, the best of reasons, but, by a miracle of coincidence, for the phrase was unmistakable, he too had read, when he was a boy, the particular Stockton tale I had once loved and almost forgotten. Best of all, however, he had recovered for me a term which was in itself a justification, if any were needed, for one or two of my own friends. And since then, oddly enough, the persons whom I have most delighted in, although I could never, like Boylston, feel quite at home with them, have been Dwarf Giants.

Possibly you will not recognize a Dwarf Giant when you first meet him, for not until, by long practice, you have obtained clearness of vision will you be able to detect him among a crowd of Ordinary People; but in time you will come to know him.

One evening I was in a front seat at the Globe Theatre, waiting for the curtain to rise. During the overture, a flimsy, nondescript affair, I grew tired of looking at the people as they rustled in, and turned to watch the orchestra. It was the usual theatre orchestra: a group of ill-assorted men, indiscriminately clothed in shiny black, blowing and fiddling in a perfunctorily blatant fashion. But I soon picked out the 'cellist who sat directly in front of me. He was over sixty, I should judge, and although his shoulders stooped as he leaned slightly forward in his chair, I could see that he must be taller than the others. His face was smoothly shaven, clean-cut, and very white except where an old scar traced a thin, even line across one high cheek-bone, and his thick iron-gray hair was brushed smoothly back from his forehead. His black suit, although very old, was immaculately brushed, and hung about him loosely with an air of reminiscent, almost forgotten distinction. I soon differentiated the sound of his 'cello from that of the other instruments. His playing was not the perfunctory performance of his companions; there was a breadth and sweetness in his tone, a suave cleanness and dignity in his phrasing, that when you noticed his share of it alone came near redeeming the overture; and yet you could see that he did not care for what he was obliged to play, but did it that way simply because he unconsciously could not bring himself to do it differently.

After the curtain had fallen on the first act, I leaned over and said to him, "That orchestration was vile, — you did n't care for it?"

"Natürlich!" he answered, smiling at me without the least surprise.

Then we had a long half-whispered talk with each other across the railing, and at last he told me much about himself, although only that which concerned his profession; for there was a fine reserve in his courtesy, and I was far from feeling like committing an impertinence. He told me that he had begun with the 'cello when he was a boy; that years ago he had played for a little while in the great Gewandhaus Orchestra at Leipzig, but his health had broken

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down (he looked like a man who had at one time been nearly engulfed); that once he had studied orchestration with Robert Franz, and once he had met and talked with Robert Schumann. He spoke of them with deep respect, yet quietly, as with a simple belief that, after all, they were his own kinsmen. We discussed many great moderns, — he was very patient. I remember saying to him, "And Wagner?"

"Prächtig! erstaunend! pöbelhaft!" he whispered back.

Then the leader rattled his baton, the trivial music began again, and my friend turned to his 'cello, smiling, — to me, henceforth, a Dwarf Giant. A month later, when I went again to the theatre, he was gone, and a fat little man sat in his chair, looking very vulgar and jolly.

Finally, I must pay my tribute to the greatest Dwarf Giant I have ever had the honor of meeting. I am willing to do it only because I feel sure that he will never see this. If he should, however, it would not disturb his high serenity; he would understand the motive which prompts me, and with rare magnanimity forgive the unwarranted liberty I take.

Several years ago, a friend came to me asking if I knew any one who wished to exchange lessons in English for instruction in Hebrew. The proposition was so unusual that I could think of no one, unless some enthusiast should turn up who wished to read the book of Job in the original. My friend told me that he had learned of a little old man who was trying to publish a book of philosophy, over which he had spent many years; but he wrote only in Hebrew, and was too poor to pay for having his work translated, — too poor even to pay for lessons in English. To support himself he kept a little cobbler shop. The picture thus called up was a strangely discrepant one for our nineteenth-century America, — it belonged more to another world, another century; he should have lived in Rijnsburg, where in 1660 another philosopher of his great race, Baruch Spinoza, was a polisher of lenses. But as my friend and I could think of no solution of the Hebrew-English problem, I soon drove the haunting figure of the cobbler from my mind.

Fortunately he found other friends, great-hearted men who, touched by his lifelong devotion to the noblest of speculations, his heroic self-sacrifice, and the dignity of his claim, helped him finally to publish his book. After that, he was obliged to canvass for it himself; and among a list of names that were given him of those who might perhaps purchase his work was my own.

One morning there came a rap at my door. At an impatient "Come in!" it opened softly, and a little old man entered. I cannot quite tell why I was at once sure who he was. I scarcely noticed the long black frock coat buttoned tightly about his shrunken figure; the queer silk hat, ancient and worn and neat, which he held in a black-cotton-gloved hand; the small frayed white lawn cravat; for his wonderful face riveted my attention. It was aged and hollow-cheeked; his gray beard and hair were very thin; his Jewish nose was high-arched and sensitive; his eyes, however, small and deep-set, were startlingly brilliant. His whole face was singularly colorless; the expression was a disquieting complexus of keen intellectuality, unspeakable sadness, and calm nobility. Without a single good feature, with a face old and haggard and unearthly, he yet seemed to me, at the moment, absolutely beautiful.

He bowed and addressed me as "Herr Doctor." Now, when some persons bestow on you a title you do not rightly possess, you take a distorted, irritated pleasure in promptly setting them right; when a very few others do it, however, you instinctively feel that the question involved is, not your dignity, but theirs. So I accepted the phrase and bowed in return. Our interview was short, and I

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cannot write about it: we found very little to say to each other, — indeed, there was really nothing to be said. I purchased his book, and he thanked me gently and with a rare simplicity, wholly unconscious that I was the one who should feel gratitude. Then the little old philosopher went out, leaving me with an impression which it is beyond me to describe.

Of his book, The Disclosure of the Universal Mysteries, I am not qualified to speak, but here are one or two comments from men better fitted to judge. "Much in it reminds me of Spinoza," writes Professor Duncan of Yale, "and impresses one as being the production of a vigorous mind that has worked on the profound questions of philosophy in isolation from the general currents of modern speculation. It is all the more noteworthy from this fact." Professor William James writes of the book to Professor Seligman of Columbia: "There is a spiritedness about his whole attempt, a classic directness and simplicity in the style of most of it, and a bold grandeur in his whole outlook, that give it a very high æsthetic quality;" and then, to the author himself: "You are really a first cousin of Spinoza, and if you had written your system then, it is very likely that I might now be studying it with students, just as Spinoza now is studied."

Here, then, is a Dwarf Giant of the most perfect type, dwarfed solely through an accident of birth, — in this case through being born an anachronism. As Nicholas Boylston once said of his queer friends to me, "You set out to scoff, and at last, with a heartache for them, thank God you have known them."

But you will often find a Dwarf Giant nearer home than you suspect, though not so often as you will find Giant Dwarfs. These last are a noisy people, and usually to be avoided. But some night a friend whom you think you know well will come to your room and sit in the firelight a long time silent. Then, little by little, he will betray himself. He will tell you thoughts of his that reveal a greater nature than you imagined he had; that reveal a soul so much greater than your own that you feel small and helpless beside him. His face, however plain, will light up with an unexpected nobility, a new and larger beauty. And you will know that you have entertained a Dwarf Giant unawares.

ON AN OLD PLATE.

Years ago, in that misguided time when every new little house with three gables called itself "Queen Anne," we rented a "Queen Anne villa" for a summer on the Straits of Fuca. Number 16 Bird-Cage Walk, James' Bay, Victoria, B. C., was the address, and I remember we were quite vain of it, having come from a place with "city" tacked to its name, in the then Territory of Idaho.

The cottage was new, and so was most of its plenishing; only now and then we came upon some waif relic of old-country housekeeping, such as the lustre-ware plate. Perhaps it should be called a dish, the notion of a plate being something round; for it was square, with a wavy edge turned down, as a seamstress says, by hand. Much of its distinction of shape and coloring came from that appealing fallibility of the human touch.

Miss Gowrie, our Scotch landlady, thought so little of this plate that she did not even mention it in the inventory, — though her eyesight and memory were both good, — when it came to drawing up that document; and I may say there was little else she did not mention.

We were its discoverers, by accident, while seeking quite another and poorer thing. It did not answer the purpose of the lemon-squeezer we were in search of, but it made us forget about lemons and eke squeezers when we came upon it in the kitchen cupboard, where it had taken a permanent back seat.

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I have no shame in confessing that I had never looked into that cupboard before; this was summer housekeeping, and I was on very tender terms with my little old English "maid," by courtesy the cook. Her gray hairs, her fifty years, and her manner of the upper servant come down in life quite precluded anything so paltry as prying into cupboards or noticing a tendency to monotony in the puddings.

To this day I can see Miss Gowrie's face of amazement when she recognized her old kitchen plate on the best parlor table (the one with weak legs), doing duty as a card-receiver. I will not say it was *piled* with the cards of the resident gentry, but there may have been a name or two, naturally on top, which Miss Gowrie knew and respected. It was evident from her expression that the combination struck her as uncanonical, — or rather as unorthodox, for she was no giddy Churchwoman.

We passed it off with praises of the plate, and tried to beguile her of a story as to its history; but she would not encourage such morbid preferment. It was against the established order of things that kitchen plates should be seen on parlor tables, displaying the names of the local aristocracy as if they were cold potatoes or slices of bacon. It was in vain we called her attention to the serious merits of the plate, — its individuality, its "frankness," its lovely old corners blunted as if dog's-eared by use, the rich burnish of its lustre border, the charm of its very lack-lustre where the burnish in places seemed to have dribbled off the edge, the quality of its rare old watery pink beneath the burnish, and finally the heart-stirring patriotism embodied in the legend in the centre of the plate. It has a plain white centre, old white, laced across with faint cracks, — not contemplated in the design, — like wrinkles in a clean old face. Upon this field is done in bold black and white the portrait of a frigate under full sail, "from truck to taffrail dressed," carrying thirteen guns on a side, and flying the British naval ensign. Under the picture, framed in horns of plenty and handsome pen-and-ink scrollwork, is the motto: —

> "May Peace and Plenty
> On our Nation Smile
> And Trade with Commerce
> Bless the British Isle."

Two small holes bored in the upper rim of the plate show that its place was on the wall of some loyal Briton's home. Had the plate been silver, with a coat of arms or an ancient guild-mark on it, or porcelain, bearing some famous factor's stamp, it is possible Miss Gowrie's memory might not have failed her so completely; but, humble as it was, she knew it not, she denied it, could not recall a name or a place connected with its past. Seeing us so foolish about it, she begged us to call it our own, and washed her hands there and then of all further complicity in our use of it.

We carried it away with the rest of the summer's booty, and we have it still; though not a Christmas comes but we think of some friend to whom we might fitly send it, — one of those for whom it is so difficult to choose a gift out of the shops, since they "have everything;" but invariably we harden our hearts; the thing is at once too cheap and too dear. To how many uses — without being ever of the slightest use — has it been put, in our rolling-stone housekeeping! If something is wanted to put something on which nobody ever uses, like the impersonal penholders on bedroom tables, there is the old Victoria plate. If there is a shelf that lacks character, or a corner where nothing else will "go," there it is again! Its copper and pink and strong black lines are always a welcome note; it is never too new or too smart; it has the double gift of adaptability and sincerity, two very good qualities in an old housemate.

We have one other piece of pottery

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that talks, but in how different a language! It is one of a pair of Guadalajara water-coolers, — tall, bottle-shaped jars of unglazed clay, with necks just large enough for the clasp of a woman's hand. They are a pair, but not alike. The chosen vessel to which the potter confided his secret has a design of passion-flowers between stripes of terra cotta and black running round the bilge. In this band of color a space is left for the inscription: —

HELP YOURSELF
DOÑA TOMASITA

The peasant potter had no skill of his pen or brush; he was better at thumbing clay than writing dedications to the fair. Two of his four words are abbreviated, and the Spanish is barely legible, but it is easy to read the language of love and hospitality. The invitation is a pledge full of the poetry of the South.

Some ruthless disillusionists have said that water-jars inscribed to Tomasitas and Juanitas and Emilitas are no more personal, in the land where they grow, than stone-china mugs on five-cent counters "For a Good Child." We scout the sordid suggestion. Yet, granting that it were true, and that the trail of Commerce is over our gentle Indian jar equally with our bold British plate, how different is the appeal, how typical of the two races of buyers!

Public spirit, national pride, a touch of private greed, perhaps, a pious welcome to Trade, with a battle-ship all ready to persuade her if she be coy, and the ship's guns to defend her when persuaded, — these are the sentiments to lure coin out of stout British pockets. But the Southern merchant pipes to custom in a different key. He knows that he must strike his victim a little higher than the pocket; yet he need not aim quite so far as the country's need.

Guadalajara clay is of a peculiar, silky fineness, and it takes a polish as smooth and pallid as a girl's cheek blanched by moonlight; its touch, when filled with water, is as cool as her bare arm on the fountain curb. *His* fountain is miles away over dusty roads, but the jar goes empty past a dozen wells of strangers. It is for her to christen with her lips, or reject and condemn it to perpetual drought. He brings it safe to the brink; she is with him, and it is the moonlight of his dreams. The pigeons are nestling, lumps of sleepy feathers, on the Mission wall; the white-faced callas are awake, — they crowd around the fountain and rustle their cold leaves against her knees. They peer in, framing her darker image that floats inverted on the water. He leans and dips where his own reflection lies, but the ripples spread, and she laughs to see herself dispersed by his reluctant hand.

Did Tomasita help herself like a generous girl, and pledge her lover in his "draught divine"? — or did she drink from the lips only, and mock his thirst?

Her jar has been ours, by the vulgar right of purchase, for more than twenty years, and, counting time for what time is worth in Mexico, Tomasita must be a grandmother now, not without cost of a few wrinkles; but to us she is one of the immortal maidens whose moon of love shall never set. So much four words scrawled on a clay bottle can do.

Whenever a craftsman has kneaded a thought into his work, whether it be woman or country, hospitality or gain, it will go on speaking for him when his own clay is dumb. His gift will continue to praise the fair one long after he has forgotten her; his message will invigorate or charm us when plates are empty and bottles have gone dry.

This is what we say to our disillusionist when he claims that all things are for sale, in this world. It may be so; but we think that in every bargain something is released that no price can limit, something passes from seller to buyer which the one does not pay for nor the other supply.

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MESSRS. CURTIS & CAMERON, Boston, publishers of the COPLEY PRINTS, will be glad to send their new Illustrated Christmas Catalogue to any address upon receipt of six cents in stamps. The above reproduction of Mr. George De Forest Brush's "Mother and Child" is from one of the prints.

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